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ART. I.—*Christ and other Masters: an Historical Enquiry into some of the chief Parallelisms and Contrasts between Christianity and the Religious Systems of the Ancient World, with Special Reference to Prevailing Difficulties and Objections.* By CHARLES HARDWICK, M.A. Macmillan and Co.

IF we may credit some men, one of the great characteristics of the present age is, that it has outlived the religious influences of the past. The religious element, in the Christian sense, has scarcely any place among us. All feeling of that nature is not only ready to die, it is all but extinct. But the gentlemen who so preach do not so believe. Were the thing so sure to die, and so sure to die speedily, the natural course would be to leave it to itself. In these busy times, wise men have always enough to do, without calling upon heaven and earth to assist them in attempts to slay the slain. Or supposing life not to be quite gone, magnanimity knows how to respect an expiring foe, and can leave him to breathe his last in peace.

Secularity enough, no doubt, there is in many quarters; but in society at large, and especially in this country, religion has been a constantly growing power during the last hundred years. The lull and reaction which came in after the Reformation have been followed within the last century by a new movement, which is in reality of greater promise than the old one. The earnest, but narrow piety in which this movement began, has given place, for the most part, to something much wiser and larger. Even some divergences from religious truth which have been rife about us, if largely viewed, may be seen to be the signs of health rather than of sickness. Where there are few to think at all, there will be fewer still to think out of the beaten track. But

the more mind you have awake, the greater is the proportion that should be expected to go more or less astray. As the heaven of Christian thought becomes more diffused, the heaven of antagonism to such thought will become more considerable. Whether it be in Church or Dissent, as numbers increase, and as intelligence and earnest feeling increase, heresy will increase. Let a religious community grow and expand, and in that measure it will cease to be strictly of one mind. Shades of difference will not fail to make their appearance as the natural offspring of numbers and of thought. When the millennium comes we may hope to gather the wheat without the tares, but hitherto the church has known nothing of any such harvests.

Be encouraged, then, pious churchmen, for if you have more error to deal with than formerly, you have more truth to oppose to it. Let pious Nonconformists, too, be hopeful, for this same reason. All our religious bodies can *afford* to have differences of thinking among them now, as they could not have afforded formerly. It is their power, and not their weakness, that has given so much chance of life to false pretension and false doctrine. The varieties of opinion which find a place within the Church of England have often been pointed at as the signs of a house divided against itself and which must soon fall. But the fall does not come. On the contrary, the rivalries at work there only seem to conduce to a greater solidity; the truth in being more tested, has been better vindicated, and more thoroughly established. So the real or supposed appearance of some new ways of thinking among Evangelical Nonconformists is now interpreted by ungenerous foes, and by some timid friends, as foreshadowing every kind of evil. To these foes and friends we say—believe it not. Evangelical Nonconformity has come to be, in common with the Church of England, a great power in the land; and one consequence of this success is, that, somewhat after the manner of that church, it must lay its account with finding greater differences of thought than formerly within its pale, and greater occasion for the exercise of candour and forbearance. The future will not be in this respect as the past. So surely as there shall be increase, there will be an increase of evil with the good.

But it is one thing to see how error comes, and to see that we ought not to be surprised at its coming, and another to cease to regard it as error. Furthermore, it is one thing to believe that there are many religious errors which are not necessarily incompatible with a truly religious life, and another to hold the distinctive truths of the gospel so lightly as to account the reception or rejection even of *them* a matter of little moment. With this

species of candour—with the mandlin sentimentalism which takes this shape, we have no sort of sympathy. But while we so write, it must not be supposed that we account the people who pride themselves greatly upon their orthodoxy, whether Churchmen or Dissenters, as being free from fault. There are, we think; grave failures on both sides. It is our intention to deal faithfully with both. Our reward may be that which too commonly falls to the lot of mediators. Neither party, it may be, will be satisfied with our verdict. But there are dispassionate men, not committed to extremes on the one hand or the other, who will probably give us a hearing, and may deem our word a word in season. In all public discussions, the number of the comparatively sober-minded greatly exceeds that of the zealots. The noise, indeed, is with the latter, but something better than that rests with the former.

It must not be imagined, however, that the theologians with whom we are to be concerned consist simply of two classes. The men who adhere substantially to the theology of the past, do not all see precisely alike; and on the other side, the shades of difference are many and great. The pale of modern orthodoxy includes men who are much more Calvinistic than Calvin; and a much larger number who are attracted by the spiritual and practical tendencies of Calvinism, greatly more than by its metaphysical speculations. Among those who have diverged from this platform, the latitude is very wide, beginning with the hazy dreaming of the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, and ending with the avowed Rationalism of the *National Review*. Observations made concerning these different classes of speculators will not of course apply in all instances to all the persons whom these classes may be said to embrace. But there are certain faults which pretty generally characterize persons of this order, and to which Christians holding what are called Evangelical opinions have a right to take grave exception. We shall glance at some of these points as they take the shape of shortcomings and of offences.

One of these shortcomings which has become very observable is the shortcoming of IGNORANCE. The writers of this class, impatient as they seem of defective information or capacity in others, often know next to nothing of the state of things about which they write. Opinions on theological matters which have all but passed away, and which, if they exist at all, exist only as remnants of the bygone, are frequently dwelt upon as opinions still commonly retained and avowed. The notions formed concerning what Evangelical Christians believe and concerning what such people are like, are often derived from no higher

source than certain newspaper and small magazine authorities. Hence the absurdities sometimes broached, such as it is not easy to read with a grave countenance, and which might well lead one to ask—where can these men have lived to be capable of writing after this manner? It may be that the sort of religion described did once exist to a considerable extent, and that it has some existence even now; but nothing shows of gross ignorance could have allowed honest and honourable men to set it forth as a type of the piety of our day.

What makes this matter the more noteworthy is, that the critics thus at fault in regard to the knowledge of what is taking place immediately about them, are gentlemen who wish it to be supposed that they have spared no pains to inform themselves as to what is passing of a religious nature in other countries, especially in Germany, or as to what has been taking place in this form through all past ages. But judging from their blunders about what is so near them, we may be excused, we think, if we somewhat distrust their competency to guide us in regard to things more remote. The man who should write a history of the religion of the present day, taking these parties as authorities, would produce a libel, not a history. We have regretted to see Mr. Maurice, a man entitled on so many grounds to respect, holding so marked a place in this ill-informed class. He seems to know nothing of Evangelical religion, except as seen through certain newspaper or review articles. He will not allow professors of this class to be possessed of half the intelligence or half the spirituality which really belong to them; and he is persistent in attributing to them errors and faults with which the great majority of them are little if at all chargeable. That such a man should make representations of this sort, knowing them to be untrue, is not to be supposed. The fact is, Mr. Maurice and Mr. Kingsley have an ideal church in their brain—a church which has existence nowhere else, but to which it is their manner to render such homage, that it has come to be with them a reality, and through the force of this illusion, in place of attempting to make the real church about them better than it is, they do nothing but scold at it whenever it comes in their way. In this respect they are the type of a class—of the Utopians in matters ecclesiastical and theological, who pull to pieces more than they put together, and prevent more good than they accomplish. According to this school, mediæval superstitions, and far-off paganisms, are full of fine qualities; but for the religious infirmities which happen to be modern, and near at hand, there is no breath of charity in such quarters. The secret

is, that these Romanticists have been put out of mood, and much which they *might* know, and which it should have been pleasant to them to know, they are *not willing* to know.

As may be supposed, the complaints of the parties who deem themselves aggrieved in this matter go beyond the charge of ignorance. They accuse their censors of great UNFAIRNESS. They do not think it fair that virtues which they know they possess should be denied them, and that such as are ceded to them should be ceded so partially and so grudgingly. Still less do they account it fair that things should be laid to their charge which they know not, and that the blameworthy which may be detected in them should be paraded and magnified to the utmost. This is not the course to have been expected from men who profess to lament so deeply that the *ethics* of Christianity are so commonly sacrificed to its *dogmas*.

One of the faults often laid to the charge of the more old-fashioned class of theologians is, that they are disposed to interpret the doctrine of the Atonement in a narrow and antinomian sense, confiding in it for pardon and deliverance, but looking to it for little more. Now that a tendency towards error in this form has come down more or less in connexion with this doctrine from the times of the Reformers—indeed, from the times of the Apostles, every candid and well-informed man will admit. It is a defective view of this truth which is incident to some of the earlier stages of religious experience, and which is not to be wholly separated from it, except as the result of some advance in religious culture. But this culture follows whenever our religious susceptibilities come under a truly Christian influence. How to escape from penalty may be the first idea in a man's religious history, but it is not the last. Repentance, in the degree in which it is genuine, includes the sentiment of loyalty—that is, a confession in favour of the right and authority of law. The man blames himself for what is wrong, and therein does homage to the right of which that wrong is the antagonism. Where there is faith there will be penitence, and where there is penitence there will be this return to loyalty. The Evangelical believer feels that this is true, though he may not be at all times happy in giving expression to this feeling. In his theology, 'Sanctification'—as embracing the new birth, regeneration, a spiritual and holy life—has its place not less clearly and indispensably than 'Justification.' That Christian men should not only trust in Christ as a deliverer, but follow him as a pattern; that heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people—these are among the many expressions of like meaning which

have become as the most familiar household words among those religious people, both in the Church of England and elsewhere, who are accounted Evangelical. This fact is so notorious, that no man who knows anything of religious parties or of religious books can fail to have knowledge of it. Nevertheless, men, and professed theologians, who take upon them to correct and lead public opinion among us, often write as though no such knowledge had ever come to them!

Now here it will probably be said, 'Oh, yes, those people have such notions among them no doubt, but the whole is a very confused affair in their mind; they never apprehend such things distinctly, they do not live according to them as they ought, or feel their reality as they ought.' Perhaps not. And it certainly is very much to be regretted that these people are not perfect people. Their censors of course are such. No such signs of infirmity are to be found in them. If very numerous, if they have among them every grade of capacity and culture, and every variety of temperament, they of course see all things clearly which they profess to see at all; they live in all things as their avowed principles require them to live; and show in all ways that the relation between creed and character in them is certain and vital. Is it so? Is this everlasting fault-finding—this never-ending censoriousness, one of the signs of the perfect man? Is there no greatness in charity? Physician, heal thyself.

The truth is, this way of dealing with any body of religionists indicates a rooted infirmity on the part of those who indulge in it—an infirmity of judgment, and an infirmity of feeling. The comprehensiveness, the discrimination, the ripeness which belong to the highest order of capacity, could not fail to see in the religious people of our time, with all the follies and faults that attach to them, the signs of a moral and spiritual progress full of promise for the future. In place of deserting an Evangelical creed because it has not accomplished more, such a man might see abundant reason for adhering to it in the fact that it has accomplished so much. The work of God is sure, but it is slow. Man is always in haste, his Maker never. The creatures of time are naturally impatient, the Eternal can afford to wait. The light is seen to be good, but the time may be long before it will be wholly separated from the darkness. The spiritual is good, though the struggle may be varied and protracted before the last taint of the carnal is put away. But shall we reserve all our interest for the consummation, and have none for the process? To beings conditioned as we are, should not every phase in such a struggle have its lesson, its power to awaken sympathy, and its prophetic intimation of the future? Men who see what the work

to be done really is, have patience with it, and can be obedient when they are told to work and hope.

The grand complaint against orthodox believers is, that with all their religious pretension they are the worshippers of mere dogmas—caring more about religious doctrines than about religious life. One thing, however, is clear, if these people have sinned, they have so done, not in consequence of the creed they hold, but in defiance of it. From much that we read we should suppose that the Evangelical pulpit is never known to inculcate the necessity of repentance and regeneration, of a growth in holiness, of love to Christ, of an assimilation to the mind that was in Him. Now, whether these practical conceptions be always expounded in the best manner or not, is a point on which we do not speak at present; but that they are taught in all Evangelical pulpits, reiterated there in not a few cases almost to weariness, is as well known as that there are pulpits in existence. And when men preach sermons, and write books in which they say, again and again, that the preaching of these Evangelicals consists in the endless iteration of repulsive dogmas, to the neglect of all teaching adapted to awaken and nurture a truly spiritual and religious life, have not these Evangelicals a right to complain of hard measure—of unfairness? Can it be ignorance—must it not be wilfulness and dishonesty which is perpetually flinging these imputations at them?

If anything could guarantee spiritual teaching in the Evangelical pulpit, the doctrine received there concerning the office of the Holy Spirit must ensure it. This is a cardinal doctrine, an essential point of orthodoxy with all preachers of this class. They teach constantly that without holiness no man shall see the Lord, and as constantly that without the influence of the Holy Spirit man will never become holy. It follows, therefore, that if the piety of these people be not a truly spiritually-minded piety, it is not their creed that is at fault: the blame must rest wholly with themselves. Their dogmas, in place of coming to their rescue, can only rise up in the judgment to condemn them. Have they not, then, a right to complain of unfairness when they are represented as the disciples of a creed which makes no effectual provision for a religion which shall be something more than a religion of the letter—a religion of the spirit? We surely may excuse them if they are heard to ask, with some measure of indignation,—*Where is the creed beside which makes provision of this nature in the same degree, even in pretension?* That these doctrines may come to be mere notions, which it is thought to be religious to hold, cannot be denied. But what doctrine could be raised into the place of them that would not very soon be

found to be liable to such abuse in a far greater degree? A little candour should suffice to show that what is needed, is not that men should labour to displace the Evangelical theology by another, but rather that due pains should be taken to render that theology productive of the high moral and spiritual results which are manifestly so proper to it, and which have never pervaded any professed Christian community except through its influence. To charge its disciples with adhering to a system devoid of truly spiritual tendencies is not to utter truth, but the contrary of the truth. Fair-play is a jewel. Verily, we have here more cant than honesty.

It is natural to pass from the theology thus censured, to an examination of that which some men would raise into its place. In so doing, the men who think very much in the old way, find themselves obliged to speak of the men who think in the new way, as men wanting, not only in knowledge and in fairness, but in depth,—as being, in fact, what they seem little to suspect, very SUPERFICIAL.

There can be no sound, thorough, and scriptural theology where there is not a clear apprehension of man as he *is*—and of man as he *is* in comparison with man as he *ought to be*. It is not difficult to look at the constituent powers of the human spirit, apart from the conditions and tendencies of those powers with which we are ourselves familiar. In these conditions and tendencies we see the signs of a sad estrangement from truth, goodness, and happiness. With other conditions and other tendencies, the human spirit would be found capable of following in the path of truth, of embodying the image of goodness, and of realizing high moral and spiritual blessedness. It has natural capacities for all this; and why is not this state, which is strictly the only state natural to it, its real state? Has it never *been* in this state? Will it never *be* in this state? What is the measure of its present aberration and disorder; and what are the means which may be expected to correct such aberration, to remove such disorder? These are all root questions, and there can be no adequate theology for man without going to the bottom of them. Now the old track of thought upon theology does not attempt to evade these questions, but deals with them. Augustine and the Fathers so did. Luther and the Reformers so did. Cartwright and the Puritans so did. John Howe and the Non-conformists so did. Man, as apprehended by them, was not a being with the mere surface of his nature disturbed, or with the spiritual mechanism of his being—if we may so speak—only slightly deranged. In their view, the sensuous and immoral forces at work in the great mass of human beings were of mys-

terious and terrible potency. That the guilt of such an antagonism to the majesty of right, and the beauty of goodness, could be trivial, and easily removed, never entered their thoughts. And nothing was more remote from their conception than the idea that mere reasoning, or mere suasion, or any external presentation of the pure and lovely, could suffice of itself to recover natures so lost. The divine—the all-creating hand, was regarded by them as alone equal to the redemption and regeneration here needed. They could not themselves account their guilt a small matter, and they dared not suppose that their Maker could so regard it. They could not hope to escape by their own strength from the bondage which had degraded them. The only power in which they could confide to make them free, was the power which had made them at first. In their thought, to be saved, was to become all that man was at first, and more. It was to rise to a condition in which the intellect should be light, the heart pure, the will submissive, the whole nature an act of self-consecration to the pleasure and grandeur of the Infinite.

Such are the impressions concerning man and his needs which have obtained over the wide field of the past. Now it may be very true that we have outgrown Fathers and Reformers, and Puritans and Nonconformists, in many things. They were poor astronomers, very sorry chemists, often men of imperfectly developed tastes. But on *moral* questions, the difference between the ancients and the moderns has not been considerable. Concerning man, and the ethics of his being and relations, the old Greek sages were on the whole as clear-sighted as our modern philosophers. And certainly, in this connexion, the Christian men of the past Christian centuries have had as full means of judging as ourselves. Concerning the moral relations, and the moral nature of man, the devout thinkers of bygone times have been, all things considered, as competent to decide as the thinkers of our own day. The humanity judged has always been really the same; the humanity judging has always been really the same. The facts to be estimated have not changed—the power to estimate them has not changed. What may seem to be new to us in this respect, as compared with our predecessors, is as the dust of the balance, compared with what is common to them and to us. The telescope has assisted us to scale the heavens, and the railway and the electric telegraph have assisted us to traverse the earth, as the men of other ages could not. But where in all noodledom is there a man who does not know that the bases of moral government in God's world have not been left to depend on the accident of such physical discoveries. The verdict given by the moral consciousness of the past is likely to be in the main as

trustworthy as anything that can come from the present ; and the men of those ages were in the main as capable as ourselves of determining what the nature of the message to humanity must be which may be to it truly—a *Gospel*. The judgment handed down to us, as the result of thought and experience spread over ages of time, is, that the guilt of man is such as may not be removed except by means of a real atonement ; and that to remove the sinful bias of his soul, and to give it a true upward tendency, must be the work of divine power. What the past has been in this respect, the future will be. Wise men, and men at large, more or less, will never fail to feel that they are creatures of deep religious need ; and all palliations that do not go to the root of the evil, will be at best partial and transient in their influence, and the men who deal in them will all be pronounced, in their turn, physicians of no value. If there be any certainty deducible from the experience of the race, it is certain that to live a life wholly earthly is foreign to the nature of man ; and all the false religions in the world owe their origin to the fact, that the imperishable instincts of humanity do so earnestly crave religious help in some such form as revelation provides, as to ensure that it will be found to rush to the false, should there be a failure of the true.

Now, is the theology which is regarded by some as entitled to take the place of this theology worthy of such precedence ? Is it really something much more intelligent and profound ? By no means. Its conceptions of man as he *is*, as he *was*, as he *will* be, are the most vague conceptions imaginable. It is affirmed, indeed, that man is naturally a religious creature. But to what extent he is a wanderer from his true and proper state ; how he came to wander at all ; and how he is to be reclaimed, and ennobled once more with the divine likeness—these are all points of inquiry on which nothing adequate, nothing definite, comes in the way of answer. On all such questions, the tendencies of the new thinking—if thinking it can be called—is to darken counsel by words without knowledge. Guilt, Sin, Atonement, Divine Influence—all, in place of becoming more clear, sink into deeper and deeper haze the more they are meddled with. It seems to be felt that definiteness anywhere must necessitate something of the sort everywhere, and care accordingly is taken that it shall exist nowhere. To see guilt as it is, would be to see sin as it is, and to feel shut up to the necessity of seeing some other truths in lights which are not agreeable. It would seem to be in the nature of our new guides to dread the light, and, having found the darkness, to bid their followers worship it as the profound. But in reality the profound is not in their way. Its depths are unknown to them. They are always upon the surface. They sometimes use the words, Law, and Right, and Moral Government, but always in the

most loose and slattern sense. The poverty and confusion of thought on these points naturally extends itself to others. Where there is little sublimity in law, there can be little in redemption. Atonement comes to be an example, not a substitution; and Divine Influence comes to be a power which affects man only in common with all existing things. Men are told to look on the manifestation of the pure, the just, and the Godlike in Christ, and then are admonished—‘There—you should admire that;—‘you should aim to be like that!’ ‘Alas!’ rejoins the inquirer, ‘I admit it all. But I have learnt by painful experiment that I am not good at seeing all that I am sure is to be seen there, nor at becoming like what I really do see there. Example is good—but I want strength to follow it. I can do homage to the Godlike, but how—*how* may it become mine? Have you no tidings of a HELPER for one who so deeply needs help? If not, you have no Gospel for me. All your preachments only mock my sense of want.’ The work of the Holy Spirit, so prominent in the old theology, so rarely found in the new, is the Divine provision for this necessity.*

The theology which takes more or less of the complexion above described, is sometimes designated as the “broad” theology. And such no doubt it is; but, as often happens in such cases, it has become *broad* at the expense of becoming *shallow*.

Such, then, is the complaint made by theologians who adhere pretty much to the ‘old paths;’ and we must say we think they have substantial warrant for making it. It is to us no marvel that, after tasting this new wine, they are heard to say the old is better. Philosophy and the Bible are alike on the side of the popular theology, considered in its substance; and it is not without cause that the disciples of this theology describe the reasoning of their assailants as being not only unsound, but slovenly and superficial, viewed simply as reasoning. It is of course well known, that on both sides in this controversy, there are men of learning, and men who talk sense, as well as men of mere pretentiousness, and who talk nonsense. Our concern, however, in this place, is not with persons, but with two complexions of theological opinion, and with the manner in which these opinions are presented. On this issue the true verdict we think is such as we have indicated. In our new instructors we find obscurity where we have a right to expect clearness; and superficiality where the superficial must be illusive and worse than useless.

When a man deserts the theology of the New Testament after

* Archdeacon Hare’s able work on the Comforter appeared many years since, when most of our present novelties were among things to come. Nor are we sure that the Archdeacon should be accounted to the last as belonging more than very partially to the school of theologians with whom we are here chiefly concerned.

this manner, it is natural he should become shy of its language. He does not believe in its doctrines as St. Paul believed in them, and, in consequence, he rarely, if ever, speaks of those doctrines as St. Paul speaks of them. The ideas have been discarded, and the words are no longer available. If it be deemed prudent that some allusion should be made to such ideas, it is done vaguely, distantly, coldly, with no trace of the manner of a man to whom the doctrine of St. Paul is what it ought to be—spirit and life. The truths distinctive of the Gospel being thus diluted, and allowed to float away, what is not distinctive of it is raised into their place. Then comes the sight of the hungry sheep who look up and are not fed. The simple Christian hearts in the pew feel their way to divine truth, while the conceited intellectualist in the pulpit finds out any path but the right one. Poor witting!—it does not belong to him to remember that in heaven the only greatness is goodness.

Were we required to sustain the representation just made by examples, we are happy to say, that in so far as the professedly orthodox pulpits of English Nonconformists are concerned, examples to the extent described are, as we believe, not easy to find. The mischief in such a shape would not be endured in any of our recognized pulpits for a month. But the *tendency* towards declension in this form, *that* is not uncommon. It is not unknown among our ministers—it is more common elsewhere.

Our point in this place however is, that the change in such cases is not, as vain men think, to something more intellectual, but the reverse.

With this charge of superficiality the charge of UNFAITHFULNESS is sometimes coupled. The persons intent on the reform of our theology are of two classes—those who openly reject the last vestige of orthodoxy, and those who wish to be regarded as being still, not only orthodox, but evangelical, both in opinion and feeling.

The men of the extreme section in the first class, know nothing of the received doctrine of inspiration, nothing of any special security from error, or of special wisdom of any kind, in the apostles. In their estimation, the truth we get from the apostles and evangelists is small, compared with the puerilities, the prejudices, and the errors from which we have to sift it. So do some men deal with the Christian Scriptures, avowedly rejecting all that they know to have been peculiar to apostolic teaching, and retaining only what they know to have been not peculiar to it. Having completed this process of elimination to their own satisfaction, they reckon that they have done a Christian work. Through the clouds of ignorance and misconception which the sacred writers have thrown about

the character of the Saviour, these critics flatter themselves that they see his beautiful image, and their Christianity consists in a profession of effort somewhat to resemble the good man who is thus present to their imaginations. How far the miraculous, or the specially authoritative in any way, had place in his history, seems to be accounted very doubtful; but he was in his time the fullest development of the true and the good which the world had hitherto seen; and as all such developments are from above, so Jesus must, in this sense, have been eminently from above.

Now we can understand how men whose destructive operations have been carried thus far should call themselves Deists, but we do not understand how it can be made to comport with honesty that they should call themselves Christians, and affect to be conformists to Christian institutions. Reasons there may be in favour of such a policy; but how men possessing any genuine feeling of integrity or honour can be parties to it, exceeds our comprehension. Theologians of this class do not scruple to tell you that they believe in themselves greatly more than in any teaching of the Scriptures concerning Christianity. They place their own writings, openly and avowedly, greatly in advance of the writings of the Apostles. Even the character of Christ must, on their principles, be only a stage in that progress of development of which they are themselves the most advanced form, as being the latest. All phenomena of this kind come in their season, to be eclipsed in their season. The mission of Jesus being thus limited in its object, it ceases to be a matter of surprise that Providence should have taken so little care as these persons imagine to give us trustworthy records as to his history and teaching. That this pantheistic dogma of development may be sustained, Christianity itself is made to be simply as one of its stages or antecedents.*

* 'The representation often made of the early church, as having only truth and feeling only love, and living in simple sanctity, is contradicted by every page of the Christian records. The Epistles are entirely occupied in driving back guilt and passion, or in correcting errors of belief; nor is it *always* possible to approve the temper in which they perform the one task, or to assent to the methods by which they attempt the other. Principles and affections were, indeed, secreted in the hearts of the first disciples which were to leave a great future, and to become the highest truth of the world. But it was precisely of these that they rarely thought at all. The apostles themselves speak slightly of them, as baby's food; and the great faith in God, the need of repentant purity of heart, with the trust in immortality—the very doctrines which we should name as the permanent essence of the Christian faith—are expressly declared by them to be childish rudiments of belief, on which the attention of the grown Christian will disdain to dwell. And what did they prefer to these sublime truths, as the instrument of their life, and the pride of their wisdom? Allegories about Isaac and Ishmael, parallels between Christ and Melchizedec, new readings of history and prophecy to suit the events in Palestine, and a constant outlook for the end of all things. These were the

But such are extreme modes of thought, with which the majority, we presume, even among Unitarians, have no sympathy. The theologians with whom we have chiefly to do in this paper, are far from being chargeable with any such extravagance. We could wish, however, that there was less room than there is to complain of a want of fidelity to the Christian cause on the part of some men who would deem themselves wronged by any suspicion as to their general orthodoxy, or their religious feeling. But it is possible to be wanting in fidelity towards grave interests, through false candour towards the assailants of those interests.

Candour is a virtue of great worth, but, like all virtues, it may degenerate into its neighbour vice. It may be so tolerant of error as to become indifference to truth. We know that we are all liable to err, so that the opinions we regard as true may not be nearer the truth than the contrary opinions as held by our neighbours. But there must be some limit to this scepticism, or there is an end to all possible truth, and to all possible virtue. Every man's perceptions of truth give him what is truth to him, and every man's perceptions of duty give him what is duty to him. This guidance may not be infallible, but the man must follow it, or follow none. Gratitude to parents, love to country, honest dealing—if we may not be sure that these are virtues, then virtue is a matter of which we can have no knowledge. We may raise the ethics of such relations to the highest relation, and say that, if reverence and gratitude towards the Deity be not virtues, then the emotions which may be so designated are unknown to us. But to recognise these affections as good, is to see their contraries as evil; and to see the difference between these opposites, and not to mark our sense of the nature of such differences by suitable indications of approbation or disapproval, must be itself a vice. It is received, indeed, as an axiom in enlightened states, that no man should be made to suffer politically on account of his religious opinions. But it does not follow that to resist error at all must be wrong, because to resist it by means of legal penalties would be wrong. The chief weapons in this warfare are reasoning and persuasion. But they are not its only weapons. There is place left for the grave rebuke, and the indignant denunciation. Not only is it right that bad things

grand topics on which their minds eagerly worked, and on which they laboured to construct a consistent theory. These give the forms to their doctrine, the matter to their spirit. These are what you will get if you go indiscriminately to their writings for a creed; and these are no more Christianity than the pretensions of Hildebrand, or the visions of Swedenborg.' — *The God of Revelation his own Interpreter. A Sermon.* By James Martineau.

should be designated in terms expressing our sense of their badness, but men may so demean themselves towards sacred persons and sacred things, that a virtuous man would as soon think of reckoning the slanderers of his father or of his child among his personal friends, as think of receiving such men into that relationship.

Such is the course, as it seems to us, which simple honesty must dictate in such cases. Is this the course taken by the authorities most intent upon amending our received theology? The complaint against these authorities is, that their ways in this respect are something very different. Writings come into their hands in which the most insidious attempts are made, not merely to dispense with the doubtful in our theology, but to sap the foundation of Christianity to the lowest depth. In the mention of such works, great care is taken to appreciate the ability of the performance, and to note its brilliancy, should it happen to be distinguished by such qualities; while probably not the slightest effort is made, not a word perhaps uttered, in check of the blow thus levelled at the great Christian interest. The poison in the book may be malignant, its sophistry most palpable, its whole workmanship dishonest. But not a care is felt to counteract that poison, or to do the just man's deed by laying bare that sophistical reasoning, or that knavish handicraft. While much is done in this way, and sometimes by direct commendation, to favour the circulation of most mischievous productions, books characterized by good sense and piety, but making no higher pretensions, are almost uniformly disparaged and despised, whatever may be their adaptation to a truly Christian usefulness. If you find a book warmly praised in such quarters, you may be all but certain that it will be a work characterized by the absence, rather than by the presence of Evangelical truth, and it will be strange if it does not include a good modicum of heresy. These facts are thought to warrant the impression, that the critics in such cases believe, in the main, in the heresy to which they lend this kind of aid; and that, while too prudent to preach it directly themselves, they are delighted to find that there are men not quite so much governed by caution in these matters. The sceptical writers of our time have no coadjutors so useful as the men who hang thus loosely about our Evangelical churches, and our professed Evangelical literature.

Such are the thoughts, just now, of many grave men, and so do they talk. No political chief, say they, would give a straw for such a poor divided allegiance as is given to Christian truth by these professed Christian men. In regard to any private interest of our own as so espoused, our prayer would be—save us from

such friends ! To conceive of such men as wont to place themselves daily in the presence of Him whose name they bear, while paltering thus habitually with the interests of his truth and kingdom, is hardly possible.

We, ourselves, know enough of what is passing, to feel little surprised at such expressions. It is possible, however, to give a milder exposition of the genesis of the kind of feeling in question. A man's thinking has come to be a shade different from the common thinking on some of our religious doctrines. But he finds this conception of his, reasonable and wholesome as he deems it, frowned-upon. It is not safe to give it utterance. Hard names, it may be, are bestowed upon it. The man becomes irritated. He complains much of narrowness and intolerance. He passes by degrees into a mood which fits him to enjoy almost any attack made upon the supposed intolerants. The attacks made may sometimes be rougher than he would have chosen, and be sometimes carried further than he would have advised, but, upon the whole, it is felt to be a pleasant thing to look on as the enemy discharges his material in that direction. The old bigots have deserved it all. So the sympathy of a man, and of a man not without some good intention, may pass almost unconsciously from the side of those with whom he differs but little, to the side of those with whom he differs greatly more.

It is, however, easier to explain this revulsion of feeling than to justify it. Wise men should not allow themselves to be fretted in this manner into treason against truth. 'The bigots may have been at fault, but have some other people been faultless?' Can it be good so to quarrel with the infirmities of our friends as to go over to the enemy? We have too much of this among us. Dispassionate, thoughtful, candid men feel that they have a right to complain of the want of faithfulness in this form in many quarters. They fear little from the open foe, compared with what they apprehend from this covert hostility—this indulgence of infirmities of temper in ways so adverse to a true Christian fidelity. We know that men may betray a great laxity of moral principle in their noisy manifestations of zeal for religious truth. Let such men be rebuked as they deserve. But let piety be ever a sacred thing with men professing to be pious. And let it be seen that the rebuke administered to the controversialist when at fault is not restricted wholly or mainly to the faults on the Christian side. Christians expect a policy of that sort from enemies; they do not expect it from professed friends.

We deem it right now to add, that the theologians who are somewhat shy of novelties in their science, often speak of having their patience sorely tried at times by the tone of self-confidence

and dogmatism which their opponents assume towards them. But here again our censors should look at home. DOGMATISM is one of their own vices. There are occasions, indeed, on which they discourse with much truth and eloquence on the reasonableness of self-distrust in relation to such subjects. Theology, they remind us, is a science which over-tops every other, which goes off into mystery sooner and more wonderfully than any other. It is concerned with spirit, with mind—an objective field transcending all, touching most on the unknown, and which, beyond everything, should tend to school the tongue and heart of man into diffidence and modesty. But unfortunately this tone of wise admonition is rarely used except with the view of weakening your confidence in opinions which do not happen to be those of your monitor. When the object of your mentor is to edify his disciples by means of speculations of another complexion, he suddenly becomes amazingly far-sighted, and there are scarcely any bounds to his self-reliance. In a paper recently published by 'W. D. Morell, A.M.,' intitled 'Modern German Philosophy—its Characteristics, Tendencies, and Results,' we find the sum of the supposed 'tendencies and results' given in the following terms :—

'The inevitable result of these varied discussions within the pale of the Christian communities, has been insensibly to weaken their faith in their own professed principles and convictions. The whole tone of religious literature at the present time, in this country, is *apologetic*. Books, sermons, magazines, reviews, all the various channels through which the mind of the age expresses itself on theological topics, show this unmistakable symptom of uneasiness. Instead of that mental repose which arises from perfect faith; that calm expression of truth which distinguishes periods of undoubting trust; that spirit of moral edification which aims at building up the superstructure of religious life, rather than guarding the foundations; we have now a well nigh universal tone of apology on the one hand, and of defiance on the other. Where strength of argument fails, the place is supplied by sarcasm and irony; and where the least bearing of philosophical analysis or historical research seems to add a stone to the buttresses of the current systems of popular faith, be it the last dying confession of some notorious unbeliever, or the fancied remains of the Deluge in the crust of the earth, or the winged bulls from the soil of Nineveh, with pictures of the captive Israelites,—all are triumphantly pressed into the army of witnesses, as though God's truth, when it really speaks to the heart of the age, does not carry with it its own testimony, and indicate its own powers.*

* The notion pervading this paragraph—presumptuous as it may seem to say so—is a mistake. For one book issued in defence of Christianity, there is a score at least published in exposition of it. Mr. Morell and his friends do their best to ensure that *occasion* for works of the apologetic class shall not be wanting.

'The fact is, we are not yet out of the conflict which modern ideas (as they grew up at the time of the Reformation) have perpetually waged against the Romanesque world and the middle-age civilization. Neither the philosophical basis of truth on the one hand, nor the traditionary on the other, has yet made itself good in the moral consciousness of the people at large. And many are the battles which will yet have to be fought before the struggle will be ended, and a new Christian life can prevail, the foundations of which are not shaken by the storms and billows of controversy. In this struggle how many idols will be thrown down! how many institutions will crumble in the dust! how many theories, for which men are now fighting with desperate energy, will turn out to be clouds and shadows! how many will make shipwreck of their faith altogether! how many will be saved, yet so as by fire! These are the natural and necessary concomitants to a subversive and critical era like our own. But the storm will *one day* pass away; the battle which has been so long waging will one day be over. And does any one think that *his* belief will rise triumphant in that day over the ruin of hostile creeds? Poor dreamer! He knows not yet that the oppositions which mark the intellectual life of the present day are but low and partial views, which will vanish in that hour when the new heavens and the new earth shall be revealed, and *faith* and *reason* unite once more into a harmony long forgotten, but eternally pre-ordained.'—*Manchester Papers*, 141, 142.

So do some men exemplify their own lessons on modesty. Could anything more beautiful in the form of the humble and the self-diffident have been imagined? Of course, with the years and studies of the sage upon him, Mr. Morell cannot help seeing what he does see; and seeing so much in the past and future beyond the ken of ordinary mortals, it is only fitting that the said mortals should be admitted to look on all things—things human and things divine—by means of his light. So far is the study of mind—the human mind or the divine mind—from being a difficulty in his case, that there is little, it would seem, concerning the one or the other, with which he is not perfectly familiar. He can glance through the bygone, and can sever, as with an unerring touch, between the true and the false, the wise and the foolish, to be found there. He can comprehend and penetrate all the seething thought and emotion of the present, and say precisely of what it consists, and whither it tends. He can look onward, and see all our religious systems go down and perish one after another, not one among the many existing creeds being found worthy to survive. And then—aye, good reader, what then? Why, all that we are permitted to know about that is, that God's truth will then 'speak to the heart of the age,' that there will be 'a new heaven and a new earth,' and that 'faith and

reason' will become one; but what these profound expressions mean, we are left to conjecture. On that distance, a convenient haze is allowed to rest.

Now this is the style of discourse which is poured upon us, almost without ceasing, by certain of the seers of our time. We ought, we suppose, to be greatly alarmed at it; but we are not. We remember that Bolingbroke, and Tyndal, and others, delivered sanguine prophecies of this nature more than a century since. We remember that half a century later, the French revolutionists rose much higher in their apocalyptic announcements. Events, however, have not conformed themselves to these pre-visions. Christianity, in place of becoming weaker and weaker, has in reality been growing stronger and stronger through all this interval. Yes, and while these later predictions of Mr. Morell are becoming dry in the hands of the printer, Berlin is labouring hard to unlearn the very philosophy from which so much is expected; and the divines of that land, instead of making progress towards an utter abandonment of all external authority, are falling back on such authority in forms which remind us more of Catholic Spain than of Rationalistic Germany. It is a perverse world this—it seems to take great pleasure in destroying prophetic reputations. It has done so often—it will do so again. The Russians were to have settled everything at Inkerman. But somehow things did not take a right turn, and above all the defensive—the 'apologetic' force of those English—there was no getting over that. Not long since, according to the talk of some men, the life of anything Christian among us could not be worth more than a few years' purchase. But the enemy has not made way. He has, in fact, lost ground. More cautious, covert, and formidable appliances have been felt to be necessary. The strong places are still ours, and we have yet to know the foe who has the chance of taking them out of our hands.

Dreamers of this order would hardly have been entitled to notice in this place, were it not that their follies are in some degree infectious. Others, who have much more faith in the reality and stability of Christian truth, have learnt to speak of the doctrines of theology, as commonly understood, as consisting of formulas which have come down to us from past ages, and which, as such, can hardly be supposed to be in the best degree adapted to express modern thought on those subjects. Considerable change in this respect, it is said, should be accounted probable, in fact, unavoidable. That we may be prepared for such changes, we are reminded how little we can possibly know concerning the divine nature and dispensations, and how presumptuous it must be to become very dogmatic on such mysterious topics. Added

to which, the conceptions of religious doctrine, it is said, about which so much noise is made, consist of metaphysical interpretations and refinements, which are not so much deduced from the Scriptures, as imposed upon them.

What measure of truth we believe to be in these representations, we shall presently show. But in this place, it is proper to remind this class of reasoners, that the province of the Christian theologian is not to make discoveries concerning the Divine Nature, nor to determine the fitting in relation to that nature. God himself is supposed to have made all needful discovery on these matters, and the business of theologians is simply with what He has so made known. Divine revelation is ours that it might put an end to uncertainty. It settles the truth for us which we could not settle for ourselves. The great question being about the meaning of a document, it must follow that, if there be not room for any man to be very positive in regard to what the document contains, neither can there be room for any man to be very positive in regard to what it does *not* contain. If we believe, or doubt, or deny, we do so for certain reasons, and the reasons in each case have their qualities in common. They are all of a nature to be understood by one man quite as well as by another. That religious doctrines are in a great degree metaphysical is a necessity of the case. If they relate to soul as distinguished from body, it follows that they must be the contrary of the physical, which means that they must be metaphysical. The facts to be especially kept in mind here are, that the question in Christian theology is not a question about who can discover most, but about who can interpret best, while the principles of interpretation are principles just as available by one man as by another; so that if a man may be said to betray a want of modesty who dogmatizes on the side of old and long-received interpretations on such themes, the man must betray a still greater deficiency in that virtue who dogmatizes about certain new interpretations which have no such test from antiquity or experience to commend them. If there be champions of orthodoxy who have been disposed to play the infallible, verily there are some other persons who have shown that they are by no means wanting in the faculty of imitation. The airs of this sort which our new guides put on, are at times most marvellous.

But now we have to ask the question—are the parties on the other side, the professed descendants of the pious churchmen and pious nonconformists of past days, without fault? We think not. There are many things which they ought not to be so slow to learn, and which they must some day learn.

Without meaning to endorse the doctrine of Pelagius or

Arminius, we must say that we think our modern orthodoxy does not always recognise as it should THE NATURAL VIRTUES OF MEN. Its professors do so, indeed, in domestic and private life. They take note there of the good qualities of their relatives and neighbours, though not, in their view, spiritual or religious persons, and commend such qualities in them with sincerity and affection. But the moment they pass out of this natural domain into the artificial one created for them by their theology, they cease to be the same persons. Then we find, that if God did really create man, the Evil One has him now, and nothing that is not evil has he left in him. This is the sum of the doctrine concerning man which is reiterated from not a few pulpits. Now we know of scarcely anything that has done more to prejudice intelligent men against evangelical truth than this style of representation. That our virtues are not Christian virtues until we become Christians, all men can understand; but to account them no virtues at all because wanting in that element, is to outrage the moral consciousness of the best portion of society. Men know—*feel* that the charge is not true. In every such instance the preacher damages his case by overstating it. The theology which, having restricted religious character to the regenerate in the evangelical sense, denies to all the rest of mankind, not merely spiritual religion, but the least shred of moral worth, must be false. We have said that men who seem to preach this doctrine do not really believe it. The thing to be regretted is, that, while not believing it, they should still be found to reiterate their statements on this subject in a manner so bald, indiscriminate, and unskilful as to *seem* to believe it.

The teaching of the prophets, and the teaching of our Lord and his apostles, supposes the presence of virtues in man as well as vices.* Their manner of dealing with these vices always supposes that men may be brought to know that they *are* vices; and their manner of appealing to these virtues is always such as to show that in their view men are right in affirming them to be virtues. If it has pleased the Almighty to preserve to men thus much from the lost and better state of our nature, should not the praise due to him for this be readily yielded? But for the preservation of these capabilities of moral perception and moral feeling in man, the Scripture could never have been written—‘He that believeth shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be condemned.’ Belief is a duty; but it could not be a duty if it

* Job xxxi. 13, 15; 1 Sam. xv. 6; 1 Kings ii. 7; 2 Chron. xx. 10, 11; Isaiah xxiv. 2; Matthew xxv. 42—45; Mark x. 21; xii. 32—34; Luke xvi. 10—12; John iii. 19, 20; viii. 9; Acts x. 34, 35; xxiv. 25; Rom. ii. 12, 14, 15; Phil. iv. 8.

were not possible, and it could not be possible were not those moral capabilities preserved in men to which religious truth, and the influences connected with it, may be effectually addressed.

The next race of ministers will not be so insensible to distinctions of this nature as the last has been. It is not possible they should. To such as survive from the last generation, the change in this respect may not seem to be an improvement. But an improvement it will be notwithstanding, and its coming is certain. The case of humanity, as out on the surface of history, as implied in the great facts of redemption, and as lodged in the experience of the thoughtful, is dark and mysterious enough, without any addition to it from men who find it easier to indulge in idle exaggeration than to weigh and discriminate.

Similar to this error concerning man, is the error of the same parties when discoursing about this world, considered in its relation to man and its Creator. As everything which man has in him is from the Evil One, nothing from God, so everything the world has in it comes from the same source. The Devil is undisputed master in both regions.

Here again, what seems to be so often taught, is something which the teachers themselves do not believe. They know that there is a *use* of this world that should be distinguished from the *abuse* of it, though their language about the world seems too often utterly to ignore any such distinction.* Nothing gives men of sense so deep a conviction that our pulpit language is in general a conventional, artificial, and unfelt language, as the palpable discrepancy between such pulpit lessons and the real feeling of the preacher, and of those who listen to him. To take such expressions in their literal meaning would be absurd; and inasmuch as little pains is taken to give them their restricted and true meaning, they pass as having no meaning. It is a pity the distance is so great between the merely bookish man who often preaches, and the shrewd man of the world who often listens. Were this less than it is, the preacher would hardly fail to see how much there is in his discoursing tending to make such men infidels, rather than to make them Christians. The pulpit which is to influence such men must be one of *native* power—power belonging to the nature of the man who speaks, and so productive of something better than the iteration of such parrot phrases. What makes the case worse, there are connexions we fear in which the absence of such ready-shaped expressions would be

* Psalm ciii. civ. cvii.; Prov. xxii. 5, 17, 20, 29; xxvii. 23, 24; Matthew v. 5; vi. 24—34; Acts xvii. 22—31; xx. 34; 1 Cor. iv. 12; vii. 17, 20, 24, 31; 2 Thess. iii. 10, 12; Titus iii. 14; James v. 7.

viewed as indicating some want of soundness—a want of scripturalness, simplicity, and spirituality!

The love of the world in the place of its Author, is the creature worship,—the idolatry, which destroys men. The love of the world, as coming from God, and as to be used in accordance with our relation to Him, is a great element in the religion of every enlightened Christian. But to some religious people nothing would seem to be more welcome than a good hearty abuse of God's world, as in itself simply evil; and of God's creature man, as made up, even as regards morality, of nothing but evil. Evangelical theology is disgraced by the ignorance which confounds it with such blind utterances. What adds to the grotesqueness of this case is, that some of these great abusers of the world, as we have hinted, are known to be a most comfortable-loving, really world-loving race; and these bitter traducers of poor human nature are not unfrequently among the most touchy and self-complacent people you meet with.*

Often, too, the way in which our orthodox preachers expound and apply their great scheme of revealed truth is painfully NARROW AND DEFECTIVE. It is a great scheme—a scheme of vast compass and of great depth. But there are men in whose hands it becomes a very small affair. Theology embraces all that may be known of God and his creatures. Christian theology especially embraces what we need to know concerning Creator and creature when that great mystery—*evil*, has grown up between them. Here the questions come—Supposing creatures to have contracted guilt, may it be removed, and how? Supposing depravity to have been imbibed, may it be eradicated, and how? These are the great questions of Christian theology, and there are no questions with which the thought of man may be occupied to be compared with them. They are the weighty questions of the universe, so far as our knowledge extends.

But according to some men, the proper method of dealing with

* We remember conversing with a religious lady more than twenty years since, when we were led to mention the name of Dr. Chalmers in some way of commendation. Whereupon the lady replied, 'Oh, yes, I dare say he is a clever man, but I understand he is becoming very *worldly*.' On inquiry, we found that the good man's worldliness consisted in his attempt to make his benevolent spirit felt in the most necessitous homes of Glasgow, by means of the scheme which he designated the Civic and Christian Economy of large towns.

Another case came to our knowledge more recently. Some seven years since, a Congregational Church in Birmingham invited Dr. Vaughan, of Manchester, to become their minister. On that occasion a religious lady,—and a nonconformist lady too,—observed to a friend—'Poor Ebenezer, they are always making mistakes there; and now that they may make another, they have given an invitation to that *worldly* Dr. Vaughan.'

What shall we say of the preaching which generates such talk?

these truths is one of the easiest and simplest things imaginable. First, you have to lay down the doctrine of human depravity, and this mainly by citing a few strong passages of Scripture bearing upon the subject. Next, there should be an announcement of the fact that Christ died in our stead, that our sins may be forgiven; and of the fact that the Holy Ghost is given that the souls of men may be enlightened and made to partake of spiritual desires—these facts also being presented mainly in certain passages of Scripture. Men should then be urged to cast themselves on this remedial work, and should be reminded constantly that on their so doing all things become charged with a mission for their comfort and happiness.

Now do we mean to say that men ought not to teach to this effect? Far from it. We mean only to ask whether a mere iteration, or something very like a mere iteration of these weighty truths, in certain forms of expression made and provided for them, and this in connexion with every variety of text from the beginning of the year to the end of it, be really a teaching of *that*, and of the *whole of that*, which our Lord and his Apostles have required to be taught? Surely there is a multitude of questions that might arise, and ought to arise, in respect to the real nature, and clear reasonableness, of these admitted doctrines. There is a multitude of questions too that might arise, and ought to arise, in respect to the kind of life, both spiritual and moral, to which such doctrines should lead. But we have known orthodox congregations in which any attempt to deal with these truths in this larger manner would have been felt as a waste and weariness. You might have imagined that the expositions given, inasmuch as they tended to bring out the higher significance of the doctrine, were of a nature to furnish the preacher with warrant for urging upon his auditory all purity and nobleness of living. But the fact is, not a few in that auditory have had no wish to hear truth thus expounded, or to have duties thus enforced. Their great wish has been to be comfortable; and to be sent home pleased with what they are, and with what they may hope to possess. Too often, in the case of such persons, we see nothing better than the selfishness common to human nature taking the form of the religious. Yes, and in the case of really pious people, you may often observe a sad leaven of this description. Preachers, too, there are who, seeing the kind of article in demand in such quarters, seem content to furnish it.

But such preachers are diminishing in number every day. The difference, in this respect, between what exists among us at present, and what existed only thirty years since, is great—and the change will go on in this better direction. In the next gene-

ration this labour will be in the hands of a new class of workmen. God forbid that the coming men should find another Gospel—which could not be another; and God forbid equally, say we, that they should be men content to preach the Gospel according to the narrow and corrupt fashion above-mentioned, in place of giving it forth with the amplitude of the apostolic method—with the largeness of conception, and the high and thorough practical bearing which distinguished it as it came from the lips of a Hall and a Chalmers. The influence of preachers of this better class will not be in all respects the same with that of their predecessors. But the Christianity nurtured by their power will be a better informed, a more intelligently rooted, certainly a more moral, and really a more evangelical Christianity, than that which has preceded. It will be in every way more manly, more such as Paul would preach were he now with us, and more fitted to make itself felt as a power for good in the earth.

Every observant man must know how possible it is for a good man to go over the current topics of the Gospel for a long life, and to leave the people who have listened to him children in religion, rather than men. Far be it from us to undervalue the power which is effective in *awakening* religious thought, though it should be found little capable of developing it, so as to connect it with a thoroughly intelligent spirituality and earnestness. But we complain of such men when they assume, as they are too much inclined to do, that their own particular power in the pulpit is the only kind of power required there. The case is not so. The minds which this class of preachers reach, so as even to *begin* the good work, are minds of a certain grade and culture. What is beyond that range, is not to be touched by means at their disposal. The class they can so affect may be large—still it is a class. There are connexions, accordingly, in which another order of men is needed even to originate the first movement, and in all connexions they are needed to give to it its highest and best results. Let there be discrimination and candour in these things. Let the gifts of God be honoured according to his own law in distributing them.

We have known young men, truly anxious to do the work of Christ to the extent of their power, whose spirit has been all but utterly broken by the conflict arising between the demand made upon them for a very narrow and a very unctuous preaching of the Gospel on the one side; and the injunctions of their own conscience and better culture on the other, telling them that to suffer Christ's truth to be so bound, must be, in their case, to acquit themselves as unfaithful stewards. Evangelical nonconformity should have its genial homes for such men; many such it has,

and it will have more. We say this for the encouragement of some who need encouragement.

But we do not mean to say that all the instances in which complaint of this nature has been made by young ministers have been instances entitled to our sympathy. Some of these cases have had no such claim. They have been characterised by conceit and wilfulness. The rebukes which have crossed the path of such aspirants have been natural and deserved. If a young gentleman comes to think that he knows greatly more about theology than nearly all the sages who have studied it; and if he must find his modes of making his auditory aware that this is really the pleasant idea he has formed of himself—then we marvel not that there should be plain common sense people disposed to attribute all this to the young man's folly, rather than to any more creditable source. So, too, should the young preacher determine, because of the monotonous prominence given to certain commonplaces of theology in some pulpits, to avoid these commonplaces, as he deems them, altogether; and should he, in consequence, be always discoursing about topics, taken indeed from Scripture, but not peculiar to it, to the neglect of topics that are peculiar to it, preaching what is *not* the Gospel in *place* of the Gospel—here again we wonder not if sober Christian men and women be heard to say—‘This will never do. We look to our pulpit for *Christian* teaching, either for subjects specially Christian, or for subjects of a general nature baptized with the Christian spirit; but we get neither of these things.’ In general, a young preacher whose heart is in any real sympathy with evangelical truth, cannot fail to see that his utterances of it should be clear, frequent, and emphatic; and that it is not open to him to take discussions of any kind into the pulpit which he is not prepared to exhibit there in their Christian RELATIVENESS. Evangelical truth gives a special character to all the moral relations of men; and the Christian minister, in consequence, is expected to deal with all moral questions after a manner of his own. The objection of many pious people to preachers of a discursive order, is not so much to their discursiveness, as to their tendency to travel so far as to get out of sight of everything distinctively Christian, and to end their journey there, as though they were more ambitious of resembling heathen teachers, than to keep close to the college of fishermen and tentmakers. We leave such follies to the fate that will be sure to come upon them. We want a pulpit that shall be decidedly evangelical, but, at the same time, to a much larger extent than at present, an *educator*—an educator of the church and of society, in relation to the great field of their respective duties, and we augur well from the fact

that these larger views of the mission of the pulpit are becoming daily more and more prevalent.

Another fault in the temper of our Evangelical orthodoxy is, that it does not always know how to make sufficient allowance for the action of strong INDIVIDUALITY on the mode of inculcating religious truth and duty. There are persons to whom it does not seem to be given to see difficulties. The mysteries of the universe they do not appear to see as mysteries. Certainly the mysterious does not affect them in the manner to have been expected. They have professedly before them as the objects of faith, the Nature of the Infinite; the Incarnation; the Great Sacrifice; Spiritual Influences descending from heaven to earth; the chaos of seeming contradictions embraced in the Facts and Providence of this world; and the still more startling realities included in the revelation of Worlds to Come. But they live amidst all these forms of the vast and inexplicable without any real susceptibility of impression from the wonderful being awakened in them. They pour forth their ideas, or at least their phrases, on all those subjects, in a manner the most easy and familiar imaginable. Judging from what we hear, we might suppose that all these matters have their place among the most simple and certain elements of human knowledge, about which no man need fear having the right conceptions or the right words. We should be sorry to suppose that these people are not often really pious people. In some instances, indeed, one can hardly suppress the apprehension that this glibness of speech on such themes may be the natural effect of shallow feeling—of feeling so shallow as to be really worthless.

These persons, as may be supposed, are generally great dogmatists about pulpit matters. They know the exact space that should be given to certain truths, and the exact terms in which announcement should be made of them. On proprieties of this kind they see so clearly as to be quite sure that they are above mistake. But we demur strongly to this assumed infallibility. Minds of their own order may take the law from their lips; but for minds of a very different order we must be allowed to put in a plea of exception. Robert Hall, for example, never learnt to look on the great mysteries of Godliness in the manner of such men. As he contemplates these objects, and approaches them more and more nearly, how sure do you feel that he will soon draw back, and become prostrate in spirit before their ineffableness. How perceptible, too, the influence of his reverential and devout feeling in chastening all the expressions used by him to set forth the sacredness of these sacred themes. As to poor John Foster, were he placed in the orthodox crucible in

this respect, as some have been, the good man with whom we have had much true Christian fellowship in bygone years would be in danger of coming out a shameless old heathen—so rarely does he touch on the dogmatic in any way, and so complete is the absence, even in his sermons, not only of scriptural expressions, but of the entire phraseology current with religious people on such subjects. What Foster was, a few men will always be—men of strong individuality, who cannot easily comply with ready-made forms either in thought or language. And is our Congregationalism or our Evangelicism to be so narrow as to allow no place to such men, and to leave us no other course than to cast out their name as evil?

It seems strange that the type of the Tractarian doctrine of *reserve* should have been broached, and acted upon so steadily through life, by such a man as John Foster—a man whose wrath against that school, had he lived to witness its vagaries, would, we are sure, have been *very* bitter. But such was the fact. It is a fact, too, that there are many pious people, who, without being by any means Tractarians, have a degree of sympathy with the feeling of Tractarians in this particular. The manner in which some preachers discourse on the most sacred themes, is to such persons so devoid of becoming thought and reverence, as to shock their natural, and, above all, their religious taste, very deeply. So far as they are themselves concerned, they would greatly prefer there should be no popular preaching on such subjects, than that the preaching should be such.

Here we have a reaction which, in its turn, has become morbid. Cases, too, no doubt there are, in which the individualism assumed is mere affectation. In pleading that there should be liberty to genuine individualism, we do not take upon us to defend its eccentricities—which, for the most part, are sure to be mistakes; still less do we mean to utter one word to uphold the empty vanity which often seeks distinction by apeing its ways. We feel sure it would be a mischief incalculable to the cause of truth were the tastes of John Foster in these respects to become prevalent, even though we could couple with them a considerable portion of his genius. To us, it is no small marvel, that any man familiar with the Bible, and especially with the teaching of our Lord and his Apostles, should have come to regard the truths of Revealed Religion as truths that do not admit of being made familiar to the people with unspeakable advantage, and that through the language familiar to them. The manner of our Lord, and of those commissioned by him, as teachers, is as a constant iteration of the lesson, that this is not only a thing possible to do, but a work most important to be done. It is one

of the most beautiful proofs of the Divine origin of the Bible, that it presents the sublimest truths in words so simple, and through illustrations so simple, that while descending from heaven, these conceptions seem to become at once denizens of earth. The preacher who should tell us that he cannot see the matter thus could be no preacher to our mind. If, however, there be minds so peculiar that they think they get a more truly Christian impression from preaching which touches on the great Christian verities only in a more remote and shadowy manner, dealing more with the effects of those verities than with the direct exposition or communication of them, let not such minds be rashly anathematized. The error in this case may not be incompatible with a real devoutness of spirit.

But should the persons who claim this sort of forbearance be conspicuous for a want of charity; should they have no candid word to offer on the side of our modern orthodoxy, but sneers in abundance to cast upon it, as old and obsolete; should they have no cry to utter concerning it, save the cry—it is barren, it is barren; then let not the disciples of such an individualism wonder if the aspect of orthodoxy towards *them* should be that most natural to men having such opponents to deal with. So far as our own knowledge extends, the new theology people consist very much of persons of this amiable description. They have no good word for anybody beyond their own little circle. Towards honest and perplexed seekers after truth, humanity, to say nothing of religion, should dictate tenderness and sympathy. But towards the above sort of people no such forbearance should be exercised. They should be dissected to the core, scream as they may, during the operation, against intolerance, bigotry, persecution, and the like.

Everyone knows that, as a sort of vindication of this tendency towards evil speaking concerning the religious world as it is, the said world is often described as abominably INTOLERANT. It does not of course send its victims to the stake or the dungeon; but it is described as capable of hinting suspicion and circulating rumours, of exaggerating the true and even of inventing the untrue, and of giving people bad names, so as to destroy character and influence, and to entail the most bitter consequences on the objects of its disaffection. To do such things we are assured, and to reckon that in so doing it is doing God service, is almost a part of its nature.

- The man can have read or observed to small purpose, who does not know that what is thus said of modern orthodoxy, is simply what may be said of popular zeal, whatever may be its object. When the object happens to be religion, it is natural the

feeling should be strong. Here, even formalism has its seasons in which it is formalism no longer. The case with ourselves, however, is by no means so bad as it has sometimes been, nor nearly so bad as some people would make it. Nevertheless, some of the champions of our orthodoxy might do well to read attentively and often what such championship did for Protestantism, even before the death of the last of the Reformers, and still more memorably in the times which followed.

To say the Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants, is to say little. Who is to be the interpreter of the Bible? Who is to say what that book teaches? This very natural question gives us the origin of creeds, which have their place, expressed or understood, as a basis of fellowship in all churches. It was when the Reformation came to this stage in its history that its perils began. To dispense with creeds altogether was impossible, and to adopt them, so as to separate at all times between their use and their abuse, was impossible. We know what the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has been *with* the use of such symbols; we know not what that history would have been *without* the use of them; and to say that they are liable to abuse—sure to be abused, is not to show that the abuse must necessarily be greater than the use. It is manifest, however, that the use of such instruments in those days was not always well managed. The confession of Augsburg was published in 1530. In the following year it was revised by Melancthon, some of its expressions being changed, and some of its statements expanded. This revised confession is the great standard of orthodoxy with the Lutherans to the present day. It was not until nine years later, in 1540, that Melancthon published that much altered edition of this confession for which the zealots have heaped so much reproach upon his name. In this edition he aimed to mark off a middle ground, on which the two great parties who were then doing so much to disturb and weaken the reformed church might become one. But the effect was to embitter dissension rather than to remove it. The straightest sect of the Lutherans clung to the confession of 1531; the more liberal pleaded for the later one. With this first confession the Lutherans associated the Articles of Smalcalde, Luther's two Catechisms, and the Formula of Concord. These together formed the standard of German Protestantism in 1577. Each of these documents was designed, when it appeared, to make the doctrinal basis of the Protestant Church more and more explicit and secure. But what was the effect? Not a little disastrous. The moderate theologians of the school of Melancthon, found themselves exposed to the grossest misrepresentations, and the most bitter persecution at

the hands of their more rigid brethren, who boasted of their faithful adherence to Luther. Of these zealous theologians, Amand Saintes, in his *Critical History of Rationalism*, thus writes:—

‘Seeing the reformed religion legally established in the country, and no longer having anything to fear from the thunderbolts of Rome, it was against the doctrines which had been with so much difficulty deduced from the Bible, to be placed in opposition to the Catholic dogmas, and above all against the dissent from the confession of Augsburg in the reformed camp, that the Lutheran theologians directed their power. Certainly they remained faithful to the fundamental principles of Protestantism, of which the ancient ideas of inspiration and revelation were the essential elements; but they entered into refinements on the connexion of grace with the free will of man, on the nature of election and predestination, and the restriction to be imposed on that doctrine; on the ubiquity in the Lord’s Supper, and the infidelity of the reformed party in denying it. On these questions did the theologians of the sixteenth and seventeenth century spend all their talents and intelligence. When we add that the churches in general resounded with the same discussions, we may well pity the people who were in bondage to such cavilling.’—Chap. v.

So space was given to Romanism to recover its strength and to repair its losses; and so what the first Reformers had done was in great part undone. Broil at home did the work of the enemy abroad; and zeal on the side of Luther’s definitions of doctrine left no room for zeal on the side of that deep religious life by which the spirit of Luther had been characterized.

It is not easy to imagine anything more pitiable than was the manner in which these zealots learnt to acquit themselves as public instructors. The dogmas which they had made to be everything in theory, became by degrees nothing in practice. They had no place in their discourses except for the purposes of controversy. They were very good things to fight by, but no man thought of living by them. One of their number divides his text into four parts: in the first the preacher assails the errors of the Papists, in the second those of the Zwinglians, in the third those of the Schwenkfeldians, and in the last those of the Anabaptists. It should be added, that the preacher in this instance was no common person—he was one of the most able and famous of his class. Another of these pugnacious divines begins his discourse on the Lord’s Supper thus:—‘There are two furious armies of devils incarnate disputing about the Lord’s Supper: on the one side the Papists, on the other the haughty and captious Calvinists. Our miserable pagan, Ovid, is a better theologian than any of those Calvinists,’ &c., &c. What follows is in a still more vituperative strain. A preacher discourses con-

cerning Zaccheus. The words chosen as the text are, 'Zaccheus was a little man.' Coming to his division the preacher says, 'We consider, first, the word *he*, which acquaints us with the nature of the person; secondly, the word *was*, which will teach us the frailty of life; thirdly, the word *little*, which tells us of the personal appearance of Zaccheus.' This promising division being suitably dealt with, the application of the whole is given in two lessons:—first, God takes care of the *little* (the little being explained wholly in relation to physical littleness); second, it is necessary to compensate by our virtues for our personal failures! Shade of Luther! What marvel now, if Rationalism grew up detesting orthodoxy on the one hand, and a mystic pietism dispensing with it on the other. The only strength left to this noisy Lutheranism seemed to be the strength which went off in rancour, or which expended itself in the endless intrigues designed to bring ruin of every sort upon its adversaries. The wound thus inflicted on the great Protestant cause has never been healed. Germany has known scarcely anything of a healthy Protestantism since; it has become notorious rather as the most prolific source of heterodox speculations of all kinds to this day. The once brave and pious Dutch provinces have shared in the same deterioration from the same causes.

There should be something significant to us moderns in the fact, that zeal in the cause of dogmas and formalisms has so often been, in this manner, most *irreligious*, and even *immoral*, in its results. The tacit assumption in such cases has too often been, that to be right in respect to creed or ritual must be to be substantially right in all things. So the dogmatist becomes lost to all charity, and religious formalism takes the place of spiritual life. When men get heated in such disputations, their spiritual feelings die through neglect, and through the ungenial influences about them; and their moral sensibilities pass under influences so artificial and unhealthy, that, consciously or unconsciously, they learn to believe that the cases are many in which the end should be supposed to sanctify the means. In no other way can we account for the fact, that the morals of controversy in the case of religious disputants, are often such as the verdict of a jury, consisting of honest and common-sense men of the world, would be sure to hold up to universal reprobation.

But let those who would cast a stone at modern orthodoxy on this ground be sure that they are without fault. Negationism, no less than dogmatism, may be very zealous, and its zeal may not be very pure. Zeal, moreover, for anything which is not Christianity, but subordinate to it, or a matter of human interpretation concerning it, by becoming excessive, may degenerate

into something entitled to small commendation. If the gentlemen, for example, who have been very zealous for some years past on the question of severing the Church from the State should be disposed to think that nothing one-sided, nothing in the shape of petty persecution towards dissentients from their policy, has had any place in their proceedings, the fact would be to us only a further evidence of the readiness there is in us all to think of ourselves more favourably than we ought to think. One does not see what there has been in the controversy thus raised to act as a special guarantee against the vices incident to all controversy. The zeal which aims at nothing more than to give men right principles of church rule, is certainly much less entitled to the name of Christian zeal than that which aims to give them sound theological opinion. If the zealot who aims to make men orthodox, and nothing more, is at fault, at least as much at fault is the man who aims to make men dissenters, and nothing more. The zeal is not truly Christian zeal which is not concentrated, in the first place, upon religious truth, for the sake of religious life. Zeal for other things must be zeal for something lower down, and for something, in consequence, more in danger of becoming of the earth earthy.*

There are two errors, accordingly, against which it behoves good men to guard in our present circumstances—the error of supposing that zeal for orthodoxy is the only zeal that may prove erring and mischievous; and the error which would dispose us to look on the faults of men zealous for orthodoxy, so as to fail ourselves to evince that genuine zeal for truth which is clearly binding upon us. This latter snare is a subtle one. Zeal about anything theological, it is insinuated, is a sadly vulgar thing. Coarse and offensive sayings and doings are attributed to it, as far as possible identified with it. Soberminded men, it is hoped, may be thus deterred from showing any signs of earnestness in that direction, through the fear of being classed with such polemics. But the honest and brave man will not be affected by such devices. His sagacity will see through them, and his principles will teach him to despise them.

The question, however, should be looked at—to what extent is

* It is well known that there are portions of the religious press, where men who have done next to nothing, or worse than nothing, in the cause of evangelical religion, have found admission to discharge their missiles, under the cover of an anonymous, against men whose labours in that cause have been great, protracted, and signally successful. We have heard of three or four such amiable persons being gathered in a circle, like Macbeth's weird sisters about their cauldron, in the hope of concocting something, by their joint contributions, which should prove intensely mortifying to the possessor of some such reputation, and intensely damaging. *Religion*—say the gentlemen who thus work in the dark—should always be on good terms with *morality*; and on that point we are quite of their mind.

the religious world of to-day in danger of following in the path of the German Protestants of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? One fact here is obvious to every one—there is no class of religionists among us possessed of the state-power necessary to make themselves felt as a tyranny after the German pattern, if they were so disposed. In the next place, the intolerant feeling abroad is greatly less than has been found in alliance with anything like the same degree of religious earnestness in any age or country. It is to be regretted that our pious people do not always see the line precisely which separates between the zeal which becomes bigotry, and the want of it which becomes a want of honest manhood. But if their vision has not become thus perfect, they have certainly made a nearer approach towards realizing it than can be said to have been made by any generation that has preceded them. In complaining, therefore, of the evils of this sort which exist, let us not forget the evils we have outgrown. People have become wonderfully more willing than they once were to live and let live in such matters. Some suppose that Papists would fire the faggots again in Smithfield if they could, but no one supposes that Protestants have any desire to use such sharp remedies. The Puritans of our time know, to their no small comfort, that the court bishops under Elizabeth, and the half-Popish bishops under Charles I., have no successors. There is no crusading now-a-days, either against play-actors or maypoles; against some men because they will worship by means of the Prayer-book, or against others because they will go to conventicles. Were a Titus Oates or a Lord George Gordon to arise, the day in which such instruments might be prized would be found to have passed. Even the humblest preacher can deliver his message on the village green or near the crowded thoroughfare, no portly rector or surly magistrate making him afraid. So has the world wagged with us.

It has appeared, then, that the critics who take upon them to censure our popular theology, are often singularly wanting in the kind of knowledge which should be possessed by men assuming that function. We have seen, too, that where the knowledge does not fail, the candour is often at fault, and that good men have a right to complain that the whole truth is not told of them, and that much which is untrue is laid to their charge. It is manifest, also, that this want of candour in regard to evangelical theology is often allied with not a little spurious candour in regard to opinions which are far from being of that complexion—truth being often betrayed in the house of its friends, or by those who affect to be its friends. We think, too, that the *broad* theology,

as it is called, has been shown to be *shallow* in proportion to its broadness, sounding none of the deeps of human want, and pitifully inadequate to the case which its adherents flatter themselves they understand so well. While in the matter of a wise self-distrust, a sage-like modesty, and all that, as befitting such inquiries, if our readers wish to see how men who sometimes moralize in this strain can forget their own lessons, and swell and dogmatize, not only about the unknown, but the unknowable, they have only to call to mind much that has been written concerning theology as handed down from the past and as popularly understood, by its best known assailants. But we have not supposed the disciples of this theology to be faultless. We have said that they often fail to do justice to God's work in the natural man and in the natural world; that they too often reduce the grandest theme in the universe to a small and commonplace affair by their narrow and monotonous treatment of it; that they do not make sufficient allowance for the force of individuality in character; and that, in consequence, they are in danger of making unwarranted exactions, of becoming intolerant, and even persecuting.

On the whole, however, we do not think there is an atom more of zeal among us in favour of a pure theology than the state of the case demands—if we could only draw off a little of this feeling from some quarters, where it is certainly in some excess, and transfer it to others, where something of the kind is as certainly wanting. But it is difficult in this world to get things wisely distributed, according to *our* notions of wisdom. Just now, the mischiefs which come from excess, are scarcely greater than those which come from laxity. In avoiding Scylla we have to remember Charybdis. If any man, or any organization of men, shall assume dictatorial airs, and become a tyranny, whether it be in favour of a positive theology or of a negative theology, or of what is no theology at all, in such case there is nothing for it, so far as we can see, but that the parties aggrieved should protest against the usurpation, and determine to resist it. The channels are many through which intolerance may be made to take its due penalty along with it. Ecclesiastical despotism is not the potent monster anywhere now-a-days, which some men seem to suppose. A moderate admixture of wisdom and firmness is all that is needed to curb its tendencies, and to reduce its action to comparatively harmless limits. Only, things which get wrong by degrees, must not be expected to come right again suddenly. With regard to Evangelical dissenters, we know of no section among them that ought not to be prepared to confess its faults, and to make concessions for the sake of unity. It is in their power to show that they are equal to the prosperity Pro-

vidence has conferred upon them, by making it evident that they know how to blend respect for private judgment, with zeal for truth, so as to live in the exercise of that larger forbearance and charity which is demanded by the position to which they have attained. The alternative has come—this wiser course must be chosen, or the sequel will be strifes one with another, until the antagonists are consumed one of another.

- ART. II.—(1.) *Sketch of the Life and Works of the late Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.* By JULES BENEDICT. London: Murray.
 (2.) *Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Ein Denkmal für seine Freunde.* Von W. A. LAMPADIUS. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs.
 (3.) *Modern German Music, Recollections, and Criticisms.* By HENRY F. CHORLEY. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

EACH of the fine arts has a literature of its own, not excepting even the last jocular addition to their number—that of Murder. Some of them have been amongst the most fertile sources of book-making. The complaint of the preacher, as to the endlessness of that branch of industry, might indeed have had little ground if nature alone had been drawn upon for themes. *Facts* are naturally laconic, but *tastes* abhor brevity. Many a picture, covering little canvas, has blackened large breadths of paper; and Jacques, who saw only a sermon in a stone, might have seen a thick folio in it if it had happened to be carved. Books of this kind, however, consisting mostly of criticism and biography, though they spring from and are devoted to the several arts, have usually something of interest for the common reader, and they influence the tone of our general literature. These separate streams at some points touch and mingle with the main current. The literature of music is the one exception to this rule. Here the stream flows entirely apart, and sometimes even dips out of the common ken like those subterranean rivers which travellers describe. Musical criticism is usually such a mosaic of technical diletantisms, that to the uninitiated reader an open score of the work it treats of would scarcely be more inscrutable; and if we except Mr. Holmes's charming *Life of Mozart*, we have no biography of a composer which can be supposed to exert any attractive force beyond the limits of the musical guild. The

heavy historical labours of Hawkins, Burney, Busby, and Latrobe, are certainly not classics in the same sense as are the works of Reynolds and Vasari. Even Burgh's *Anecdotes*, though addressed to 'the British female diletanti,' presuppose, we fear, more zeal and more science than are common amongst the St. Cecilians of our drawing-rooms.

The isolation of music from its sister arts and from literature is, however, chiefly shown in the extreme rarity of allusion to it in any but the most general sense. Nothing is more common in our everyday writing than illustrations drawn from the achieved results of other arts. Authors possessing no skill of their own, either in painting or music, speak familiarly of the former, yet, utterly ignore the latter. The Bachism of Bach, though obvious enough to the musician, is not so available to our scribes as the 'Corregioscity of Correggio.' A description of nature brings up the name of a picture or a painter as if it were part of the scene, but we remember no similar case in which impressions of the *Pastoral Symphony* or of Haydn's *Seasons* are recalled.

Probably the reason why that art which most promptly, if not most powerfully, elicits the emotions of men, has left the scantiest impression of that effect on written records, may be found partly in the origin and partly in the nature of music. In a creative sense, it is the youngest of the arts. In the earlier ages of the restoration of learning, the arts of poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture seemed to come up out of antiquity linked and grouped together, each pointing to its own material results. But music, which in ancient times was probably never anything more than a spontaneous recitative, was not one of the group, and had no works to show. As the awaking thought of men naturally concerned itself much with the *media* through which it had derived its impulse from the past, the arts of form and colour entered from the first into the tide of common intellectual interest. Music, however, which so far as it had been really developed, seemed to have lapsed into the silence of oblivion, was only written about by those who were slowly creating it anew. But music is itself too subtle an essence to admit readily of verbal analysis. Articulating no definite thought to the mind, the mind in its turn can give it no articulate echo. The structural features of a composition may indeed be discussed, and they afford delightful exercise for the faculties which recognise proportion, sequence, symmetry; but all this is professional, not popular, while that which is popular and *not* professional, is exactly that which cannot be translated into words. Language is eminently pictorial. The pen of Ruskin steals all the tints of Turner's pencil, and our poets can transcribe with all

the fidelity of a sun-picture that more ethereal beauty which sometimes glows in the human face; but we never yet met with the man, even amongst the most susceptible and eloquent, who could convey the feeling raised in him by an *Adagio* of Beethoven otherwise than by ejaculations of a monotonous ecstasy, or by a far more expressive silence.

These reasons, however, do not dispel our surprise that at least the *biography* of composers should be so scanty, and the facts of their personal histories so rarely alluded to, as compared with those of the great masters in other arts. We should rather have supposed that the very mystery of that spiritual meaning which the composer elicits from sound and rhythm, that his function as the priest of an oracle which speaks in language native to the soul yet hidden from the intellect, would have created the keenest interest in all that related to his person, culture, habits, and external relations. The very secret of that hero-worship, which of late years has been exaggerated into a dogma, and which makes us track with such delight those 'foot-prints on the sands of time' left by great men of the past, is the piquant conjunction, in one view, of that power of large ideal conception which separates genius from ordinary humanity, with those personal facts which again identify it with the mass of common life. Curiosity usually hovers about the point at which the sphere of a strong creative force touches that of a mere mortal existence, chequered with common joys and sorrows. And of all the powers wielded by human art, that by which the great master in music

'Takes the prisoned soul,
And laps it in Elysium,'

is surely that which might kindle in us the eagerness of Comus to learn something of the 'mortal mixture of earth's mould' from which it emanates. The composing faculty, besides, if of the highest order, must grow in the naturally rich soil, of which strong affections and a reverent will are also indigenous products. Music is itself, in spite of its many prostitutions to baser uses, the art most closely related to religion and 'homesfelt delights.' Nor is its progressive history without that picturesque clustering and contrast of individualities along the path of a continuous development, which gives something of dramatic interest to all history truly so called. From the time when old Marbeck, by his solemn services, secretly consoled himself and his brethren under persecution, to that in which an English diplomatic earl wields bow or baton to the sound of his own masses in the cathedral of Vienna,—from Marenzio, fretted to death by the resent-

ment of one Pope, to Rossini, swelling with his melody the premature enthusiasm of Italy for another,—from Jusquin, slyly writing a vocal part consisting of one long note for a vain French Louis who had more ambition than ability to sing, down to Mendelssohn, regenerating Greek and French tragedy with his music at the bidding of a Prussian virtuoso, Frederick,—music has had its share in the evolution of historical events, and musicians have been actors in many a scene of varied human interest. The lives of some of them, indeed, have been marked by incidents as thrilling as those which make the lives of Italian poets rival their own romances. The escape of Stradella from assassins, whose fell purpose was melted from their hearts by the pathos of his music heard in St. John Lateran as they lay in wait for his exit, is such an incident. Handel himself narrowly evaded the deathblow aimed by a baffled rival in his art. Madame Dudevant has drawn a beautiful picture of the relations between Porpora and Joseph Haydn, and more recently, and with darker tints, of her own association with the wild and subtle Pole, Chopin, who held the whole world of romance in his two attenuated hands.

Unquestionably the most striking passage in the history of music is the rise and unbroken continuity of that series of composers which has made Germany, for the last century and a half, the musical centre of the world. The great period of German poetry began almost simultaneously. The thunders with which Bach, from his organ, inaugurated the grandest triumphs of the one art, would scarcely be subsided before Klopstock, in his *Odes*, sung a noble advent hymn to the Augustan era of the other. They were alike, too, in rapid progress towards perfection. As poetry culminated in Goethe, who has himself shown how far his all-inclusive genius represented that which had gone before, so, at a later period, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy resumed in the great circle of his creative power those splendours of musical faculty which had preceded him. From Bach down to Beethoven there is no great composer with whom Mendelssohn had not much in common, though, as we shall see, he had his own matter and mode of the loftiest order. We do not, indeed, mean to say that the actual products of Mendelssohn's genius fully bear out an analogy with Goethe. '*Ars longa, vita brevis*,' was more mournfully true for the composer than for the poet. Though the former early began his work and bent to it with a brave earnestness through all his brief career, many a golden link is wanting to the chain with which we might have taken the full measure of his powers.

The general parallel between German music and German poetry fails in one particular. Other countries besides Germany

had great living poets, but the music of that land was the music of all the world. In imaginative writing France had great names and England still greater; but the sturdiest patriotism of both could but admit that there were but one Haydn, one Mozart, and one Beethoven. The only other contemporary school of music, that of Italian opera, serves, by contrast with its own light and sensuous character, to show where the soul and intellect of the art found their native energy. The Rhine and its wines were not more unique phenomena to the touring and bibbing portion of European society than the music which sprung into being in their neighbourhood was to all lovers of the tuneful art. After the existence of this concentrated interest for more than a hundred years, Mendelssohn, in succession to Beethoven, was its direct heir. In the presence of Weber, Meyerbeer, and Spohr, he was *facile princeps* amongst the composers of his time and country. As a proof and a consequence of this, there is now scarcely a performance of high-class music in any part of the world, from the programme of which Mendelssohn's name is omitted. How, and under what circumstances, he attained this great position within the few years vouchsafed to him, is an inquiry, we hope, not without interest to general readers.

In the early life of Mendelssohn not one favourable augury for a noble future was wanting. The very race from which he sprung was the primeval fountain of sacred melody. He held kinship to Miriam, and 'the sweet singer of Israel.' His more immediate genealogy was not undistinguished. His grandfather was Moses Mendelssohn, a kind of Hebrew-German Plato, who, in the years when German literature was putting on its strength, stood with mild philosophic countenance by the side of Lessing, Wieland, and Klopstock, and was in no degree dwarfed by the stature of his contemporaries. To the dignified Theism of the grandfather the sacred music of the grandson seems to succeed in the same relative order as the new to the old dispensation. While, however, a great Jew philosopher was well enough for the penultimate link in Mendelssohn's ancestry, the ultimate was still better, for his father was a rich banker, possessing all resources to lavish upon the culture of the son, and an eye to see in him something worthy to tax them all. The genial banker occupied his proud intermediate position between Moses and Felix without sharing the genius of either; but that position was not to him the 'point of indifference,' for he showed a humorous appreciation of the honour in his habitual saying, 'When I was a boy people used to call me the *son*, and now they call me the *father* of the great Mendelssohn.' Nor was there wanting to the early direction of

the composer's powers that blessed influence which has entered as a primary element into nearly all that is great in human deed, —the fostering care of a tender and thoughtful mother. She was of a distinguished family of the name of Bartholdy, but it was her chief distinction and happiness that she gave to her son his last name and his first musical impressions.

Mendelssohn, the second of four children, was born in Hamburg on the 3rd February, 1809, in a house behind the church of St. Michael, which house the author of the German 'Memorial' takes care to inform us was left standing by the great fire of Hamburg—a circumstance which, in these degenerate days, we find it difficult to attribute to any remains of that musical susceptibility which the elements were wont to show in the days of Orpheus and 'old Amphion.' The child's leading taste displayed itself at an amazingly early age, and it was carefully nurtured and every appliance furnished for its development. No need in his case, as in poor little Handel's, for stealthy midnight interviews with a smuggled clavicord in a secret attic; nor, as in the case of Bach, for copying whole books of studies by moonlight for want of the candle, churlishly denied. Mendelssohn's childhood and youth present as fair a picture of healthy and liberal culture as educational records can show. A warm and discerning affection charged the atmosphere in which he grew up with every influence that could elicit and strengthen his latent capacities. About his third or fourth year the family removed to Berlin, and here, under the training of Berger, he acquired his mastery over the pianoforte, which in his eighth year he played with wonderful finish; while in the theory of music he had made so much progress under rough old Zelter—best known as the friend and correspondent of Goethe, that his tutor was fond of telling with a grim smile how the child had detected in a concerto of Bach six of those dread offences against the grammar of music,—consecutive fifths. 'The lad plays the piano like the devil,' says Zelter to Goethe, amongst many other ejaculations of wonder at Mendelssohn's early musical development. Finally, in 1821, he brought his pupil on a visit to Goethe at Weimar, and with this event commenced the long-standing friendship and correspondence between the composer and the poet. We find amongst Goethe's minor poems a stanza to Mendelssohn commemorative of this visit, and inviting its repetition. It is to be presumed that at this period Goethe was interested in the boy chiefly as a musical prodigy, but he soon found in him points of closer intellectual contact with the circle of his own genius. The immense musical faculty of Mendelssohn had not been allowed to stunt and maim his other powers of mind. He was a good clas-

sical scholar, and in 1826 he drew warm praise from Goethe by a translation of the *Andria* of Terence. He was skilful, too, in drawing, and could afterwards fix his impressions of the Helbrides or the Alps in other forms than they assumed in his great pictorial symphonies. This became to him a great resource as a diversion to his mind in the intervals of his wonderful musical activity. In general art-criticism he always displayed an insight and knowledge which might have done credit to the *specialité* of Waagen. Mendelssohn's mind was, indeed, as rich and facile in all departments of modern intellectual culture as if he had no *specialité* of his own. But whatever might be the sources of Goethe's regard for Mendelssohn, there is evidence enough of its strength. When the young composer, on his first visit to England in 1829, was thrown from a gig in London and wounded in the knee, the poet wrote to Zelter thus:—'I wish to learn if 'favourable news has been heard of the worthy Felix. I take the 'greatest interest in him, and am in the highest degree anxious 'that one who has done so much should not be hindered in his 'progress by a miserable accident. Say something to re-assure 'me.' And when, in 1830, Mendelssohn had spent a pleasant fortnight in Weimar, Goethe thus characteristically reported the results to himself of this visit:—

'His presence was particularly beneficial to me, for I find my relation to music is ever the same; I hear it with pleasure, sympathy, and reflection, but I like most its history; for who understands any phenomenon if he is not master of the course of its development? It was therefore of the greatest importance to find that Felix possesses a commendable insight into this gradation, and fortunately his good memory brings before him the classics of every mode at pleasure. From the epoch of Bach downward he has brought to life again for me Haydn, Mozart, and Gluck; has given me adequate ideas of the great modern theorists; and, finally, made me feel and reflect upon his own productions, and so is departed with my best blessings.'

The original works thus mentioned may seem to be brought into perilous conjunction with the greatest names of the musical Pantheon, but to those who know them there will seem nothing anomalous in the association. 'Although scarcely twenty years 'old,' says Mr. Benedict, 'he had at this period composed his 'Ottetto, three quartets for piano and stringed instruments, two 'sonatas, two symphonies, his first violin quartet, various operas, 'a great number of separate Lieder, or songs, and the immortal 'overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.' In some of these works there were the inevitable crudities of boyish ambition, for the wings of early genius are not equable in their very first movements. In most of them, however, and notably in the great

Shakspercan overture, composed at the age of sixteen, there are all the splendid vigour and symmetry of the young eagle sunning his newly perfected pinions.

This rapid outburst of a fresh and consummate creative power, differing essentially from all its predecessors, is not to be lazily regarded as an event of ordinary evolution, nor are its results to be valued only for their novel *goût* upon a jaded mental palate. The unlikeness of genius in its *essence* to any other thing dreamt of in our philosophy is here realized almost to our very senses. An ardent and thoughtful boy—but one to whom leap-frog and cricket are by no means unfamiliar processes—takes his Wieland Shakspeare, and is caught away by the moon-lit fantasy of the great fairy drama. He feels the beauty of the scene translating itself into exquisite rhythm in his brain, and, impelled by a resistless inspiration, he throws all the resources of his art into the process, until the tricksiness of Puck, the delicate grace of Titania, and the elvish majesty of Oberon, are so made to alternate and to blend in the movement, that it forms a perfect tone-picture of the poet's dream, finally fading away in a few high, soft chords, like a dissolving view, at the first obtrusive ray of morning. Everywhere a genial and fluent fancy is apparent, but this by no means completes the wonder. The boy has that great cunning of his art so to control his melodic conceptions, and knit them up into strength by the use and distribution of modern orchestral resources that the science seems a portion of the inspiration, and the dream is the more dream-like that *thought* is woven into its filmiest tissue. And so the youthful hand jots the signs which fix and convey his ideas, and henceforth there is in the world a new pleasure, and a pleasure of a new kind. It is unfortunately possible that some may see in all this only a fresh impulse to an already too strenuous catgut; but in the mature and masterly workmanship of the boy Mendelssohn we discern a clear pledge of a new endowment for the world, and see something of that stout fibre out of which is spun the thread of a great destiny. We now understand something of old Zelter's prophetic raptures.

It was the performance of this work in London which initiated Mendelssohn's great and ever increasing English reputation. Without taking up a permanent abode amongst us, he became after this so frequent a visitor in England, with such an accession of pleasure and repute on each occasion, that his name and fame seemed to become as steadily English as were those of the more thoroughly domiciled Handel in his day. Nine times (not seven only, as Mr. Benedict says) he came to England, finding in our scenery and society, and in the immense executive

resources placed at his disposal, constant impulses towards new 'heavens of invention,' which continually opened up before his daring intuition. It is true his life was spent mainly in the 'Fatherland,' and his journeys out of it were not always in the direction of this country. In Italy, for instance, he imbibed with intense enjoyment that air to which the artists of all lands go to see their own aims and outlines clearly. Rome was to him, as to all men of his temperament, at once a school and a shrine; and the society which he enjoyed there, of such men as Vernet, Bunsen, Lizst, and Berlioz, must have exerted a healthy and expansive influence upon his mind. But Italy could not supply the *aliment* needful for his earnest and active nature; and London and Birmingham were really more to Mendelssohn than Rome and Naples. In Paris, whither he went twice, he found nothing to induce a frequent recurrence of his visits. At Dusseldorf, Leipsic, and Berlin he spent fourteen active and chequered years, through which we cannot minutely follow him, holding various appointments, and producing a constant succession of works in every department of composition,—the products of each year gaining in depth and grandeur until his genius and fame reached their culminating point in the marvellous inspiration of *Elijah*.

By social position, by the happy balance of his own cultivated nature, and by that greatest of mortal blessings, a thoroughly sympathetic marriage, Mendelssohn was sure in any place to find his enjoyment of life less influenced by local limitations than most men find it. He was comparatively exempt from that wretched class of incidents which has infused into the lives of so many great composers all the bitterness of *Marah*. But this exemption could not, in Germany, be entire. At Dusseldorf the joint management of the theatre bred a coolness and ultimate alienation between Mendelssohn and Immerman the poet, even after that sacred symbol of German friendship, the pronoun '*du*,' had passed between them. Leipsic was enthusiastic, and Mendelssohn was its 'favourite,' but a composer like Schumann could be its favourite too, and it could yield to the arrogant dogma of Wagner that Mendelssohn was 'mechanical;' and so, hardly was the 'favourite' off the scene before *Elijah* was performed to a room half-filled. Berlin had its royal commissions for Mendelssohn, with some pleasure and much profit appended; but in the city of cliques and criticism, with its intellectual atmosphere rarefied to the last point of negation by *Voltaireism* and *Hegelism*, his genial nature must have felt as if in an exhausted receiver. We reflect with pride on the fact that the composer's connexion with England was chequered with no such *désagrémens*. His

love of this country struck root early, and the plant, when acclimated, grew as hardily as a native. With his acute and observant mind he must have soon seen that whatever fame he gained here was safe and permanent. That very 'matter of fact' tendency which his countrymen have sometimes made a charge against England, and which has perhaps hindered us from being so rich in productive and executive musical ability as other nations, is favourable to our prompt and steady recognition of any true talent of that kind which may appeal to us. The products of such a talent are tested at once by their consonance to truth and nature, and not by arbitrary canons of criticism or scholastic preferences; and judgments so founded are not lightly disturbed. The faculty which in England finds the simplest national air to be true and pleasant is the same which has successively and firmly appropriated the grandest strains of Handel, Beethoven, and Haydn. And it was the same faculty which at once found in Mendelssohn's Overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* that mental affinity for his subject which stamped the composer as a true artist. After this there was no danger that in England, at least, he should ever be considered 'dry' or 'mechanical,' and we are not aware that to this day there is any regret expressed here that he was not more original, in the spasmodic, 'Tannhäuser' sense of that word. How many securities, and in what rapid succession, he afterwards placed between himself and any such absurd regrets we need not here recount.

But our pride is not merely that Mendelssohn's genius linked itself to our highest literature by his Shaksperian music, nor to our scenery by his Ossianic Overture to the Hebrides and the Symphony in A minor, nor even that the grandest tones which have clothed the Christian verities since the *Messiah* was written first awoke at his bidding in the noble hall of one of our great manufacturing towns. He gave England much, but from England he won no niggardly response. It is not mere insular complacency to assert that here *all* the greater works of Mendelssohn woke the echoes of the world. The sympathy which they elicited in London and in our festival cities was the electric current, and the British press was the conducting medium through which his fame was flashed over Europe, including Germany itself. In this country the taste of the public had been kept faithfully true to the large and solid type of musical structure by the constant performance of oratorio. The masterworks of Handel and the *Creation* of Haydn had for many years been far more frequently produced in England than in any country in Europe. So familiar had the wonderful choral movements of these works become, that in many a country village the assembled peasants or artisans

might be heard 'practising' with clear or cracked voice, the invocation to the Everlasting Doors, or the ascription by the Heavens of Glory to God, while every plain and plastered 'conventicle' was doubly consecrated in its turn by the sound of the one great Hallelujah. In our large towns these works were known to a great proportion of the people of all classes. It was a grateful change for the workman to pass from the thunder of looms and jennies to the more harmonious resonance of Handel, while the shopkeeper gladly betook himself for a Christmas treat to his twentieth hearing of the *Messiah*; and it is out of these circumstances that has arisen that singular vocal efficiency which has given to the Lancashire chorus so wide a fame. But this interest and efficiency arose from the very narrowness of the field within which, up to that period, they could be displayed. Handel was in oratorio not only supreme, but was almost alone. Besides Haydn, no other great composer took up an abiding position within the sacred circle of scriptural drama. Mozart had written no oratorios. One movement only of Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*—the *Hallelujah*—has ever seized upon the popular imagination, while the ingeniously modulated music of Spohr's *Crucifixion* and *Last Judgment* seems too thin and filmy to lodge within the common memory. It seemed, indeed, doubtful whether any composer could or would arise who might combine with the breadth and body of Handelian ideas all the wonderful uses which the orchestra has developed in the last hundred years. We almost imagined ourselves shut up to Handel for the form of our millennial praises whenever their predicted period should arrive.

The sway of Mendelssohn's baton dissipated this doubt. *St. Paul*, *The Hymn of Praise*, and *Elijah* appeared successively. They were felt to be emphatically *new*, yet great enough to be matched with the *old*. The special triumph of these works is that they met with their earliest and fullest acceptance in this country, where the stature of Handel was the inevitable standard applied to them. Here at last was music which neither asked for any reduction of the proportions of the temple of religious musical aspiration, nor set us to perform chamber devotions in a cathedral. Amidst all those qualities of fulness, freshness, and finish which are more expressly elements of modern composition, was recognised that structural grandeur, both in the successive movements and in the total dramatic design, which was the attribute of an older time. For such reasons these works were sure of a wider and heartier appreciation here than any musical compositions have ever or anywhere met with on their first presentation.

Enthusiastic ovations for the composer, on conducting his

works, show how the faculty of the country had been unconsciously trained for their recognition. It had hungered and thirsted for music of this express order. We well remember the scene in the Great Hall of one of our provincial cities, when, in April of the fatal year 1847, Mendelssohn in person unrolled, as it were, the great harmonies of his *Elijah* before six thousand people, to most of whom the name and genius of Handel were familiar. The interest, amounting, indeed, to excitement, everywhere displayed, was something curious and suggestive to one who could so far free himself from the same feeling as to become an observer. Every member of the executing force, from the 'first ladies' in front to the agitator of *tympani* in the remotest rear, seemed bent with earnest devotion on realizing the great artistic will which gleamed with regal power and courtesy from the dark eyes and pale face of the composer. A motion of a hand drew the great composite choral unity through transitions and shades of tone which no nicety of the conductor's art or docility of the executive medium had ever produced in our hearing.

The whole vast area was charged with one emotion of wonder and delight. The dramatic interest of the scenes of drought and of rain seemed reproduced with a double significance. As regards sacred composition the Heavens had long been 'as brass' to our laments and invocations; but here at length were 'the water-floods;' and the great chorus of 'Thanks be to God' resounded as if in its own existence were sufficient motive for the grateful adoration it embodied.

But if in this sense Mendelssohn was the prophet instrumental in quenching so noble a thirst, the prophet too who, in the language addressed to him by Prince Albert in this very year, 'when surrounded by the Baal-worship of corrupted art, had 'been able by his genius and science to preserve faithfully the 'worship of true art'—he was no less the prophet (and where, alas! is his mantle?) destined to be too soon caught up from the sphere of his earthly labours, to be followed with sorrowing looks along the shining track of his translation. From this last visit to England he went, worn and weary, back to Germany. In Frankfurt he met news of the sudden death of his sister, Madame Hensel, to whom he had always been ardently attached. He fell to the ground with a shriek, and though he afterwards rallied and even laboured hard, because, as he often said to his wife, 'the time of rest was approaching for him, too'—the blow was already struck upon his fine nervous system which was to shatter and destroy it. In October he wrote his last composition, a solemn melody to a night-song of Eichendorf, 'Departed is the

Light of Day,' and on the 4th of November he expired, in his thirty-ninth year.

This event will be well remembered, even through the wild whirl of events—revolutions and wars—which has filled the interval. In England, for reasons already intimated, Mendelssohn's death was felt by multitudes to be a personal sorrow. The saying, 'let who will make the laws of a nation if I may make its songs,' was probably elicited by a perception of the relative amounts of influence involved in the two spheres, but it might also have been dictated by a foresight of the more tender regard which the very memory of the song-maker would awake after his songs were all made. When a philosopher, a statesman, or a warrior dies, the nation mourns with a general and equable sorrow; but the emotion which follows to the grave a great master of song, if less general—as being limited by conditions of faculty and culture—is deeper and more impassioned. The gain of an invention, a law, or a victory, is recognised by the intellect; but a new masterpiece of musical art addresses itself direct to the soul. Fine music always carries in it something of appeal to personal feeling, and is personally responded to in the enthusiasm it elicits. It embodies the affections even more than the mental power of the artist, and it is the affections which it elicits and grasps. Another statesman, as wise as the last, may come and carry on his work; but, when Mendelssohn dies, an *individual* charm is gone clear out of the world, and cannot be renewed even by one greater than himself.

Mendelssohn, too, died young, almost as young as was Mozart at his death. In both cases excessive application brought on the weakness which prematurely destroyed them, and in both cases the power of genius waxed greater up to the very time when that destruction arrived. The *Elijah* was to Mendelssohn what the *Requiem* was to Mozart, the crowning work on which were lavished the splendours of a matured and chastened imagination, and the resources of a consummate composing skill. The ancients piously accepted the death of youthful greatness as showing the love felt by the gods for it; and we might almost have dreamed that Mendelssohn's spirit had been supernaturally sublimed into fitness for the reception of harmonies nobler than his own, which 'ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.' But no such dream could beguile the natural regret everywhere felt that the school of grand oratorio was not to be further enriched by a faculty which had as yet only had time to show its wonderful capabilities. With this painful sense of personal deprivation was mingled a boding fear that Mendelssohn's death was the death of the greatest produc-

tive era the art of music has ever known. This fear has derived nothing but confirmation from the interval that has since elapsed. It may be premature to presume on the exhaustion of the soil which has yielded such continuous and splendid fruit, but for the present, at least, the harvest is over. In music, as in literature, we have come upon the critical age which invariably follows the creative. The eye is turned to the past, and the ear follows the same direction. We have now only too much leisure to collect and collate our classics without the attention being distracted by competitive novelties.

The life and labours of Mendelssohn thus were ended. In glancing at the labours in relation to the life, we are first struck with the vastness of their quantity. A hundred works, many of them of the fullest proportions, testify to an industry almost unparalleled. But, indeed, composition was not the task,—it was the instinctive occupation of Mendelssohn's mind. At all times and in all places he was engaged in the conception or development of musical ideas. This process was incessantly carried on during his numerous journeys, and at every resting-place his first requirement was a table, that the results might be securely *noted*. Music was at once the medium and material of his thoughts, and those thoughts flowed with a freedom only less marvellous than their symmetry and intrinsic worth. It is said that his music to the *Antigone* was the work of only eleven days—a feat that equals Handel's alleged composition of the *Messiah* in three weeks. He was present in the Birmingham Town Hall on an occasion when Handel's *Coronation Anthem* was, with other works, to be performed. The concert was already begun, when it was discovered that a recitative, the words of which appeared in the text-books given to the public, was omitted from the part-copies. Noticing the perplexity of the managers, Mendelssohn quietly said, 'Wait a little, I will help you;' and sitting down, composed within half-an-hour a recitative with complete orchestral accompaniments, which were re-copied, distributed, and while yet wet from the pen, were played at sight. How spontaneously not only his thoughts and feelings, but even impressions derived from scenery, took with him a melodic form, is shown in the origin of his finest overture. On his return from Scotland, in 1829, his sisters entreated him to tell them something of the Hebrides. 'That cannot be *told*,' said he, 'it can only be *played*;' and, seating himself at the piano, he improvised the beautiful theme which he afterwards expanded into the *Overture to Fingal's Cave*. The *Songs without Words*, which are now amongst the most popular parlour music in the world, had a similar origin in the habitual necessity for musical

expression in place of verbal. The apparent anomaly involved in their title ceases when it is remembered that these charming wordless lyrics were really the native language of the composer, and that he is in them as truly descriptive, thoughtful, impassioned, or even satirical, as if he had held the pen of Barry Cornwall or Heinrich Heine. That they convey varied impressions to different minds, by no means implies that the ideas embodied in them by the composer were not clear and specific. *What* they mean we should be sorry here to guess, with the knowledge that most musical readers have somewhere near them some more pleasant interpreter holding the known credentials of sensibility and fancy!

But there would be an injurious error in supposing, because music is described as the natural speech of Mendelssohn's mind—thus accounting for the great breadth covered by its permanent record—that therefore his works are a mere diary of personal thoughts and feelings. Mendelssohn did not belong to the diseased ultra-subjective school of poets which haunt this age like so many unblest and bodiless ghosts, but rather to that higher order which includes Shakspeare and Goëthe—the order of healthy, synthetic genius which uses the whole realm of nature and the wide range of human character as an open magazine of materials for new and individual creation. The works of Mendelssohn are as various in kind as they are vast in quantity, enriching every department of composition except Opera. Even in this last direction fragments remain which only want completeness to rank with the highest efforts of Gluck, Mozart, and Weber. In his detached *scena*, entitled *Infelice*, and the published portions of *The Son and Stranger*, the true dramatic life throbs as powerfully as in *Fidelio* or *Zauberflöte*. How facile and splendid was the instinct of representative truth thus imperfectly utilised, is shown in the equal ease with which it rose to the highest level of the two opposite schools of Drama, the Romantic and the Classical. The harmonies he gave to Shakspeare and to Sophocles seem to be no gift, but a part of the organic growth of the works they illustrate. He does not so much sing in the two realms of Fancy and of Fate, as that they themselves endow him with their own voices. This instinctive fidelity to occasion and character is indeed visible through *all* his works, from the song, with or without words, up through quartette, symphonies, psalms, and oratorios. The mannerisms charged upon Mendelssohn, which do *not* vary with the occasion, may be all conceded, for, like the Claude light and the Rembrandt shadow, they serve only to identify the artist's work. Probably, for instance, no other composer ever wound up so

many productions with flights of high soft chords *con sordino*. It was his habit, more than that of any composer known to us, to *concert* his music,—the voices, or the voice and instrument, making quite separate contributions to the total effect. There are also occasional recurrences of phrase and figure, instantly to be recognised as Mendelssohnian. But all this in no way interferes with the integrity of each individual composition. The Italian symphony is as unlike the Scotch as *Childe Harold* is unlike *Marmion*. The one is full of blue sky, gaiety, and passion; the other is misty, rugged, and charged successively with solemn and martial memories. Every work of Mendelssohn known to us is stamped with the same consistency. All his melodic wealth—and what composer has left so many fine airs floating in the memory?—and all the resources of his masterly part-writing, are made to subserve a clear prevision and intent, thus securing artistic unity in the work, and conveying to the mind a satisfactory impression of *keeping* and completeness.

But in the chief representative action of Mendelssohn's genius, the mere dramatic faculty seems to pass out of sight in the splendour of a pure inspiration. He is pre-eminently the musical interpreter of the Christian Evangel. Many before him had embodied sacred sentiments and incidents in noble compositions. Anglican service-music and Catholic masses are rich with many a strain worthy of the uses to which they are consecrated. But Handel alone, before Mendelssohn, had risen to the full height 'of this great argument.' In the *Messiah*, the spirit of faith and of praise found expression so sublime that it would seem as if no form of ascription could be worthier of the Divine Object. Nor can it be at all pretended that Mendelssohn has exceeded or even equalled Handel in the grandeur of his choral movements, though the already named 'Thanks be to God,' and the concluding choruses of his Hymn of Praise and Forty-second Psalm, might suggest a doubt on that point. And yet is his, of all music, the most entirely true to the spirit of the new dispensation. To the great utterance of praise he has added the sentiment of love in its most exquisite forms, and to faith he has given a character of touching confidence. In his harmony the human and divine seem to be harmonised; the aspiration of man is attuned to the nature and precept of Christ. Those who remember the alto song, 'O, Rest in the Lord,' and the choruses, 'Happy and blest are They,' and 'I waited on the Lord,' will feel all the truth of what we write. This spirit is, indeed, transfused, with all the harmonising power of light, through Mendelssohn's oratorios and psalms; and judging from the fragments of the unfinished oratorio of *Christus*, it would probably have found its

finest development in that work. Sterner elements, however, are not wanting in these compositions. The invocations of the Baalites in *Elijah*, and the exclamatory choruses of the persecuting Jews in *St. Paul* and *Christus* are terrible in their fidelity to the fell spirit of fanatical rage. The Jewish choruses, especially, give so startlingly real a presentment of ruthless fury in the mobs who stoned Stephen and crucified Christ, as to set us musing with curious interest on the psychological question how far the composer's Hebrew descent in this case modifies the action of imagination. The chorus, 'Stone him to Death,' has intense cruelty in every bar of its broken and complicated rhythm. But all this, though in itself fine dramatic portraiture, has its finest use in eliciting, by contrast, and in musical expression, the Christian spirit of faith and love. In realizing that contrast, Mendelssohn's happy and original conception of the use of chorales in Oratorio has greatly aided, however we may doubt whether his success has justified Meyerbeer in extending the practice to Opera. After the fierce tumult of sounds which precedes the stoning of Stephen, with what a sacred and soothing simplicity ascend the harmonies of the fine old German tune which follows—harmonies which well might be supposed fit to rise to heaven with the passing soul of a Christian martyr! By the occasional introduction of these adapted hymns, Mendelssohn strikes the dominant tone of his sacred works; and the fact that the impression they produce is sustained and even intensified by his own richer and more elaborate movements, surely justifies the claim we have made on his behalf, that he is pre-eminently the musical interpreter of Christianity.

There are some, however, who will regard a version of Christianity in music, especially in dramatic form, as a small, if not indeed an evil thing. A recent burst of 'northern ecclesiastical jealousy against instrumental aids in worship has reminded us of a famous invective on the subject of sacred music, formerly fulminated from the same cardinal point. Alas! for those who love sacred music, especially if they feel much of its sublime and beautiful meaning. This is only 'that illusion which momentary visitations of seriousness and sentiment throw around the character of man.* 'Have you ever heard any tell,' exclaimed the fervid Chalmers, 'and with complacency, too, how powerfully his devotion was awakened by an act of attendance on the oratorio—how his heart, melted and subdued by the influence of harmony, did homage to all the religion of which it was the vehicle?' &c. And then he depicts the susceptible sinner 'leaving the exhibition as dead in trespasses and sins as he came

* *Astronomical Discourses.* Discourse VII.

'to it. Conscience has not wakened upon him. Repentance has 'not turned him.' Now, what is this to the purpose? If true, it is no more true of oratorio than it is of the sacred service, to which many a sinner comes, and is moved, and departs without repentance and without faith. He is certainly safer from 'illusion' under the drawl of a nasal precentor than when listening to Haydn's firmamental anthem of God's handiwork, but we venture to doubt the gain of such an immunity. But is it necessarily true that all impressions from sacred music must be 'momentary visitations?' We are aware how in some latitudes the culture and discipline of ages have prescribed a sharp and clear demarcation between things sacred and things secular, and that a stern fidelity to that outline has had eminent uses. But 'the wind bloweth where it listeth,' however *we* may tacitly limit its range. Nor can the solemn verities of religion be less likely to affect the spirit when they are clothed in tones appropriate to their grandeur than when committed to a tasteless and soulless drawl. We could as soon suppose that the burning periods of Chalmers were a less worthy vehicle of truth than the baldest commonplace known to the presbytery. Those who think the power of Christianity is extended only by means of oral or written teaching and personal example, surely know little of the philosophy of its action. The truths of a creed appeal to the intellect; the beauty and sympathy of a religion naturally ally themselves with imagination, and through imagination with art. Christianity does more than this; it modifies *all* the products of intelligence brought into contact with it. They absorb and radiate its influence as certainly as natural objects absorb and radiate heat. Its spirit permeates the legislation, the learning, and the commerce of a Christian people, and is, in a blind imperfect way, reproduced by them. These are the secularities of earth, made by a silently constraining force into interpreters of Heaven. But art has closer affinity to religion and greater reproductive power. And musical art, which, while it symbolizes the new harmony in the elements of the present life, is the destined medium for celebrating its consummation in a better, may surely in its own best way repeat the great tidings of 'peace on earth and good will toward men.' But with or without our assent, the story is sure to be so told. Christianity is full of the elements of music, and there is a 'harmony of the gospels' quite apart from the mere *consensus* of their testimony. When this is brought into contact with the creative faculty it must inevitably flow into the forms of composition, and the greatest of all meanings must enter into and consecrate to itself the finest of all sounds. The process of this interfusion may be elaborate and complicated, but that

matters little if the result be simple and true. The old pious jealousy of human genius and its works must here consent to be put gently aside. Under the law the greatest possible perfection of the sacrifice was insisted on, and we are not aware that in this regard at least the new dispensation has abrogated the old.

The Life of Mendelssohn is yet unwritten. Sketches of its chief events have appeared, but the lineaments of the individual man are yet in the nimbus of personal recollection and hoarded correspondence. The three publications named at the head of this article are alike admirable for their intelligent appreciation of the character and proportions of the composer's genius, and they are equally warmed with the sentiment of personal attachment. The two first, however, are sadly wanting in graphic power, giving us no picture of a life, but only a collection of dates and events. Mr. Chorley's book on Modern German Music is delightful in every sense, and there are indications in the portions of it dedicated to the memory of his illustrious friend, that he *could* write a Life of Mendelssohn worthy of the subject, and worthy to be placed on the same shelf with the *Life of Mozart*, before alluded to. We believe that when, by his or some other truthful, skilful, and affectionate hand, this task is accomplished,—when we are made to see the Mendelssohn of everyday word and act, and are enriched with his letters,—we shall stand face to face with a manly, genial, and refined nature, having little of the eccentric and aggressive tendency which creates adventure, but animated with a healthy enthusiasm and calmed with the consciousness of beneficent power. His life will be found true to the lofty spirit of his labours, and the man will appear as great as the artist. Well was he named Felix, to whom it was given in so short a life to contribute so much to the happiness of many future lives, and in whom experience of many joys and sympathy with many sorrows co-operated with an imagination rare in its realising force, to keep unbroken the great circle of his power in artistic expression.

ART. III.—*Memorials of his Time.* By HENRY COCKBURN.
A. and C. Black. 1856.

ONE day a good many years ago—more indeed than we should care exactly to specify—we happened to stroll into the large building in George-street, Edinburgh, part of which is occupied by the Assembly-rooms—an apartment of considerable size, sacred to effusions of patriotic eloquence and the mild exhilarations of Caledonian gaiety. We were enticed thither by learning from a bill placarded on a huge board, beneath which a stalwart Highland *caddy* staggered, that the citizens of Edinburgh were then and there holding a public meeting in reference to some question of political interest, though which of the weighty questions that stirred the blood of the generation that is now nearly passed, we cannot succeed in recollecting. On reaching the door we found the apartment so crowded that all further progress seemed impossible, a result which we felt to be all the more tantalizing, that from the countenances of those of the audience who were within our view, it was evident that something of more than ordinary interest was going forward. Among those countenances our attention was specially arrested by some immediately inside the door, which evidently belonged to individuals of the operative class, who had snatched an hour from their grimy toils to enjoy a pastime for which the Demos of the Modern Athens has long cherished a passion as intense as that which filled the Pnyx with its noisy crowds when a Demosthenes or a Cleon was expected to harangue the citizens of the ancient Athens. Deeply interested in what was passing, their features gave token in their rapid changes of the speaker's varied power; and when at length a thunder of applause shook the apartment, one of them, striking his huge fist into the palm of his alternate hand, exclaimed with a heartiness which left no doubt as to the sincerity of his applause, 'Od! man, that's it! Weel dune, Hairray!' Stimulated by such unmistakable evidences that some orator of no common rank was in possession of the house, we resolved to effect an entrance by hook or crook, and this we at length accomplished with that success which seldom fails to reward the steady and persevering efforts of the man who, amidst a crowd engrossed with outward objects, concentrates his energies on the one end of self-advancement.

On entering the room we found the platform shining with all the stars of Edinburgh liberalism. There was the tall figure of Sir James Gibson Craig, with his drab shorts and heavy top-boots, as unchanging in his principles as in the fashion of his

dress, and looking on with that calm firm countenance with which he had faced the frantic rage of the enemies of popular rights in the dark days of Tory ascendancy, and which no man in these times of evil ever saw convulsed with passion or pale with fear. There sat Jeffrey, with his round, black, close-cropped head, his bright cheery countenance, and his dark, quick, penetrating eyes. There was Moncrieff, with his severe yet not forbidding aspect; there was Murray, bland and genial, and with a humorous lustre glancing from his eyes and playing round his lips; there was Hamilton, who had stolen an hour from Aristotle and Augustine and Kant, to refresh his all-embracing mind with the excitement of popular discussion, and lend the aid of his profound sagacity to the cause of popular rights; and there were many besides, good men and true, whose services were invaluable to their party, and whose names still survive in local reputation. All these sat listening to the speaker, whose words seemed to exert a magic spell over the vast audience. He was a man somewhat short of stature, with a thin but vigorous and well-knit frame, a small but beautifully-shaped head, from which the hair had nearly all departed, a pale and serious countenance, with a slight cast of humour about the mouth, and a pair of large, lustrous, and most expressive black eyes. His dress was that of a clergyman, black clothes with a white neckcloth; indeed, his entire appearance suggested the conception of a superior country minister, a man of education and books, but simple in his habits, and of plain though gentlemanly manners. His style of speaking partook also not a little of the character of the pulpit. A deep, sonorous, and variously modulated voice, the tones of which were such as bespoke earnestness on the part of the speaker, a somewhat vehement gesticulation when his subject led him to be animated, great solemnity and pathos of utterance when topics of an affecting nature were handled, and a most unaffected use of the native Scottish accent: all seemed to indicate the country parish kirk as the sphere in which his oratory had been learned, and in which it was usually exercised. The speaker, however, was no clergyman; anything, indeed, but that. On inquiry we learned that he was a barrister in large practice and of extensive fame, a man fond of society, fond of literature, fond of all sorts of fun and frolic, possessing many rare endowments, but gifted chiefly with a faculty of popular address, such as enabled him, when he chose to exert it, to sway the hearts of his countrymen as a field of corn is swayed by the wind. For the first time, on the occasion referred to, we came under the power of this eloquence, and many a time since have we been constrained, sometimes in spite of previous conviction

and inclination, to acknowledge its mastery, and to exclaim with the admiring mechanic, 'Weel dune, Hairray!' The speaker was Henry Cockburn, the author of these *Memorials of his own Time*, and one of the most remarkable men of the time which he commemorates.

Henry Cockburn, or, as he was latterly called, Lord Cockburn, in consequence of his elevation to the bench as one of the Scotch judges, was born on the 26th of October, 1779; whether in Edinburgh or at Cockpen, a small estate about eight miles distant from the city, and then belonging to his father, is uncertain. His father was a member of the Scottish bar, and was afterwards raised to the bench as one of the Barons of Exchequer, an office which now no longer exists in Scotland. His mother was Janet Rannie, whose sister was wife of Henry Dundas, the first Viscount Melville. He was thus closely connected with the potent dictator, through whose hands all the Government patronage in Scotland passed for so many years, and who was all but absolute sovereign of Scotland so long as his star remained in the ascendant. Baron Cockburn was a man of strong good sense, with no aversion to a joke, whether theoretical or practical; but to his children somewhat distant and stern, which was the fault perhaps of the times rather than of the man. Of his mother the author of these *Memorials* speaks in terms of grateful enthusiasm, such as worthy mothers only inspire in generous sons. 'If I were to survive her,' says he, 'for a thousand years, I should still have a deep and grateful recollection of her kindness, her piety, her devotion to her family, and her earnest, gentle, and Christian anxiety for their happiness in this life and in the life to come.'

Cockburn's early childhood was spent amid the amenities of a suburban residence which his father possessed on the south side of the city, and from which a perfectly uninterrupted tract of woodland and field, mountain and moor, stretching for many miles to the south and the south-west, invited the roaming footsteps of himself and his brothers to adventure upon excursions to which only their own limited powers set bounds. 'We roamed,' says he, 'at pleasure till we reached the Pentlands or the deserts of Peebles-shire. A delightful region,' he adds, 'for wild and active boys.' From these pleasant pursuits he was taken in his seventh year to begin the study of Latin at the Edinburgh High School. This, which is at present one of the most efficient educational institutions in the kingdom, was at that time a scene of wild misrule, where barbarous severity was employed to drive the pupils along the cheerless paths of a dull and shallow routine, and where neither the intellect nor the heart received any beneficial

culture. For four years he was consigned to the tender mercies of a harsh and vulgar pedant, by whom he 'was driven stupid,' and who resorted so constantly to the lash that out of the whole of this period, he tells us that there were probably not ten days in which he was not flogged at least once. What a discipline for a joyous and active boy, not unconscious of ability, and always master of his lesson, but in whose soul disgust and weariness and terror combined to paralyze all his powers, and stifle for the time alike the ambition of distinction and the delight of learning! No wonder that he looked back with a shudder on the 'bodily and mental weariness' of these worse than profitless years. Things, however, were then at their worst, and soon began to mend. Already, indeed, the excellent, conscientious, enlightened, and learned Adam had begun, as rector of the school, to introduce those reforms which so materially tended to inaugurate a new era in Scottish pedagogy, and which, carried forward by his eminent successor the present Professor Pillans, have elevated the High School of Edinburgh to so distinguished a place among educational institutions. Even for Adam, however, the evils of the system were too great to be wholly overcome; and consequently, though after entering his class young Cockburn seemed to have passed into a new sphere altogether, he still feels constrained, in looking back from mature experience on the time spent there, whilst doing ample justice to the merits of the master, to pronounce of that time also that it was 'very fruitlessly spent.'

A strange, wild, rough place indeed this Edinburgh High School must have been in those days. 'Among the boys coarseness of language and manner was the only fashion. An English boy was so rare that his accent was openly laughed at. No lady could be seen within the walls. Nothing evidently civilized was safe. Two of the masters, in particular, were so savage that any master doing now what they did every hour would certainly be transported.' Odd enough, too, must these wild boys have looked in the costume which fashion then prescribed for them. Here is a description of what was the common dress of boys in those days in the northern metropolis.

'I often think I see myself in my usual High School apparel, which was the common dress of other boys. It consisted of a round black hat; a shirt, fastened at the neck by a black ribbon, and, except on dress days, unruffled; a cloth waistcoat, rather large, with two rows of buttons and of button-holes, so that it could be buttoned on either side, which, when one side got dirty, was convenient; a single-breasted jacket, which in due time got a tail and became a coat; brown corduroy breeches, tied at the knees by a showy knot of brown cotton

tape; worsted stockings in winter, blue cotton stockings in summer, and white cotton for dress; clumsy shoes, made to be used on either foot, and each requiring to be used on alternate feet daily; brass or copper buckles. The coat and waistcoat were always of glaring colours, such as bright blue, grass green, and scarlet. I remember well the pride with which I was once rigged out in a scarlet waistcoat and a bright green coat. No such machinery as what are now termed braces or suspenders had then been imagined.'

Cockburn was delivered from the oppression and the barbarism of the High School in 1793. How marvellous is the elasticity of boys! Not only did *he* carry away his native powers unharmed from this detestable discipline, but it was through such an ordeal as this that men like Horner and Brougham passed, on their way to the vigorous achievements and high distinctions of their subsequent career. Both of them were Cockburn's contemporaries at the High School, and both distinguished themselves among their fellows. It is not often, however, that the distinguished schoolboy grows up into the distinguished man. The blossom often goes up as dust, whilst, on the other hand, what seemed to be only a useless or noxious weed often turns out a plant of renown, rich in fragrance and plenteous in fruit. The late Dr. Chalmers was fond of telling his class of two boys who were schoolfellows, and who were known at school as retaining with almost unvarying tenacity, the one the place of *dux* or first boy, the other the place of *booby* or lowest boy in the class; but who in the after race of life so completely changed their relative positions that he who had been *dux* died *dominie* of Elie, and he who had been *booby* died an ex-lord chancellor of England. Cockburn's experience led him to a similar conclusion; but he has the good sense to see that much of this is to be traced to the fault of the school. 'The same powers,' he justly observes, 'that raise a boy high in a good school, make it probable that he will rise high in life. But in bad schools it is nearly the very reverse. And even in the most rationally conducted,' he adds, 'superiority affords only a gleam of hope for the future. Men change, and still more boys. The High School distinctions very speedily vanished; and fully as much by the sinking of the luminaries who had shone in the zenith, as by the rising of those who had been lying on the horizon. I have ever since had a distrust of duxes, and thought boobies rather hopeful.'

From his reminiscences of his schoolboy days we must extract the following vivid sketch, with its curious appended glimpse into Scottish society at the close of last century:—

'The valley of the Gala is associated with my earliest recollections. The old ale-house at Heriot was the first inn I ever entered. My

father, who, I think, was then convener of the county of Edinburgh, went out to attend some meeting of road trustees, and he took a parcel of us with him. He rode; and we had a chaise to ourselves—happiness enough for boys. But more was in store for us. For he remained at the mansion-house of Middleton with his friend Mr. Hepburn, and we went on, about four miles further, to Heriot House, where we breakfasted and passed the day, fishing, bathing, and rioting. It was the first inn of most of the party. What delight! A house to ourselves, on a moor; a barn; nobody to interfere with us; the power of ringing the bell as we chose; the ordering of our own dinner; blowing the peat fire; laughing as often and as loud as we liked. What a day! We rang the hand-bell for the pure pleasure of ringing, and enjoyed our independence by always going in and out by the window. This dear little inn does not now exist, but its place is marked by a square of ash trees. It was a bright, beautiful August day.

'We returned to the inn of Middleton, on our way home, about seven in the evening, and there we saw another scene. People sometimes say that there is no probability in Scott's making the party in *Waverley* retire from the Castle to the Howf; but these people were not with me at the inn of Middleton about forty years ago. The Duke of Buccleugh was living at Dalkeith; Henry Dundas at Melville; Robert Dundas, the Lord Advocate, at Arniston; Hepburn, of Clerkington, at Middleton; and several of the rest of the aristocracy of Midlothian within a few miles; all with their families and luxurious houses; yet had they, to the number of twelve or sixteen, congregated in this wretched ale-house for a day of freedom and jollity. We found them roaring, and singing, and laughing, in a low-roofed room, scarcely large enough to hold them, with wooden chairs and a sanded floor. When their lacqueys, who were carrying on high life in the kitchen, did not choose to attend, the masters were served by two women. There was plenty of wine, particularly claret, in rapid circulation on the table; but my eye was chiefly attracted by a huge bowl of whisky-punch, the steam of which was almost dropping from the roof, while the odour was enough to perfume the whole parish. We were called in, and made to partake, and were very kindly used, particularly by my uncle, Henry Dundas. How they did joke and laugh! with songs, and toasts, and disputation, and no want of practical fun. I don't remember anything they said, and probably did not understand it. But the noise, and the heat, and the uproarious mirth—I think I hear and feel them yet. My father was in the chair; and he having gone out for a little, one of us boys was voted into his place and the boy's health was drank with all the honours as 'the young convener. Hurra! hurra!—may he be a better man than his father!—hurra! hurra!' I need not mention that they were all in a state of elevation; though there was nothing like absolute intoxication, so far as I could judge.'

In 1793, the University received Cockburn, and it retained him

till 1800, when he became a member of the faculty of advocates. His first three sessions were only a continuance of the idleness and unprofitableness of his High School experience. The Humanity class 'was a constant scene of unchecked idleness and disrespectful mirth.' The Greek class was under the care of Dalzel, a respectable scholar and a man of amiable manners, but destitute of the tact and method that are indispensable to a good teacher, so that for the lads 'who required positive *teaching* the class was utterly useless.' Three years were thus consumed, making in all, including those spent at school, 'nine years at two dead languages,' which after all the pupils 'did *not* learn.' Cockburn was now in his eighteenth year, and notwithstanding all the unfavourable discipline through which he had passed, and a natural love for frolic which never deserted him even in mature life, had begun to feel the stirrings of intellectual power within him, and some aspirations after a higher style of mental culture than he had hitherto enjoyed. Passing from the Greek class to that of Logic, then taught by Professor Finlayson, he found these aspirations met, and the intellectual world began to be opened to him by the Professor's lectures. These were of a psychological character, and dealt chiefly in an exposition of the doctrines of common sense as established by Dr. Reid. Without brilliancy, without originality, without depth, they were yet admirably fitted for being serviceable to young men, whose minds were beginning to open to speculations, by their solidity and good sense. The Professor himself 'was a grim, firm-set, dark, clerical man, stiff 'and precise in his movements, and with a distressing pair of 'black, piercing, jesuitical eyes, which moved slowly and rested 'long on any one they were turned to, as if he intended to look 'him down, and knew that he could do so; a severe and formidable person.' The course he adopted was 'first to classify 'and explain the nature of the different faculties, and then to 'point out the proper modes of using and improving them.' Though 'no speaker, and a cold, exact, hard reader,' he surprised and delighted his juvenile auditory by the good sense of his matter; and sent them from him with their dormant powers awakened, and their appetite for philosophic investigation whetted. Thus prepared they were received by Dugald Stewart, the prince of professors, of whom the author of these *Memorials* speaks in such terms as might almost appear extravagant, were it not that they are only such as all Stewart's pupils are wont to employ in speaking of their revered preceptor. As a teacher, Stewart seems to have possessed the very highest qualities, not only exhibiting a power of expounding what he had to teach with singular lucidity and grace, but capable of entering into the soul of his

pupils, educating whatever of power was within them, surrounding them with influences favourable alike to intellectual effort and to virtuous habits, and binding them to the service of truth and goodness by a chain which, though imperceptibly fastened around 'them, was found so strong that no intelligent pupil of his ever 'ceased to respect philosophy, or was ever false to his principles, 'without feeling the crime aggravated by the recollection of the 'morality Stewart had taught him.' Of this admirable man we must enrich our pages with the following truthful and luminous sketch :—

'He was about the middle size, weakly limbed, and with an appearance of feebleness which gave an air of delicacy to his gait and structure. His forehead was large and bald, his eyebrows bushy, his eyes grey and intelligent, and capable of conveying any emotion, from indignation to pity, from serene sense to hearty humour; in which they were powerfully aided by his lips, which, though rather large perhaps, were flexible and expressive. The voice was singularly pleasing; and, as he managed it, a slight burr only made its tones softer. His ear, both for music and for speech, was exquisite; and he was the finest reader I have ever heard. His gesture was simple and elegant, though not free from a tinge of professional formality; his whole manner that of an academical gentleman.

'Without genius, or even originality of talent, his intellectual character was marked by calm thought and great soundness. His training in mathematics, which was his first college department, may have corrected the reasoning, but it never chilled the warmth, of his moral demonstrations. Besides being deeply and accurately acquainted with his own subject, his general knowledge, particularly of literature and philosophical history, was extensive, and all his reading well meditated. A strong turn for quiet humour was rather graced, than interfered with, by the dignity of his science and habits. Knowledge, intelligence, and reflection, however, will enable no one to reach the highest place in didactic eloquence. Stewart exalted all his powers by certain other qualifications, which are too often overlooked by those who are ambitious of this eminence, and wonder how they do not attain it—an unimpeachable personal character, devotion to the science he taught, an exquisite taste, an imagination imbued with poetry and oratory, liberality of opinion, and the loftiest morality.

'The tendency of these qualities, in a person of naturally an eloquent mind, to produce eloquence, was increased by his avoiding certain things connected with his subject, which in dry hands have often made even the philosophy of morals repulsive. He dealt as little as possible in metaphysics, avoided details, and shrunk, with a horror which was sometimes rather ludicrous, from all polemical matters. Invisible distinctions, vain contentions, factious theories, philosophical sectarianism, had no attractions for him; and their absence left him

free for those moral themes on which he could soar without perplexing his hearers, or wasting himself, by useless and painful subtleties.

‘Within this his proper sphere, with topics judiciously selected, and views eloquently given, he was uniformly great and fascinating. The general constitution of moral and material nature, the duties and the ends of man, the uses and boundaries of philosophy, the connexion between virtue and enjoyment, the obligation of affection and patriotism, the cultivation and the value of taste, the intellectual differences produced by particular habits, the evidences of the soul’s immortality, the charms of literature and science, in short, all the ethics of life—these were the subjects, in expatiating on which he was in his native element; and he embellished them all by a judicious application of biographical and historical illustration, and the happiest introduction of exquisite quotation. Everything was purified and exalted by his beautiful taste; not merely by his perception of what was attractive in external nature or in art, but by that moral taste which awed while it charmed, and was the chief cause of the success with which (as Macintosh said) he breathed the love of virtue into whole generations of pupils.’

As young Cockburn was growing up to manhood many and marked changes were gradually modifying the forms of Edinburgh society. The old fashions and habits that had acquired a sort of fixed and institutional character from the growth of centuries were beginning to disappear before the influence of greater intercourse with the southern part of the island, the spread of more enlarged views of men and things, and the augmented activity of the people in various departments of enterprise. The change was not effected without bringing into strong relief many oddities and peculiarities, both of individuals and of coteries, which might otherwise have passed as only parts of a peculiar and strongly-marked whole. No city, perhaps, was ever so rich in genuine *characters* as Edinburgh was towards the close of the last and in the beginning of the present century; not persons merely a little eccentric in their opinions or habits, but real, well-defined, boldly-drawn singularities, that stood out from the mass of the more recent generation as distinctly as the picturesque gable-ends of the old houses in the Canongate stand out from the tame and square and regular fronts of the modern edifices that are creeping up beside them. Men not yet fifty years old can remember some of the latest of these remains of a former age; and any one turning over the volume of Kay’s *Edinburgh Portraits* will soon see abundant illustrations of the class. At the time when Cockburn was beginning to mingle with society, and to mark with that keen eye of his whatever was noticeable in the objects around him, persons of this kind were to be found in every circle, and

could not fail to attract the attention of one so quick in observation, and so susceptible of impressions from the ludicrous as he. In the volume before us he has sketched off several of the best known among the more aristocratic circles to which his family connexions introduced him; and these sketches form not the least valuable, certainly among the most amusing parts of his *Memorials*. What do our readers say to a maiden lady such as this?—

‘And Sophia—or, as she was always called, Suphy—Johnston, of the Hilton family. There was an original! Her father, from some whim, resolved to see how it would turn out, and gave her no education whatever. Possessed of great natural vigour of mind, she passed her youth in utter rusticity; in the course of which, however, she made herself a good carpenter and a good smith—arts which she practised occasionally, even to the shoeing of a horse, I believe, till after the middle of her life. It was not till after she became a woman that she taught herself to read and write; and then she read incessantly. She must have been about sixty before I ever saw her, which was chiefly, and often, at Midldric. Her dress was always the same—a man’s hat when out of doors, and generally, when within them, a cloth covering exactly like a man’s great-coat, buttoned closely from the chin to the ground, worsted stockings, strong shoes with large brass clasps. And in this raiment she sat in any drawing-room, and at any table, amidst all the fashion and aristocracy of the land, respected and liked. For her dispositions were excellent; her talk intelligent and racy, rich both in old anecdote and in shrewd modern observation, and spiced with a good deal of plain sarcasm; her understanding powerful; all her opinions free and very finely expressed; and neither loneliness, nor very slender means, ever brought sourness or melancholy to her face or heart. . . .

‘Her own proper den was in a flat on the ground-floor of a house in Windmill-street, where her sole companion was a single female servant. When the servant went out, which she generally took the liberty of doing for the whole of Sunday, Suphy’s orders were that she should lock the door, and take the key with her. This saved Suphy the torment of always rising; for people went away when they found the house, as they thought, shut up. But she had a hole through which she saw them perfectly well; and, if she inclined, she conversed through this orifice, and when tired of them told them to go away.’

As a companion to this, let us take Miss Menie Trotter, a lady ‘of the agrestic order:’—

‘Her pleasures lay in the fields and long country walks. Ten miles at a stretch; within a few years of her death, was nothing to her. Her attire accorded. But her understanding was fully as masculine. Though slenderly endowed, she did, unnoticed, acts of liberality for which most of the rich would expect to be advertised. Prevailing

loneliness gave her some entertaining habits, but never impaired the enjoyment of her friends, for whom she had always diverting talk, and occasionally 'a bit denner.' Indeed, she generally sacrificed an ox to hospitality every autumn, which, according to a system of her own, she ate regularly from nose to tail; and as she indulged in him only on Sundays, and with a chosen few, he feasted her half through the winter. This was at Blackford Cottage, a melancholy villa on the north side of Blackford Hill, where the last half, at least, of her life was passed. I remember her urging her neighbour, Sir Thomas Lander, not long before her death, to dine with her next Sunday—'For Eh! Sir Thammas, we're terrible near the tail noo.'

In these *Memorials*, however, it is not only the more ludicrous characters of the former time that are sketched; there are some most graphic and valuable delineations of persons whose claims to be remembered rest on their services, and whose names and works still command respect. Adam Ferguson, Henry, the historian, Macknight, the commentator, Robison, the philosopher, Dr. John Erskine, Principal Robertson, all sat for their portraits to the observing youth, and appear in the gallery which he has here left behind him as a legacy to an age with whom each of these is still *clarum et venerabile nomen*. The favourite walk of the literary worthies of Edinburgh in those days was the Meadows, a sort of park surrounded by trees; and as this adjoined to Baron Cockburn's residence, his son had easy opportunity of observing them as they enjoyed their constitutional perambulations. All of those above-mentioned, with the exception of Robison, were 'great peripatetics,' and therefore daily brought within the range of his observation. We wonder if any of them ever noticed the small bright-eyed boy who was watching them so narrowly as they passed. Doubtless if they did, it was without the most distant conjecture crossing their minds of the use to which he was afterwards to turn his observations, or how he was, from the reminiscences of these early days, to reproduce them in vivid portraiture to a generation that numbers their grandsons among its old men. With him the occupation was one wholly *con amore*. 'I knew little then,' he says, 'of the grounds of their reputation, but saw their outsides with unquestioning and traditional reverence; and we know enough of them to make us fear that no such other race of men so tried by time, such friends of each other and of learning, and all of such amiable manners and such spotless characters, could be expected soon to arise and again ennoble Scotland. Though living,' he adds, 'in all the succeeding splendours, it has been a constant gratification to me to remember that I saw the last remains of a school so illustrious and so national, and that I was privileged to

‘ obtain a glimpse of the ‘skirts of glory’ of the first, or at least ‘the second, great philosophical age of Scotland.’

The state of society which these sketches present was certainly very peculiar and striking. We do not, however, feel it to be admirable, nor can we regret that it has wholly passed away. Its boldly-marked features, its high-toned spirit, its mingled culture and rusticity, with the ample scope it afforded for the development of originality of thought and raciness of humour, conspired, doubtless, to invest it with a piquancy and an energy which the more cosmopolitan forms of modern society want. But it was essentially rude and narrow; it was dominated by ignorant and oftentimes degrading prejudices; and the elaborate courtesy which regulated the intercourse of its actors was but a thin and superficial stratum through which the coarser materials that formed the substratum largely cropped. We must add, that we fear it was sadly irreligious. Lord Cockburn, indeed, stoutly denies this, and declares that he ‘considers the imputation as chiefly an invention to justify modern intolerance.’ We need not, however, go beyond his own pages to find plentiful evidence that it is only too true. A state of society in which ‘nothing ‘was more common than for gentlemen who had dined with ‘ladies and meant to rejoin them, to get drunk;’ in which ‘swearing was thought the right and the mark of a gentleman,’ and where it prevailed to such an extent that a dignified judge ‘apologized to a lady whom he had damned at whist for bad ‘play, by declaring that he had mistaken her for his wife;’ in which clergymen, reputed evangelical, gave Sunday evening suppers, at which ‘goblets of claret’ were brought in to the aid of ‘powerful talk,’ as ‘a mode of alluring young men into the paths of pious pleasantness;’ in which honourable ladies of fourscore vented their indignation by calling the object of it a ‘damned villain,’ and pronounced the indiscreet blabbing about an amour a greater offence than the amour itself; and in which profane jests, such as that ascribed to Suphy Johnston (p. 62), were thought legitimate: cannot surely be held entitled, according to any Christian standard, to be called religious. We doubt if even a heathen standard would have justified the appellation, for we suspect the fashionable world of the Scottish capital in those days thought it not worth their while to attend to even the ceremonies of religious worship.

One of the most potent and influential elements in Edinburgh society has always been derived from the Parliament House. In a comparatively limited community, an educated body, like that of the lawyers, will in all cases be allowed considerable weight; but where, as has long been the case in Edinburgh, in

addition to this, the legal profession is composed principally of persons connected with the great families of the country,—where it concentrates nearly the whole legal business of the country in one locality,—where it is not only by far the most wealthy body in the community, but the chief source of business and wealth to others, and where a strong *esprit de corps* animates all the members,—it is easy to see that its influence on society cannot but be paramount. He, therefore, who would rightly understand Edinburgh society, must begin at the Parliament House—the place where lawyers of all degrees do congregate. Of late years, indeed, other influences have begun to invade the ancient prerogatives of the College of Justice in this respect: strangers of wealth and culture have frequently made Edinburgh their residence; and the mercantile class have sent up among the magnates, if not as yet ‘princes,’ now and then men who, in depth of purse and force of intelligence, have been second to none of the grandees of the long-robe. But fifty years ago, the predominance of this latter class was undoubted and unmingled; and consequently it is only through an acquaintance with it that the true tone and complexion of the society of which the author of these *Memorials* began, soon after he had entered the bar, to be a distinguished ornament, can be determined. Happily, he has supplied us with copious materials for this object; for, either in his *Life of Jeffrey*, or in this volume, he has introduced a carefully-drawn likeness of nearly every man of distinction at the Bar or on the Bench who flourished during ‘his time.’ Some of these portraits are sufficiently ludicrous; and in this case we must warn our readers to take the author’s statement *cum grano*, for Lord Cockburn was a professed story-teller, and never suffered his narrative to halt from the want of a few humorous touches borrowed from his own imagination. Poor Lord Eskgrove, for instance, gets less than justice at his hands. Doubtless, his Lordship was a very ‘ludicrous personage,’ and with his peculiar utterance, his broad Scotch, his odd combinations of words and thoughts, and his strange, roundabout, prolix style must have been largely provocative of mirth to the knots of merry and clever idlers who thronged ‘the Outer House.’ But to assert that ‘never once did he do or say anything which had the slightest claim to be remembered for any intrinsic merit,’ and that ‘the value of all his words and actions consisted in their ‘absurdity,’ is to sacrifice truth to point, and to do injustice to the memory of a man who, with all his faults, was no fool. The statement, indeed, is inconsistent with Cockburn’s own admission, that ‘Eskgrove was a very considerable lawyer;’ and also with the admission he makes on the following page, that a few, at

least, of the things he said had 'some little merit of their own. Of these, Cockburn gives one, which is pretty fair as a retort:—

'Mr. John Haggart, one of the prisoner's counsel, in defending his client from the charge of disrespect to the king, quoted Burke's statement that kings are naturally lovers of low company. 'Then, sir, that says very little for you or your client! for if kinggs be lovers of low company, low company ought to be lovers of kinggs!'

The following anecdotes of this judicial worthy are certainly sufficiently ridiculous:—

'Brougham tormented him, and sat on his skirts wherever he went, for above a year. The Justice liked passive counsel who let him dawdle on with culprits and juries in his own way; and consequently he hated the talent, the eloquence, the energy, and all the discomposing qualitics of Brougham. At last it seemed as if a court day was to be blessed by his absence, and the poor justice was delighting himself with the prospect of being allowed to deal with things as he chose, when, lo! his enemy appeared—tall, cool, and resolute. 'I declare,' said the Justice, 'that man Broom, or Brougham, is the torment of my life!' His revenge, as usual, consisted in sneering at Brougham's eloquence by calling it or him the Harangue. 'Well, gentle-men, what did the Harangue say next? Why it said this' (misstating it); 'but here, gentle-men, the Harangue was most plainly wrongg, and not intelligibill.'

'As usual, then, with stronger heads than his, every thing was connected by his terror with republican horrors. I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offence thus—'And not only did you murder him, whereby he was berea-ved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propell, the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimien-tal breeches, which were his Majesty's!'

'In the trial of Glengarry for murder in a duel, a lady of great beauty was called as a witness. She came into court veiled. But before administering the oath, Eskgrove gave her the exposition of her duty—'Youngg woman! you will now consider yourself as in the presence of Almighty God, and of this High Court. Lift up your veil, throw off all modesty, and look me in the face.'

Of these sketches of the older dignitaries of the Parliament House, none is better executed than that of Braxfield, the Scottish Jeffries. It is too long to be extracted entire, but we must give our readers some parts of it:—

'But the giant of the bench was Braxfield. His very name makes people start yet. Strong built and dark, with rough eyebrows, powerful eyes, threatening lips, and a low growling voice, he was like a formidable blacksmith. His accent and his dialect were exaggerated Scotch; his language, like his thoughts, short, strong, and conclusive.

‘Our commercial jurisprudence was only rising when he was sinking, and, being no reader, he was too old both in life and in habit to master it familiarly; though even here he was inferior to no Scotch lawyer of his time, except Ilay Campbell, the Lord President. But within the range of the feudal and the civil branches, and in every matter depending on natural ability and practical sense, he was very great; and his power arose more from the force of his reasoning and his vigorous application of principle, than from either the extent or the accuracy of his learning. I have heard good observers describe with admiration how, having worked out a principle, he followed it in its application fearlessly and triumphantly, dashing all unworthy obstructions aside, and pushed on to his result with the vigour and disdain of a consummate athlete. And he had a colloquial way of arguing, in the form of question and answer, which done in his clear, abrupt style, imparted a dramatic directness and vivacity to the scene.

‘With this intellectual force, as applied to law, his merits, I fear, cease. Illiterate, and without any taste for refined enjoyment, strength of understanding, which gave him power without cultivation, only encouraged him to a more contemptuous disdain of all natures less coarse than his own. Despising the growing improvement of manners, he shocked the feelings even of an age which, with more of the formality, had far less of the substance of decorum than our own. Thousands of his sayings have been preserved, and the staple of them is indecency; which he succeeded in making many people enjoy, or at least endure, by hearty laughter, energy of manner, and rough humour. Almost the only story of him I ever heard that had some fun in it without immodesty, was when a butler gave up his place because his lordship’s wife was always scolding him. ‘Lord!’ he exclaimed, ‘ye’ve little to complain o’: ye may be thankful’ ye’re no married to her.’

‘It is impossible to condemn his conduct as a criminal judge too gravely or too severely. It was a disgrace to the age. A dexterous and practical trier of ordinary cases, he was harsh to prisoners even in his jocularly, and to every counsel whom he chose to dislike. . . . It may be doubted if he was ever so much in his element as when tauntingly repelling the last despairing claim of a wretched culprit, and sending him to Botany Bay or the gallows with an insulting jest, over which he would chuckle the more from observing that correct people were shocked. Yet this was not from cruelty, for which he was too strong and jovial, but from cherished coarseness.’

Besides the lawyers, we have animated sketches, in this volume, of most of the public characters and leading notorieties of Edinburgh during the period between 1800 and 1830, at which latter date the *Memorials* terminate. Among these, the clergy come in for their full share, considering how many among them were, as he terms them, ‘cauldrife preachers.’* His sketch

* *Cauldrife*, anything lukewarm, lifeless; answering somewhat to the English *milk-and-water*.

of Chalmers is admirable; but there is another great hero of the wild, or Evangelical side of the Scottish Church, to whom he hardly does justice—Dr. Andrew Thomson. Thomson was, undoubtedly, the leading spirit of his day in northern ecclesiastical matters; and even in regard to questions of politics and public morals, he divided the sway with the Whig lawyers, in whose hands these questions chiefly were. Bold, uncompromising, and ardent, he brought to every question in which he was interested the entire resources of a very capacious intellect, whose powers of reasoning have seldom been surpassed, and to whom all the weapons of debate were familiar. It was a splendid thing to see him in the General Assembly of the Church, or on the platform of a public meeting, when some great question of civil or religious liberty summoned him to the full exercise of his powers; now expounding, with lucid distinctness, all the bearings of the question, now sending his arguments home by the rolling appeals of a Demosthenean eloquence, and now tearing in pieces his opponent's reasonings, and with a fierceness of sarcasm that was overwhelming, scattering them like chaff before the wind. We do not believe he ever met his match in oral debate, or that any man who had once measured weapons with him was very ambitious of a second trial. As his sympathies were almost invariably on the side of truth and freedom, the services he rendered to the best interests of humanity in the North were such as ought to surround his name with perpetual honour, and more than compensated for any excesses of personal vituperation into which his impetuous temperament may have betrayed him. But for him, the voice of Scotland would have been much less forcibly uttered than it was against the Test and Corporation Acts, in favour of Catholic Emancipation, and on behalf of the Emancipation of the Slaves; and but for him, we much question if the Free Church of Scotland would have been now existing. Of all this, nothing appears in Lord Cockburn's notices of him; the praises he utters are grudgingly bestowed, and the censure is freely pronounced, while a general impression is left that he was rash, unmanageable, and wild. We suspect the party to which Lord Cockburn belonged never forgave Dr. Thomson for taking the slave question out of their hands, by carrying a public meeting against them, in favour of immediate, as opposed to gradual, emancipation; and perhaps some personal pique may have lingered in the mind of the Memorialist, arising from the recollection of some passage-at-arms between them in the General Assembly, for Cockburn often pleaded there, and Thomson was exceeding apt to fly at the lawyers, whose presence

in a spiritual court he rightly judged to be an anomaly, and when he did he was sure to inflict wounds not easily healed.

The temptation to make extracts from a book like this is great; but our space warns us to desist. There is hardly any event likely to interest an inhabitant of the northern metropolis which transpired within the time embraced by these *Memorials* which they do not faithfully record; hardly an eminent person in any department who visited or dwelt in the city of whom they do not contain some notice more or less copious. The book is, in fact, a history of Edinburgh during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century, written by one whose love for his native city amounted to a passion. Never, perhaps, did any man so love a place as Cockburn loved Edinburgh. Whatever touched her went to his heart. A Reformer in everything else, he was the chariest of Conservatives in whatever belonged to her. Like the inhabitants of Jerusalem of old, he took pleasure in her stones, and favoured the dust thereof. Not an old house was demolished but it cost him a groan; not a tree was 'murdered' but it roused him to a philippic against its destroyers. When 'the 'Heart of Midlothian' ceased to beat' he mourned over the event as if it had been the decease of some saint or hero instead of being the demolition of 'a most atrocious jail, the very breath of which almost struck down any stranger who entered its dismal door.' With a melancholy pleasure he lingers over the recollection of 'the sea of the Bellevue foliage, gilded by the evening sun, or 'the tumult of blackbirds and thrushes sending their notes into 'all the adjoining houses in the breath of a summer morning,' now, alas! supplanted by long lines of monotonous houses and the din of vulgar toil. Even the old dotard and useless city-guard could not pass into needful nonentity without provoking from him a groan over 'the disappearance of these picturesque old fellows,' and the utterance of a 'wish that they had been perpetuated, though it had been only as curiosities.' This passionate love for everything belonging to their native city is a somewhat remarkable peculiarity of the indigenous Edinburghers, though all are not so thoroughly imbued with it as was the author of these *Memorials*. We have never, indeed, met with this feeling to nearly the same extent in the natives of any other city or town. To a stranger it seems at first to be almost a weakness or an affectation. But it is in reality neither; it is a genuine and irresistible passion that grows up with the individual. The true Edinburgh 'callan' never forgets the city of his birth, and never sees any place to equal it. Wander where he will, the memory of it hangs around him like

that of a first love. And his last earthly desire is gratified if, when the battle of life is fought, he can secure that his remains shall be laid in some of her picturesque cemeteries, or in one of her old graveyards beneath the shadows of her ancient houses.

The great defect to us of these *Memorials* is, that they contain so little touching the personal history of the author himself. After he has fairly entered at the bar, we hear very little more of him except incidentally. He tells us, indeed, how he was made Advocate-Deputy by the favour of Lord Melville, without solicitation on his part, and without the knowledge of his chief—a fact curiously indicative of the absolute authority exercised in Scotch matters by ‘Henry the Ninth,’ as Melville was jocularly called; how he had the honour to be dismissed from that office for adhering, as he had assured his uncle he would adhere, to Whig principles; how he married in 1811, and set up his rural gods at Bonaly, close by the northern base of the Pentland Hills, where he planted and excavated, and demolished and rebuilt to his heart's content, until he made ‘a paradise of the place;’ how he attended sundry public meetings, and wrote sundry articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, chiefly on legal and political questions; and how he appeared as advocate in certain cases, which made some noise in their day, such as the trial of James Stuart, of Dunearn, for killing Sir Alexander Boswell in a duel, the trials for the Westport murders, &c. But we are never let into the interior of his life or experience; and very little is supplied that could give a stranger any idea of the man. How much we miss, for instance, some information as to the steps and the process by which he passed from the state in which he, ‘with a feeling of nothingness, paced the Outer House,’ to the state in which he occupied a first-rank place at the bar, and was thronged with business! What graphic sketches, also, he might have given us of his experiences on circuit,—sketches not only amusing but instructive, as illustrative of the state of Scottish society, of usages and habits long since passed, and of human nature in its permanent and unchanging qualities. Some attempt to supply the lack of personal biography in these *Memorials* might, we think, have been made by the editor.

We have no intention of attempting here to supply this deficiency, nor do we possess the means of doing it, were this the place to make the attempt. We cannot, however, dismiss this most interesting volume without endeavouring to convey in a few sentences to our readers our convictions respecting the personal qualities and merits of its author.

Henry Cockburn had received by nature a rich dowry of talents

and tendencies. His intellect, though not remarkable for either power or acuteness, was vigorous, comprehensive, and lively; his faculties were well balanced, and operated under the control of a large amount of native sagacity, shrewdness, and good sense; while a keen sense of the beautiful and the harmonious in nature and art supplied elements of refinement to what might otherwise have been only a plain and perhaps ungraceful development. Without being in any sense a man of learning, he had, nevertheless, so repaired in later years the disadvantages of his initiatory career, that his attainments in literature were considerable, and, in the midst of a society deeply imbued with the literary spirit and with philosophical speculation, he was able to earn and to sustain for himself a place of no mean eminence. But it was the vivacity of his mind, the ceaseless flow and unabateable buoyancy of his spirits, the quickness and freshness of his impulses, and the fine tact which he had for clothing all he thought and felt in befitting words, that constituted the great secret of his ability and the main charm of his presence. He possessed also in no small degree the power of humour. His sense of the ludicrous was keen, his enjoyment of it intense, and his power of conceiving and expressing ludicrous images and combinations was of the highest order. It was not wit but humour, properly so called, that distinguished him—that faculty which ‘describes the ludicrous as it is,’ and ‘is the growth of nature and accident rather than of art and fancy.’* No man had a more vivid perception of the laughable in character or situation; few possessed a more untiring love of fun or a more exhaustless stock of resources for indulging it; and none had a larger budget of anecdote, or could tell a story with greater drollery and gusto. In some respects this propensity was a temptation to him, for it must be confessed that his mirth was not always well-timed or wisely directed. It also injuriously affected his practice, for the impression had gone abroad, justly or unjustly, that the interests of his clients often suffered from his fondness for a joke.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that he frequently used this faculty with excellent effect, both at the bar and in addressing popular assemblies. It was chiefly, however, to faculties of a higher order that he owed his success in life. He was eminently fitted by nature and by culture for an orator, and it was as an orator that he made his way to the eminence which he reached. He was not a great lawyer; he was not an acute and adroit debater; he was not master of those astute and cunning artifices by which success at the bar is often attained; he could not by

* See Hazlitt's *Lectures on the Comic Writers*, p. 22.

shifts of logic throw dust in the eyes of his auditors, or make the worse appear the better reason. But he was undoubtedly a great pleader, a most powerful advocate. His quickness in seizing the salient points of a question, his skill in placing before his audience all the strong parts of his case, his frank, manly bearing, his power to laugh down an opponent by his hearty and joyous ridicule, and his earnest, energetic, and oftentimes solemn oratory, aided by a mellow and rich-toned voice, all conspired to give him immense weight as a speaker, especially when his theme was one which led him to address the feelings of his audience, or to indulge in that dignified tone of moral declamation, the trick of which he had caught from his illustrious master, Dugald Stewart. It was of one of his highest efforts in this kind, his speech in defence of James Stuart, Esq., of Duncarn, that Sir James Mackintosh said in the House of Commons that it 'had not been surpassed by any effort in the whole range of ancient or modern forensic eloquence.'

The mention of Mr. Stuart's name recalls to our recollection a characteristic tribute which was paid to Cockburn's eloquence by the father of that gentleman, the learned and excellent, though somewhat eccentric, Dr. Charles Stuart, of Duncarn, an associate of the Haldanes in their early efforts to evangelize Scotland, and long known and respected in Edinburgh society for his talents and his worth. On one occasion, after listening to one of Cockburn's thrilling appeals to a jury, he was overheard muttering to himself, 'Oh! that man! Would that God would renew his heart and make him a preacher of the Gospel, for surely with such a theme there would be no resisting him.' We happened once to repeat this anecdote in the presence of a worthy citizen who had often, as a jurymen, been brought under the spell of Cockburn's elocution, upon which he exclaimed, 'Deed he micht weel say that. Od, sir! Hairray Cockburn tells a lee far mair solemnly and wi' far mair persuasiveness than maist ministers preach God's truth!'

As a barrister, Cockburn was noted for his tact in eliciting the truth from witnesses. He never browbeat them; nor did he try to confound them by sharpness and sophistry; nor did he lay traps for them so as to catch them and have them at his mercy; but he had a way of quietly worming himself into their confidence, and getting them to talk to him as if they were in the confessional. With rustic witnesses especially he was utterly irresistible. He broke through the triple brass of caution and reserve in which Scotch rustics usually encase themselves on such occasions, and drew them out as if they were talking to a confidential friend. There was something in that honest look of

his, and something in that kindly Scottish tongue addressing them in their own undiluted Doric, that fairly captivated them and made them feel as if reserve with such a man would be utterly ungenerous. In this respect his advantage over his friend Jeffrey was immense. With his quickness, his scholarly language, and, above all, his Anglified pronunciation—his ‘clippit English,’ as the people called it—Jeffrey put himself fairly out of communication with a witness from among the peasantry. We have often heard a story illustrative of the respective methods of the two in dealing with such a witness and their relative success. Both were retained on the same side in a case where an attempt was made to invalidate a will, on the ground that the testator was incompetent, from mental imbecility, to make one. They were on the side of the prosecution, and among other witnesses whom they had to examine was a peasant from the town of Auchtermuchty, in which the testator had lived. Jeffrey rose to conduct the examination. After a few routine questions, the following dialogue ensued:—

‘I suppose you were well enough acquainted with the defunct?’

‘Eh! sir; what’s your wull?’

‘Oh! I want to know if you knew Mr. So-and-so?’

‘Ou, ay; I kent him brawly.’

‘Well, in what estimation was he commonly held in your neighbourhood?—was he reputed *compos mentis*?’

‘Weel, sir, I’ll no be saying.’

‘What! can’t you answer a simple question like that?’

‘I’m no very sure, sir.’

On this, Jeffrey turned round to his associate, and said, ‘I can make nothing of this fellow; will you try him?’ Cockburn assented, and began:—

‘Weel, John, you belong to Auchtermuchty?’

‘Ou, ay, sir, me and my faither before me, for the last saxty years.’

‘Weel, John, it’s no a very big toon; ye’ll ken maist o’ the folk there?’

‘That I do, sir! a’ body kens a’ body there.’

‘Then, of course, as ye say ye kent Mr. So-and-so brawly, ye’ll be able to tell us what the folk thocht o’ him?’

‘’Deed, sir, no vera muckle.’

‘Then ye did na think there was muckle in him?’

‘In him, sir! Fient a thing was in him binna what the spunc pit in.’

This was sufficient, and the witness was dismissed; and Cockburn rejoiced not only over the eliciting of a valuable testimony for his client, but over the gain of a good story, which he valued hardly less.

In private life, Lord Cockburn was greatly beloved by a large circle of friends for his uprightness, his steadfast attachment to his principles,—for which he had sacrificed more perhaps than any other man of his party in Scotland,—his unfailing good humour, and his excellent social qualities. He was only too popular in the social circle, and sacrificed too much to the spirit of conviviality. ‘I doubt,’ says he, in this volume, ‘if from the year 1811, when I married, I have closed above one day in the month of my town life at home and alone. It is always some scene of domestic conviviality either in my own house, or in a friend’s.’ A confession, or rather a boast like this, awakens a painful feeling in the bosom of one who has learned to set a proper estimate on time, or who has pondered the solemn uses and responsibilities of life. There can be no doubt that this over-indulgence in social pleasures had an injurious effect on his temporal interests, and it cannot but have been injurious to his spiritual welfare. Alas! with all his excellent and endearing qualities, we fear there was one, and that the highest and most awful of the interests of a human being, for which Lord Cockburn forgot to care.

His elevation to the bench as one of the judges in the Scotch Court added nothing to his reputation, though it contributed materially to his own personal advantage. He filled this office from 1834 till his death in 1855. He may almost be said to have died on the bench, for he was taken ill whilst engaged in his duties on the Western Circuit, and reached his home only in time to expire. His remains were accompanied to their last resting-place with a universal sigh from the citizens of Edinburgh, who mourned the loss of one of the most gifted and not the least beloved of her sons.

ART. IV. — *Académie des Sciences. Eloge Historique de Marie-Henri Ducrotay de Blainville.* Par M. FLOURENS, Secrétaire-Perpétuel; lu dans la Séance Publique annuelle du 30 Janvier, 1854. Paris: Typographie de Firmin Didot Frères, imprimeurs de l'Institut, Rue Jacob, 56. 1854. (' Historical Eulogium of Marie-Henri Ducrotay de Blainville.' By M. FLOURENS.)

WHEN M. Cuvier published his classification of the animal kingdom, and his theory of the successive creations of the globe, one of his pupils attacked his classification, and refuted his theory.

The name of this pupil was Henri Ducrotay de Blainville. The spirit of their antagonism is contained in two anecdotes. 'I will sit at the Institute and in the Museum,' said Blainville one day to Cuvier; 'beside you, in front of you, and in spite of you.' Of Blainville, Cuvier said, 'Ask the opinion of M. de Blainville on anything whatever, or simply say to him *bon jour*, and he will answer, No.' Blainville accomplished more than he boasted. He not merely sat in the Institute and Museum beside Cuvier; he replaced him in his chair, and has supplanted him in the opinion of French naturalists. While in Great Britain and the United States the doctrines of Cuvier have obtained vogue, and men contented to be his disciples have won repute, the refutations and corrections of Blainville have triumphed in Paris over the hypotheses and methods of Cuvier in the halls in which he lectured and among the specimens he collected. M. Florens, by placing himself at the head of the antagonists of the theory of successive creations, gives both the sign and the signal of the downfall and discredit of the Cuvierian doctrines among the members of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and the students of natural history in France.

The life of M. de Blainville was a refutation of M. Cuvier. Every animal is said to contain in itself the seeds of the disease of which it is to die; and the doctrines, or the *ism* of Cuvier, bred the doctrines, or the *ism* of Blainville, which was mortal to it. In the language of zoology, Blainville was an animal *Curiericore*. A glimpse of such a personage, such a controversy, and such a life may interest the general reader, and induce students to grapple with one of the most marvellous and sublime questions in the natural sciences.

A Scotch gentleman of the fourteenth century, landing in France in search of fortune, without other property than his sword, took his surname from the village at which he landed, near the mouth of

the Sommes—Ducrotay or Du Crottay. His descendants, the Ducrotays, obtained the chateau of Arques, and titles and privileges of nobility from successive French kings, and especially Henry IV. Marie Henri Ducrotay de Blainville was born at Arques in February, 1777. Losing his father when young, his fond mother was incapable of restraining his self-willed and headstrong disposition. After receiving some instructions from a neighbouring *curé*, he entered a military school which was kept by Benedictine monks of St. Maur, and which had numbered La Place among its pupils. The Revolution dispersed it. When nineteen years of age, Henri de Blainville passed some months in a school of design at Rouen. The director of the school wrote to his mother to say, 'The character of the young man is rough—his heart, although ulcerated, is not without resources—his greatest passion is the wish to learn—all the rest is absorbed by ill-combined ideas.' He went to Paris to finish his studies; his mother died; and thus left entirely to himself, he gave the rein to his passions and gaily and quickly dissipated all his patrimony.

Thrown upon his own resources, M. Henri de Blainville was by turns poet, literary man, musician, painter, and designer. M. Flourens says,—

'Two elevated principles survived in the heart of this young man—an exalted respect for his birth, and the love of knowledge. The first of these had certainly its perils. It gave rise to singular pretensions. M. de Blainville had preserved all the delusions of the gentry of the previous century to such a degree, that, even when he had become a serious man, he never could entirely strip himself of the belief that he was endowed by royal decrees with peculiar privileges. Fault-finding, and to be always in the right, seemed to him the most precious of them all—privileges which he used at all times, and in all places; and this rendered intercourse with him far from easy for those who would not admit his old-fashioned feudality.

'The ardour to instruct himself, united to his pious respect for his family, saved this stormy life by giving a noble object to an extreme energy. When dispersing the last gleams of the dreams of a foolish youth, our proud gentleman fell back upon himself, and found himself twenty-eight years of age, ruined, without career, without family; if bitterness had place in his heart he kept it down, and, making a solemn appeal to a proud soul, moved by a vigorous spirit, displayed to raise himself a courage worthy of his ancestors.'

The elevation of a dissipated and penniless artist of twenty-eight to the highest scientific success, whether measured by the places or by the triumphs which he obtained, is certainly a spectacle worthy of philosophic study. Family pride and the love of knowledge seem to have been aided in their beneficent

influences by the pleasures of dogmatic dictation. Blainville seems always to have been one of those described by Butler in *Hudibras* :

• ‘He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic !
He would distinguish and divide
A hair, ’twixt south and south-west side ;
On either which we would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He’d undertake to prove by force
Of argument, a man’s no horse.
He’d prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl ;
A calf, an alderman ; a goose, a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He’d run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.
All this by syllogism true
In mood and figures he would do.’

The occasion of the change in the character of Blainville was a casual attendance at the lectures on natural philosophy of M. Lefevre Gineau at the College of France. Presenting himself as a modest beginner to the professor, he ingratiated himself sufficiently to obtain an invitation to his house, where he met his colleagues. M. Dumeril, who has passed sixty years in services to science, and acts of kindness to its students, who was then aide-naturalist to Lacépède, and is now the father of all living zoologists, wisely advised him to devote himself to the study of anatomy, and enter the medical profession. With a misspent youth to retrieve, and with an object for life distinctly before him, Blainville made such prodigious efforts, and a progress so rapid, that, after two years passed in the amphitheatres and in the hospitals, he submitted, in imitation of Bichat, a thesis on experimental physiology, as a proof of his fitness, and obtained his degree as doctor in medicine. His noble and jovial comrades were stupefied with surprise. The news of his transformation reached the family estate of Blainville, where his elder brother resided. ‘Do you know what has happened to your brother?’ said a visitor, one day. ‘No good, I suppose,’ was the reply. ‘Nay, he is on his way to great renown.’ ‘Impossible!’ cried the Norman squire ; ‘he never would do anything.’

M. Henri de Blainville studied ten years in the Muscum of Natural History. After studying all the branches of natural science, he devoted himself to the classification of the mollusks and zoophytes. ‘He found all the principal divisions in these groups already established,—the type circumscribed, the classes formed, and divided into orders ; but the task of determining the species remained, a task demanding all the singular sagacity

‘which he possessed. He conceived the species as Linnæus had already conceived them. And this resemblance is not the only one which I find between him and that naturalist of a rare stamp. They are perhaps the only two naturalists whose fire did not extinguish itself in details. Linnæus vivifies his details by the expressions which he invents. M. de Blainville animates them in another manner. He makes them the impassioned springs of his preconceived ideas.’

The classification of M. de Blainville is exactly fitted to eat up and devour the classification of M. Cuvier. It is really superior; but its chief merit is to be a *Cuvierivore* method. Neither the one nor the other, however, is likely to prevail extensively, or to remain long as an incumbrance upon science.

From zoology, M. de Blainville passed rapidly to comparative anatomy. In these galleries, then new, everything recalled to him the profound admiration he had experienced, when confounded in the crowd he had listened to the eloquent voice of the inspired renovator of the antique learning of Aristotle. But this admiration itself aroused in him all his critical instincts, and the daring resolution was already formed within him to attempt one day a struggle.

‘While he dreamed of his schemes of opposition and independence, the penetrating glance of the man of genius had already more than once rested upon him. Cuvier desired such proselytes for science; he sought them, welcomed them, opened his house and library to them, gave them a real share of his affection, and all this with loyal *bonhomie* while they remained the satellites of his fame; but as soon as grown strong, if they dared to contest the lion’s share, the alliance was broken.’

M. Cuvier asked M. de Blainville to aid him in a great work on Comparative Anatomy, on which he had long been engaged, saying: ‘You will have a share of my glory; we shall help each other.’ Blainville became one of the young men employed by Cuvier to aid him laboriously in his works. The working wheels are generally hidden by the dial. Great reputations and great fortunes are often made by a skilful use of the labour of others. Constrained to maintain a permanent war with his assistant, to listen to the wheel which creaked, M. Cuvier derived the advantage from it of learning the attackable sides of his ideas. Judicious and adroit, M. Cuvier neglected nothing to secure the future of his singular *collaborateur*. He resigned in his favour a lectureship at the ‘Athenée,’ and employed him as his *suppliant* at the College of France and the Museum. When the Faculty of Sciences required a Professor of Anatomy and Zoology, M.

Cuvier chose Blainville as his candidate, and secured his election. Thus Cuvier, confident in his supremacy, made his antagonist independent!

M. Flourens says:—

‘It was, above all, by his lectures that M. de Blainville gave brilliancy to his scientific career. He possessed in a high degree the copious ease and animated turns of words, and the commanding tone which subdues and enchains the mind. He succeeded in inflaming the young heads, which do not give elsewhere, except from malice, marks of warm applause to a disciple who stands up to contradict a great master. This master, however, was Cuvier, of whom the students were so proud, but in whom they tried to blame, indirectly, the *savant*, forgetful of a glorious and independent simplicity.’

After a residence of some months in England, M. de Blainville returned with a rich store of scientific materials. M. Cuvier asked the communication of them. The traveller replied, drily, ‘In order to place them more pleasantly at your disposal, I shall publish them.’

Soon after, the rivals separated. M. Flourens blames Blainville for the separation, somewhat unfairly, since he proves himself that Cuvier was in the stage of degeneracy which often follows the acquisition of celebrity, when renown is sought for itself, or for the social and political importance it gives, by the appearance rather than the reality of merit, and by appropriating the ideas and labours of younger men. It is high time to cease to be a satellite when there is danger of being absorbed. Moreover, opposition to Cuvier was, in the view of Blainville, service to science. The term master is very objectionably used in France by scientific men. It is a monarchical intrusion into the Republic of Intelligence. Professor Flourens himself is the most perfect model we have ever known of the true idea of the professor, viewed not as the master, but as the fellow-student whose turn it is to teach. Yet, throughout his discourse on Blainville, there runs a tone as if he had been a rebellious subject of Cuvier, who had taken up arms contrary to his allegiance, and fought against his king. ‘The only sovereign in science is Truth.’

In 1822, M. de Blainville published a general treatise upon Comparative Anatomy. In 1830, he was made professor of the Museum in the department of Zoology which relates to the mollusks and zoophytes.

Cuvier, contradicting Aristotle, Leibnitz, Linnæus, Buffon, and Bonnet, divides what is erroneously called, after the alchymists, ‘the animal kingdom’ into groups, without connexion or continuation. Blainville re-established the ancient doctrine of a series of existences; he re-established the scale.

In 1832, M. Cuvier died; and M. de Blainville was appointed his successor. M. Flourens paints a graphic picture of Blainville as the custodian of the specimens which Cuvier had collected, and on which he had founded his hypotheses:—

‘It was thenceforth, quite close to those collections due to half a century of illustrious labours, that M. de Blainville went and pitched his tent; a veritable tent, a residence worthy of our learned men of the middle ages, where he reproduced their long meditations and their constant enthusiasm.

‘Passing his life in a sombre cabinet, concealing himself in a large and deep arm-chair, surrounded by a triple rampart formed by a confused mixture of books, original designs, anatomical preparations, and microscopes in danger of falling. If by chance a studious disciple was admitted, he had more than one obstacle to surmount to get in, for the invasion was general; and if he laboriously found a chair, he would scarcely be able to find a place for it. Finally, after the vicissitudes of the installation, if in the heat of work a book was wanted, it was ordinarily necessary to take it out of the base of the mountain, the upsetting of which was, in the middle of the chaos, a real cataclysm which because it was frequent was not less violent.

‘If an adventurous visitor, after many preliminaries, succeeded in seeing the inviolable asylum open, he was still only upon the threshold, and, without any movement, having shown that his presence was perceived, a grave and sonorous voice addressed to him the invariable interrogation: ‘What is there here at your service, sir?’ Sometimes at first sight the stranger, not conceiving that there could be an itinerary to the labyrinth which presented itself to his eyes, and not having sufficiently foreseen all the pain which there is imposed upon a profound thinker by a derangement of his ideas, became disconcerted. He was then obliged to seek safety in a prompt retreat, and thus make an excuse for his imprudence. If, on the contrary, the first words which escaped the interrupter indicated a personage worthy of a learned talk, M. de Blainville raised up his head, stripped himself of the thoughts which had absorbed him, and employed all the powers which his easy elocution, at the service of great knowledge, gave him to seduce his auditor, who, charmed by such courtesy, exposed himself by prolonging his visit to the risk of making the laborious *savant* repeat once more the phrase—‘*Another hour lost.*’

‘Was it an old pupil who came to enlighten himself near the master? He might get over confidently every sort of entrenchment; the most benevolent reception possible was reserved for him, for, if like a veritable gentleman, M. de Blainville exacted from his disciples complete faith and homage, he at least felt a sincere and almost paternal affection for them.’

The science of palæontology, as created by Cuvier, was destroyed by Cuvierivore Blainville, and by a re-examination of the specimens collected in support of it. Everybody now-a-days

knows the outlines of the history of the science of ancient animals. Fossils were thought to be sports of nature. In every age learned men have condescended to conceal their ignorance under words; and shells and bones were said to be playthings of nature, producing drolleries for fun. The Grand Duke of Gotha, in 1696, assembled a council of learned men to tell him what the fossil bones of an elephant were, and they unanimously declared them to be sports of nature. The bones of a mastodon, found in Dauphiny, were exhibited in Paris by a surgeon as the remains of a giant. Bernard de Pelissy was the first man who proved by actual comparison that the fossil shells were sea-shells, and consequently the land of the continent had formerly been under the sea. Gmelin and Pallas, in the eighteenth century, described the remains of elephants found in perfect preservation and great quantities under the snows of Siberia. Pallas ascribed them to an eruption of the sea. Buffon thought fossils the remains of extinct species. He called them medals of creation, and believed the history of creation was to be learned from them just as the customs of extinct nations, and the events of the lives of ancient kings, can be disinterred with their monuments.

Cuvier pretended to do it. He pretended to be able to see in the strata of the earth the leaves of a sublime Book, on which the divine hand of the Creator had written the record of his work. Zoophytes, crustaceans, mollusks, fishes, reptiles, and mammals of extinct kinds, he said, were found in strata of successive degrees of antiquity, and the present zoological population only on the actual surface of the globe. Several partial and successive creations had produced, and a series of catastrophes had destroyed, he inferred, the multiplied populations of the globe. M. Cuvier imagined creations and catastrophes as if science were a work of fancy, and the origin and extinction of species and the creation of living forms the surprises of a melodrama.

M. de Blainville replied, the animal kingdom is one. There has been but one zoological population. Slow, actual, and ordinary causes explain sufficiently such extinctions of species as appear to exist to our present ignorance. How can you pretend that at each of your supposed revolutions the Great Maker of created things has recommenced his work? A general resemblance links the living species with the lost species. You cannot lay your finger upon a single trait which certainly distinguishes the fossil elephant from the Asiatic elephant? You admit that there are many fossil animals which do not differ in anything from living animals. Group all the living animals, and you will observe gaps in your groups; look again at your extinct species, and you will see they are the very animals you need to

fill up your gaps. There is then and has been but one animal kingdom, and therefore there has been but one creation. The unity of the kingdom proves the unity of the creation.

The induction of Cuvier was limited. In reference to his hypothesis, he examined only the strata and the fossils as known to him. The induction of Blainville was more extensive. He examined both the fossil and the living population, and he found them different parts of one whole. M. Flourens, we respectfully submit, errs when he says Cuvier followed facts, and Blainville deduced from a principle. The difference is in the exactitude and multitude of the facts they interrogated; Cuvier investigating a limited, and Blainville a large assemblage of facts. Cuvier derived his hypothesis from the dim regions of death, which give it an imposing and mysterious grandeur; and Blainville, coming after him, interrogated the realms both of death and of life in search of the secret order of the creation. Both naturalists illustrated and proved ideas previously ventilated in science; Cuvier the archæological history of creation of Buffon, and Blainville the scale of being of Bonnet and Leibnitz. The greater includes the less, and the investigations of Blainville engulfed the hypothesis of Cuvier.

M. Flourens complains of Blainville that he withdrew himself more and more from the confiding amenity which makes life easy, attributing his error of judgment to the rigidity of his principles. In the Academy he forgot that all the chairs were equal. He believed himself always in the right—*avoir raison*. He used the liberty of contradiction without regard to other people. His brusque attacks and struggles, *à l'outrance*, to the last, made him a terror to the most valorous academicians. He seemed to say—

‘ Mon dessein .
Est de rompre en visière à tout le genre humain.’

‘ He kept away from our meetings, and, like another Alceste, to find—

‘ Sur la terre un endroit écarté
Où d’être homme d’honneur on eût la liberté,’

‘ he barricaded himself in the deepest recesses of his study.’

Cuvier was a courtier of power, and owes no small share of his scientific renown to the political and social influence which he knew well how to obtain and employ in furtherance of his fame. Blainville was a Bourbonist, deeming legitimacy the only politics fit for a gentleman. M. Flourens is a peer of the creation of Louis Philippe.

M. de Blainville having incurred great expense in executing a

great work on Comparative Osteography, illustrated by admirable designs of the collections confided to his care, deemed it the duty of the government to help him, by pecuniary assistance, in the completion of it. When we recollect that the Ministers of the Interior, under Louis Philippe, frequently paid the debts and bought out of scrapes the journalists who sold themselves to him, a great work, in some respects of unequalled merit, ought not on French principles of government to have been allowed to stop short and incomplete at a ruinous loss to the author, for want of pecuniary assistance. Moreover, we cannot excuse the Institute, or the administration of the Museum, any more than the government. He was so proud he would not ask, says M. Flourens; and if it is not pleasant to ask political friends, it is certainly far from agreeable to ask political foes. In regard to his *Osteographie Comparée*, a foreigner reviewing the affair with a single eye to the interests of science and justice cannot deny that Blainville had a right to complain of ill-treatment and injustice. The truth, it may be suspected, is, that the work is *Cuvierivore*, and the interests of the renown of the numerous *savants*, who owed their positions to their subserviency to Cuvier, were hostile to truth and justice, science and Blainville.

M. de Blainville carried on the war in his *Histoire des Sciences de l'Organization prises pour Base de la Philosophie*, which he published in 1845. In this work he painted impassioned portraits of Aristotle as the type of the natural sciences among the ancients, and Albert the Great as their representative in the middle ages. His great philosophers of the nineteenth century are Lamarck, Gall, and Broussais. As the *Osteographie* was *Cuvierivore* of the palæontological, the *History* was destructive of the historical views of Cuvier.

There was a humble gratitude for appreciation and sympathy in this proud and disputatious man which has something touchingly beautiful in it. One day, on coming out from one of his lectures, an old pupil went up to him and congratulated him upon the felicitous manner in which he had treated a great question. 'I am very glad you are satisfied,' replied M. de Blainville, 'for here are eight days in which I have meditated upon this lecture from nine o'clock in the morning until midnight.'

'This avowal,' says M. Flourens, 'discovers to us a very severe conscience, for there never was anybody who had more than he had of the gift of a brilliant improvisation. He was often seen after lecturing an hour and a half richly and warmly, when a little excited by an objection, recommencing with closed doors, holding forth, and arguing, and finding again all his resources, all his force, conceding nothing, and remaining always the last champion in the field.'

'Such disputatious ardour subjected to singular vicissitudes the friendships which certainly never incurred the danger of the torpor of a dead calm. 'During nearly half a century,' says M. Constant Prevost, the faithful companion, the wise Pylades of this fiery Orestes, "during nearly half a century that our connexion lasted, it was much more kept up and cemented by discussion than by a perfect accord.'

'In effect, and if at will, it happened that M. de Blainville obtained too soon a decision in his favour for the thesis which he sustained, he would immediately take in hand the contrary thesis. 'But, after all,' they would cry with impatience, 'what is your decided opinion? Is it yes?' No, it is not *yes*. 'Then it is no.' I have just proved it cannot be *no*. 'It must, however, be the one or the other. Say.' 'Ho! ho!' he would then say, 'you forget that I am a Norman.'

The anti-Cuvierism of Blainville extended even to the details of his personal costume. Cuvier was a short, broad man, with a large head, with his hair brushed up to give him the false show of an additional inch of height, and his breast covered over with honorific gewgaws, orders, stars, crosses and ribbons. 'Blainville was a remarkably vigorous man, of the middle height. 'His lively, penetrating eye revealed a superior nature. From 'his extornal simplicity might be derived a confidence in his personal value, which would not borrow anything from honorific distinctions, for which he showed great indifference. No pomp, 'no little vanity weakened this man. He seemed to have said 'to himself that study alone could suffice to make life great 'enough.'

But when by the death of his eldest brother he became proprietor of his small ancestral estate, and spent a few months at his country seat by the seaside, the *savant* disappeared in the country gentleman. The squire was not a grumbler. In the visits of the neighbourhood there were no misanthropic aberrations, and among the ladies he displayed *un bon ton* and a gallantry truly agreeable and amiable.

M. de Blainville enjoyed great pleasure in associating around him persons who represented all the epochs of his life. Frequently invited to see him, this circle of friends opened their ranks to all the philosophies, all opinions, all conditions, and all ages; and for the youngest of them the severe critic and deep thinker could not dissimulate his tenderness. In return for such true affection, they render to his illustrious memory a devotion without limits and the pious cares of filial worship.

M. de Blainville commenced his course of lectures in 1850, with a talent which had lost nothing of its force and effect. But he was obliged to stop by the state of his health, and started on the 1st of May from his apartments at the Museum of Natural

History to go to revive himself with his native air in Normandy. He had scarcely entered the railway carriage when he became alarmingly ill, and the authorities, after watching over his last moments, restored his mortal remains to his friends and colleagues.

M. Flourens has very dramatically exhibited a character as remarkable as the original of the *Hamlet* of Shakspeare, whoever he may have been. We have abridged and analysed his delineation. But we have not the pleasure of agreeing with his judgments in several very important respects. M. Flourens, a favourite pupil of Cuvier, a pupil also who furnished his master with the basis of his classification on the nervous system, sees in Blainville a rival who attacked his colleagues in their chief. Much which appears to him the love of contradiction was, we submit, the love of truth. Never a disciple either of Cuvier or of Blainville, this present writer took up a similar ground of contradiction to the palæontology and classification of Cuvier from the first hour of his acquaintance with them. M. Flourens sees in Cuvier a great inductive mind. We have never seen in him anything but a very learned man, who offended grievously the first principles of the Baconian logic. We have always seen in Cuvier a man laying down as truth what he could not prove. Cuvier and his followers have gone on doing this because they do not know what the proof required is, according to the principles of the inductive philosophy. A very learned naturalist, as Cuvier certainly was, might form his splendid hypothesis of palæontology, (the splendour being Buffon's and the expansion Cuvier's,) but it could never have been received by any mind soundly disciplined in the science of evidence.

The learning of Blainville probably did not equal the knowledge of Cuvier. But the grasp is more important than the amount of the knowledge of a man; and the logical discipline of the mind is the *sine qua non*, without which investigation itself is as unprofitable to the progress of science as the labours of Sisyphus.

The classification of Cuvier is based on the nervous system. An animal may be said to be a collection of nerves, with nutritive and reproductive machinery. The nerves are the animal, the seats of the life and intelligence of the organism. The hard structures,—bones, shells, sections, are the cases of the nerves, the muscles are their instruments, and the respiratory, nutritive, and reproductive organs sustain and propagate them. We know the supreme importance of the nerves. Haller displayed the nature of their irritability or contractility, Sir Charles Bell told us how they move and feel. Professor Flourens has shown us the local habitations of the equilibrium in the cerebellum, of the

intelligence in the hemispheres of the brain, and of the centre or brain of respiration in the vital knot. But the nervous system is the most obscure and mysterious thing in zoology. We know as yet comparatively little about it. It defies our researches in the inferior animals. This fact is a sufficient proof of a want of good sense on the part of the naturalists who make it the basis of a classification. Rivalry to Linnæus, and French jealousy of the great Swede, are more apparent in the Cuvierian classification than the simplicity and utility, modesty and generosity of scientific genius.

M. de Blainville opposed to the crack-jaw nomenclature of Cuvier, a harsh and dark Greek terminology of his own. An increasing number of French naturalists justly prefer the terms invented by Blainville to those invented by his rival. Certainly the Blainville classification manifests a juster notion of what a classification ought to be, a superior power in condensing zoological facts into Greek derivations, and a larger and truer *coup d'œil* of the zoological creation. But the merits of it do not counterbalance the disadvantages, and for ourselves we say heartily—A plague on all their jargons!

The theory of successive creations of the globe is popularly known. The star on which we live is a mass of liquid fire of celestial origin, round as liquids are when floating in space, and encrusted by cooling into a shell of felspar and quartz. A blue gaseous aureol of watery exhalations envelopes it for about thirty miles, and condenses on its surface into lakes, rivers, and oceans, covering three-fourths of the crust, and forming a resplendent globe of many-coloured waters. Instead of being fixed and solid the crust quakes, islands rise and sink in the sea, coasts change their levels and the fiery central gases escape through a regular series of craters. Climates change in almost every land in the experience of almost every generation of men. The sea has been where the land is, and the plants and animals of the tropics have lived and flourished in Siberia, while the sedimentary rocks are made of the petrified remains of marine life.

M. Cuvier said in presence of these great facts—‘It is to fossils alone that we owe the birth of the theory of the earth: without them it never would have been dreamed that there has been in the formation of the globe successive epochs and a series of different operations. They alone give the certainty that the globe has not always had the same envelope, by the certainty which there is that they must have lived upon the surface prior to being buried in the deep.’ In the ancient formations of the actual envelope of the globe, the primitive schists,

granite, gneiss, and marbles, there are no fossils. Ascending the scale of strata Cuvier finds a progression of forms, zoophytes, mollusks, crustaceans, fish, reptiles, mammals, and man. Human skeletons, much more petrified than the elephants of Siberia, have been found, and the disciples of M. Cuvier have obstinately refused to call them fossils. Cuvier said there were no fossil quadrumanes, but monkeys have been found in several countries, and in France, and in the environs of Paris.

Such in brief are the ideas of Cuvier. Blainville answers, there is but one animal creation, which was complete, but is becoming incomplete from natural causes. Man is the great extinguisher of species. The fossil species are not the remains of an ancient creation, they are the extinguished links of the series of animals. May we not believe that the *Palæotherium* may still exist in China? The fossil rhinoceros are two or three destroyed links of the animal series, destroyed before their still existing congeners. Certain little fossil bears (sub-ursus) belong to the orders, families, and species still existing, and fill up admirably the gaps in the series of living animals. The *dinotheriums*, which seem to have disappeared very long ago, are a step, a point, in the animal series. The largest species were the first to disappear. The fossil *viverras* disappeared, as we see disappear in the present day the genets, civets, and ichneumons. The increase of the human race is sufficient to explain the extinction of the species of bears which is lost. The more gaps there are in any group of living mammals, the more fossils there are found to fill up the voids. There are only scattered species of living pachyderms, and there are many fossil pachyderms. The species of monkeys are close packed and numerous, and there are few fossil monkeys.

It only remains to ask — what has Blainville done to solve the mystery?—and to answer,—he has at least proved that Cuvier was wrong when he pretended to have solved it. Cuvier imagined creations as Ovid invented metamorphoses. Cuvier sent into the world of science the imagination of a succession of creations, with a different group of animals presiding over every successive creation. Blainville has brought together the fossil and the actual animals, and shown clearly that they formed but one adjusted harmonious and wonderful edifice of life. The palæontological theories, and the zoological classifications of Blainville, form one whole. He did not live long enough to sum up the labours of his life in a single brief and brilliant exposition; and this is a disadvantage under which he is likely to suffer always when compared with Cuvier, the author of the *Discourse upon the Revolutions of the Globe*. We shall endeavour, however, in

concluding our review of a memorable controversy, to translate, for the benefit of readers to whom French works are not readily accessible, a series of passages which present a compendium of his views, as stated in his own words.

Blainville, who was educated as an artist in his youth, and only took to the study of science in his manhood, classified the world of life according to form. His 'links of being's wondrous chain' begin with man, and descend to the sponge. What is admirable in his view is, that it really is a picture of the world of life. The dead find their places beside the animated. Instead of basing his classification upon the nerves of which we know little more than that they feel and move, because they may be called the animal itself, he divides animals into groups according to their forms. The words he applies to these groups draw and paint them. He makes us see them. His philosophy of zoology forms a picture, in the planning of which he observed many figures wanting, and, when searching for the missing forms, he found them in the extinct species.

A sufficient notion of this classification will be gained from its sub-kingdoms and types. The following is his synoptic table of the animal kingdom:—Animalia (animals). Subregna (sub-kingdoms). I. Zygomorpha (joined-forms). II. Actinomorpha (radiated-forms). III. Heteromorpha (bizarre-forms). Typi (types). I. Osteozoa (boned animals). II. Entomozoa (sectioned animals). III. Malacozoa (soft animals). IV. Actinozoa (radiated animals). V. Heteromorpha (bizarre-formed animals). Blainville says:—

'The conception of final causes leads rigorously and necessarily to the demonstration of a being of whom the intelligence is infinite, and, in consequence, to see, not only for every created being in itself, but for every group of beings, and the general whole of beings, a plan, a necessary harmony, and preconceived limits.—Article, Animal, in the *Supplément du Dictionnaire des Sciences Naturelles*.

'We ought to find here,' says M. de Blainville, speaking of the 'Manates,' 'a new proof that the fossil species of which we no longer know the analogues are nothing but extinct links of the animal series which was produced by the design of the creating power, and not, as is too often said, and still repeated every day, the remains of an ancient creation which has given place to a more perfect, as it is easy to say, without giving a single legitimate proof of such a hazardous opinion.'—*Manatus*.

M. de Blainville says, speaking of the Palæotheriums—

'When we reflect that the tapir discovered living in recent times in insular Asia is, nevertheless, figured in Chinese works, may we not believe that, perhaps, the Palæotherium exists still in China. . . .

Although none of these species have been found living, we are, nevertheless, obliged to conclude, with certain naturalists, that they may be considered as a primitive form of certain actual species which are only a transformation of them; and still less without doubt that they have been replaced in consequence of a new creation, as most people say, it is true without good reasons, since we have demonstrated that they fill up a real gap in the intelligible series created by Divine power for an intelligent purpose.'—*Palæotheriums*.

Respecting three species of fossil rhinoceros, he writes:—

'There are two or three links of the animal series which were destroyed prior to others of their congeners still existing in the less-inhabited parts of the ancient continent, and which cannot in any manner be considered as the transformation of those, and still less as the product of a new creation, as it is almost the fashion to suppose, in the present day, for almost every stratum of sediment.'

Speaking of certain species of little bears, M. de Blainville says:—

'These mammiferes belong to the same orders, the same families, and the same Linnean genus as those which are still alive upon our soil. They are not, nevertheless, the same species, but they come to fill up in an admirable manner the gaps now presented by the series of living animals.—*Subursus*.

'As a definite conclusion,' M. de Blainville repeats, 'we find in this genus of animals (the *Dinotheriums*), which seems to have disappeared very anciently from the surface of the earth, a degree, a term of that animal series which the religious philosophy, the only good and the only true, accepts inevitably, but which science demonstrates all the more easily, because it can look at it more conveniently, and can employ more numerous elements.—*Dinotheriums*.

'The largest species were the first to disappear, as is in the course of happening under our eyes, in regard to the species still existing upon the surface of the earth.—*Subursus*.

'The rhinoceros are in the same predicament as the elephants, which, in consequence of their great size, and their bis-annual uniparity, have perished early, that is to say, the first among terrestrial animals, in consequence, especially, of the multiplication of the human species upon the earth.'—*Rhinoceros*.

He says of certain fossil viverras—

'These species have disappeared, as we see at present disappear by degrees the genetie, civet, and ichneumon, although half-domesticated.

'Only one species of the genus bear has ceased to exist, a species which completes the genus in Europe, as it is, in Asia and America, the most feeble species, and that which inhabited the most anciently civilized part of Europe; and perhaps, at the same time, the most populous part, which must hasten the disappearance of a number of

creatures still in existence, in such a way that the state of things in regard to this genus does not require any cataclysm, any change in the actual conditions of the existence of the earth to account for it, but only the incessant progress of the human species in Europe.'—*Subursus*.

Concerning the little fossil bears, he writes—

' Their bones may have been carried along either together or separately, and often already broken, with the different sorts of matters which the atmospheric waters float to their place of deposit, where we find some of them in the present day by hazard, without there being any necessity either for a catastrophe or any change of the ambient medium to cause their destruction.'—*Subursus*.

We have done what we promised. We have given our readers a portrait of the victorious antagonist of Cuvier. We have opened up to them a glimpse of the controversy, of the points in discussion, and the hostile propositions in agitation between Cuvier and Blainville respecting the grand problem—an Unique ? or Successive Creations of the globe?—a mystery which embraces the universe of stars, with all the marvels of life and all the records of death.

Wonderful have been the dogmatisms of science, and the multitudes of hasty generalizations. The theories proclaimed with the greatest confidence, as certain and settled, by one generation, have often supplied no more than the raw material for new and widely different speculations to another. The past is full of lessons that should dispose us to modesty and self-diffidence on themes so vast and complex as those touched upon in this paper. Revelation was not designed to supersede the *Encyclopedia*—but we have not yet done with the apparent discrepancies between them, which will prove, in the end, to have been discrepancies only in appearance.

- ART. V.—(1.) *Scenes and Occurrences in Albany and Caffer Lands.* London: W. Marsh.
- (2.) *Past and Future Emigration; or, the Book of the Cape.* London: T. C. Newby. 1849.
- (3.) *Five Years in Kafferland.* By HARRIET WARD. Henry Colburn. 1848.
- (4.) *The Cape and the Kafirs.* By A. W. COLE. R. Bentley. 1852.
- (5.) *Further Papers relative to the Establishment of a Representative Assembly at the Cape of Good Hope, presented to both Houses by command of Her Majesty, Dec. 23, 1852.* London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1853.
- (6.) *Further Papers relating to the State of the Kaffir Tribes.* London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1855.
- (7.) *The Voluntary Principle.* Being the Debate on that subject in the House of Assembly during September of 1854. Cape Town: G. I. Pike. 1855.
- (8.) *Speak Gently; or, the Anglican Bishop of Cape Town, his Letter and his Book.* Cape Town: Pike and Richards. 1854.
- (9.) *Substance of a Speech by the Hon. Sir Andries Stockenström, Bart., M.L.C., in the Legislative Council of the Cape.* Cape Town: Saul Solomon and Co. 1854.
- (10.) *The Malays of Cape Town, South Africa.* By J. SCHOFIELD MAYSON. Manchester: Cave and Seever. 1855.
- (11.) *Correspondence of Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir G. Cathcart, K.C.B., relative to his Military Operations in Kaffraria.* London: John Murray. 1856.
- (12.) *Dictionary of Geographical Knowledge.* Article, 'Cape of Good Hope.' Edinburgh: Fullarton and Co. 1856.
- (13.) *The Cape Town Mail and South African Commercial Advertiser.* 1854—1856.
- (14.) *Votes and Proceedings of the Cape House of Assembly.* Session 1854.
- (15.) *Views of the Colonies.* By JOHN HOWISON. Bentley. 1834.

NOTHING can—at least, nothing ought to be more interesting to a patriotic Englishman than colonial subjects. Great Britain holds immense possessions in Europe, in Asia, in Australasia, in Africa, in North and South America, and the West India Islands, and to these immense possessions great part of her commerce and wealth, and no mean portion of her power and prosperity—to use a Parliamentary phrase—are 'due and owing.' Without transmarine possessions no modern nation has held, or can long hold, dominion of the sea: and without dominion of the sea it is impossible for a small island like Great Britain to maintain her place amongst the nations, or to wield, as she long has wielded, the trident of Neptune. So long as Spain,

Portugal, Holland, Venice, and Genoa held outlying transmarine dependencies, these nations were great, powerful, and prosperous. From the moment they ceased, or were unable, to hold colonies, they declined in 'the scale of nations.' We are not therefore of the number of those who would declaim against colonies, or who consider them when properly managed a burden to the mother country. If our cousins the Americans did not possess an immense and still in part an unpeopled continent—if they did not go on, and on, annexing States and incorporating fresh territories, they would, like every commercial and maritime people, have sought to possess colonies, and have run in another hemisphere and under different circumstances the career of the mother country. It is impossible for any country to be a trading nation without energy, enterprise, and vitality; and with her enterprise and vitality Great Britain had no option but to conquer or colonize dependencies in every sea, and in every latitude in the habitable globe. In Europe she possesses Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu. In Asia, Bengal, Agra, Madras, Bombay, Ceylon, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong. In Australasia, New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, Western and Southern Australia, and Norfolk Island. In North America, Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Newfoundland, and the Hudson's Bay Territory. In South America Great Britain possesses Demerara, Essequibo, Berbice, Honduras, and the Falkland Islands. In the West Indies, some eighteen or twenty islands; and in Africa, the Cape of Good Hope, the Mauritius, Sierra Leone, and other settlements, which it is not necessary to specify at length.

Some of these possessions were conquered or colonized so early as 1611; others were ceded, conquered, or colonized within the memory of living men. The populations are white, copper-coloured, or black; and every species of religion—Christian, Jewish, Mahometan, and Hindoo—is professed by our hundreds of millions of motley subjects. Some of our possessions are mere fortresses or colonial entrepôts; others of them are pilot or fishing stations; others of them, again, are territorial, commercial, and maritime: are of great political and national value, affording an immense field for trade, adding millions to the revenue of the empire, and enabling Great Britain to maintain the balance of power by holding her high place amidst the nations. The consumption of British manufactures in the British possessions beyond the seas has been immense; and these colonies have at all times furnished a supply of taxable commodities beyond the control of an enemy, and indispensable to the maintenance of our financial system at home. Without

these colonies we should not have the facilities in the purchase of sugar, coffee, tea, silk, cotton, wool, timber, tobacco, indigo, drugs, furs, skins, spices, hardwoods, oils, horns, hides, salt, ivory, gum, gold, and rice, we now possess ; and most certainly we should not have the extensive markets for the export and sale of our manufactures.

Nor are the advantages of such transmarine possessions circumscribed within the extensive domain of import and export, and exchange and interchange of raw products and manufactured goods. Our colonies employ a great quantity of shipping, and educate a vast mass of sailors, who, in ministering to the wants of the parent State, render themselves fitted to man her fleets, and to become the defenders, if need be, of the hearths and homes of their countrymen.

Of most of the colonies of which we are possessed we could not divest ourselves if we would, and of many of them we ought not to divest ourselves if we could. Immense interests, commercial, maritime, social, and political, have grown up under our tutelage. Large capitals have been embarked, colossal interests have been created by British industry and enterprise, and no Government would be justified under such circumstances in abandoning its subject colonists, or in disregarding the great national, involved in common with individual, interests.

Among the colonies of Southern Africa none is entitled to such pre-eminent attention as the Cape of Good Hope. The lofty promontory of Southern Africa was discovered by Bartholomew Diaz in 1487, and called by him *Cabo dos Tormentos*, or Cape of Storms, in consequence of the tempestuous weather he had experienced in his passage. The mutiny of his crew and the shattered condition of his ship prevented Diaz from touching at the Cape ; and on his return to Portugal, John II. directed the promontory to be called *Cabo da Boa Esperança*, Cape of Good Hope. In expectation of discovering the long-desired passage to India, another fleet was fitted out by John. The command was given to Vasco di Gama, who doubled the Cape ten years after its discovery, in 1497. The settlement thus discovered 360 years ago, was resorted to as a temporary rendezvous by European mariners for more than a century. Despatches for the Dutch and English East India Companies were buried by the commanders of outward-bound ships with instructions where letters and the ship and cargo registers were to be found by the homeward-bound vessels.

In 1620, two of the English East India Company's commanders, Humphrey Fitzherbert and Andrew Shilling, took

possession of the Cape in the name of King James II., thirty years prior to the establishment of the Dutch colony. No plantation or settlement, however, was then formed. English, Portuguese, and Dutch ships continued to resort to the station for refreshment and shelter, till one, Van Riebeck, formed a plan of colonization, which was adopted by the Dutch Government. The Cabinet of the Hague viewed the Cape as an admirable halfway house and rendezvous to their Dutch East India possessions, and resolved to colonize it accordingly. With this view, 100 males and 100 females were sent out from the houses of industry at Amsterdam.

For more than a century and a half after this period the Cape of Good Hope remained in the possession of the Dutch. In 1795 the British took possession of the colony for the Prince of Orange. It remained in our possession till after the peace of Amiens, when, contrary to the views of one of the greatest Governors of British India—the Marquis Wellesley—it was restored nominally to Holland. In reality, however, the Cape became almost French, for, after the rupture of the peace of Amiens, Holland was for a period a mere vassal of France. On the renewal of hostilities, the British Government wisely resolved to recapture the Cape, and with this view a well-appointed force of 5000 men, under the gallant Sir David Baird, and the enterprising and able Sir Home Popham, appeared off the land in January, 1806. The colony was soon captured, and Sir David Baird was appointed Governor on the 10th of January, 1806, since which period the settlement has remained in our safe keeping.

The Dutch originally took possession of the Cape, in virtue of the authority that has so often served ourselves and other maritime nations under similar circumstances, the desire and the power to form a settlement, or, to use the phrase of Lord Bacon and the Jurists of King James's and Queen Elizabeth's time, 'a plantation.' The hardy Hollanders did not proceed like the Spanish and Portuguese, and other Romanist colonizers. They did not ask the permission of the Pope at the inception, nor his enfeoffment of the territory at the completion of their undertaking; neither did they delude the natives into the belief, like the Spaniards and Portuguese, that their sole object in coming into a new land was to instruct the natives in the one Holy Roman and Apostolic faith.

Kolbe, a writer whose work contains the earliest details we possess respecting the colony, states that Van Riebeck purchased the country of the Hottentots for 40,000 florins, thus making out a title by purchase. But the truth of this story might be well

doubted, even before the lines of Canning had become so well known :—

‘In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is in giving too little, and asking too much.
With equal advantage the French are content ;
So *nous frapperons l’aile* with twenty per cent.’

It is not likely that the keenest of the sons of barter, who knew the value of guilders and stivers to a hair, would have given any price for a territory which they could have taken by the right of the strongest—a territory which then possessed few attractions, and which they proposed to occupy only temporarily. At first the Hollanders only built a small mud fort at the confluence of the Salt River with Table Bay, and even for many years after their arrival their cultivated grounds did not extend beyond the bottom of Table Mountain. Soon, however, the advantageousness of the colony was represented to the Home Government, and emigrants were allured by gifts of land. From the frequent changes of governors that took place in the first century of Dutch occupation, it may be supposed that many of them were removed from malversation. Kolbe gives us several details touching Adrian Vanderstel, governor in 1699, who monopolized the fisheries, appropriated thirty leagues of territory, and built splendid residences out of the colonial funds. The evil example of this man extended to his inferior agents, but on the other hand, his relative and predecessor, Simon Vanderstel, improved the colony and its inhabitants, and diffused amongst them a taste for the arts of social life. He proposed to open a communication between Table Bay and False Bay of a sufficient size to admit the passage of the largest vessels. He also made a journey beyond the Orange River, and explored parts that had never been visited before. He was the first to build a house at the place now called Constantia, and here it was he entertained Kolbe, who complains of his marvellous spirit of exaggeration. He assured the historian of the Cape that he had ascended mountains within the colony of so great a height that he could see the grass moving on the surface of the moon, and hear it rustling to the wind. This Vanderstel was the first to encourage the growth of the grape at the Cape, and to plant it at Constantia. Few details have been published relative to European society at the colony till 1770. The picture which Stavorinus has drawn of the Dutch at the Cape in that year is not flattering :—

‘The chief trait in their character,’ says he, ‘is the love of money, and this is so palpable in both sexes, that one must be more than prejudiced in their favour to deny it. Self-interest is the mainspring that excites the exercise of their seeming hospitality.’

Stavorinus further tells us that his Dutch countrymen are envious of each other's prosperity; that they are ignorant, and disinclined for reading, and do not desire to better their fortunes in the naval and military services. These observations ought, however, to be taken *cum grano*. It should be remembered that the Dutch East India Company, unlike our own, paid to their officers salaries ridiculously small, indeed scarcely sufficient to purchase the necessaries of life. But the Dutch functionaries were permitted to increase their miserable incomes by private trade and other indirect sources of emolument. Rapacity under such a system was the order of the day. Every one struggled to get as much money as possible, and to get it quickly. While subject to the Dutch East India Company, the revenue of the Cape was never adequate to the contingencies and extraordinary expenses of its Government. But its position as a place of refreshment for outward and home bound vessels was considered an ample compensation for the annual expenditure of 300,000 guilders. In 1770 the deficiency in the receipts for defraying the expenses of the colony amounted to 26,768*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.* sterling, being nearly two-thirds of the expenditure; and in 1779 it had increased to 28,191*l.* The average revenue from 1781 to 1794 was about 100,000 rix dollars yearly; but by the new regulations and imposts of the Dutch Commissaries General, in 1793, it was raised to 211,568 rix dollars, which was further increased to 450,713 during the last year of Lord Macartney's administration. Private trade and the perquisites of office proved in many cases insufficient during the Dutch sway for the support of married people with large families. Hence numerous families opened boarding-houses for the reception of strangers visiting the Cape—a practice which continues to this day. As masters and supercargoes of ships and mercantile agents from all quarters of the globe were the chief voyagers to the Cape, neither the morals nor manners of the inhabitants were improved, or their ideas much extended. If now and then a governor or a director or a senior merchant, in the service of the Dutch India Company, landed there in his way to or from the eastern islands, his regard for state and etiquette would prevent his associating with the inhabitants. Sparmann describes the society which he met in the house of the colonial resident at False Bay, in 1772, as being of a very motley description. It consisted of the officers and passengers of Dutch, French, and British ships, and of a number of ladies, married and unmarried, on their way to India. Four or five languages were spoken, and when the dessert was served, the Dutch shipmasters put on their hats and smoked their

pipes with phlegmatic pertinacity. Association with strangers of this kind could have no favourable effect on any society.

The arrival of two French regiments at the Cape in 1784 caused a temporary change in the habits and mode of life of the Dutch. The officers and their wives introduced a taste for Parisian fashions, and the females of Cape Town were now seized with a rage for the Parisian modes. The French officers established a theatre, and thus infused a taste for gaiety and display. It happened, however, that two of the principal amateur actors attempted to counterfeit the paper notes then current in the colony. This attempt at forgery was soon detected, and the criminals narrowly escaped paying the forfeit of their lives. Ashamed of the transaction, their brother officers discontinued the performances, while the Dutch, rendered suspicious of the character of the Frenchmen, abstained from social intercourse with them, and thus Cape society relapsed into its ancient uncouth and somewhat bearish habits.

From the first establishment of the colony, in 1652, the inhabitants enjoyed a peace and security which had not been disturbed by internal commotion or the fear of foreign invasion. The trade and population of the country had rapidly increased. There was an abundance of the necessaries of life, and a considerable portion of liberty. The grievances were few, arising chiefly from the rapacity and sordidness of some governors, and from impolitic restrictions imposed on trade by the mother country. So acutely, however, were these restrictions felt by a commercial people, that it is believed the Dutch were, at the close of the last century, disposed to rebel, and would indeed have declared themselves independent, had they not been checked by the invasion of the English in 1795. The trifling resistance made to the landing of British troops, and to the investment and occupation of Cape Town, indicates that the Dutch were indifferent towards their Dutch masters, if not actually disposed to receive foreign conquerors.

The occupation of the colony by the British forms the most important era in its domestic and political history. Though the English Government redressed several of the grievances of which the colonists complained, and considerably reduced the taxation, yet the Dutch disliked their invaders. The modes of life, habits, and tone of thought of the English, where they do not contrast with, essentially differ from the habits of the Dutch. The British masters of the Cape necessarily made various changes in the local government. Some Dutchmen were removed from office—others had their emoluments reduced—the personal

consideration and consequence of not a few were diminished, and the hopes of advancement of others altogether destroyed. The Dutch, connected together by a common country, by the ties of friendship and relationship, and by the stronger ligament of a community of interest, made cause together, diffusing a spirit of discontent and irritation.

These natural, if not unavoidable, grounds of dislike, were augmented by the demeanour of the conquerors. John Bull, certainly, does not always possess the happy art of conciliating the colonists whom he subjugates. He is often arrogant, and shows his sense of superiority too ostentatiously. It cannot be denied that English government conferred solid and substantial benefits on the Cape; but these benefits, and the exercise of all the manlier and higher virtues, were often neutralized by a haughty and unconciliatory demeanour, and by a species of disdainful and unsocial *morgue*, almost amounting to superciliousness. At the period when the late Mr. Barrow wrote his work on the Cape, now fifty-six years ago, colonial society was in a state of dissension and discontent, and the Dutch appeared under great disadvantages. Though Barrow had excellent opportunities of observation, having gone out somewhere about 1795 or 1796, on the staff of Lord Macartney, yet his work contains many errors, and some false deductions. His unfavourable impressions of society are occasionally the result of prejudice. These and other faults of the English writer are exposed by Lichtenstein, who accompanied the Dutch commissioner, De Mist, in his tour of inspection, after the Cape had for a period been restored to the Dutch.

The Dutch population of South Africa, even so late as twenty years ago, might be divided into three classes—the residents of Cape Town and its neighbourhood, the corn and wine farmers, and the inland boers; and although several changes have since taken place, yet this general division is, in the main, correct. The Dutch, or their descendants, residing in or near Cape Town, are either employed under the Government or engaged in commerce, or subsist on the produce of the soil. They are a lively, good-humoured, hospitable, obese set of men, neither deficient in observation or good sense. The country gentlemen and proprietors derive their chief amusement and occupation from their gardens and the care of their live stock, which often amount to several thousands of head of cattle and sheep. The *Korn-boers* live in or near the Cape district, mostly on freehold estates, and are generally a wealthy people. Most of them cultivate the vine for their own use, and even those beyond the mountains bring wine to the Cape market. Many of them are substantial farmers, who

can send to the capital 4000 or 5000 bushels of wheat annually. Their houses are inferior to those of the wine-boer. The vineyard of the Korn-boer is the only patch he has enclosed, unless he should have a garden with a few cabbages, or an orchard of oranges, peaches, and the common fruits of the country. The Korn-boer is an unskilful agriculturist. He knows nothing of a rotation of crops or of raising turnips, carrots, potatoes, or lucern, any of which, with any kind of artificial grass, would do well in the climate. His unwieldy plough, drawn by twelve or sixteen oxen, only scratches the surface, and avoids any stony or bushy spot a little stiffer than the rest. In few parts of the world, however, is better wheat raised than at the Cape.

The *Vee-boer*, or grazier, is more slothful and savage than the Korn-boer. He generally possesses a tract of 5000 acres. His enormous musket, which he calls a *roer*, is his inseparable companion. To a European, the establishment of a *Vee-boer* appears filthy and comfortless. In order that he may not be attacked unperceived, his hovel is generally placed on an eminence, and it is bare of grass, shrub, or tree. The principal objects that attract the eye are a few straw huts, with a number of half-clothed Hottentot women or children. Between these huts and the Boer's house is the *kraal*, or pen, in which the cattle are shut up at night, to prevent their straying and to protect them from wolves and hyenas. The interior of the house is as unsavoury as the exterior. There is a clay floor, on which is running small rivulets of sour-milk, a roof open to the thatch, and a square hole or two in the wall for windows. The lambing season is the season of rains, and not a few of the lambs are smothered in the bog, always near to the house. A like fate occasionally attends the calves in a country in which wood for constructing sheds might be had without trouble and at no expense.

The wine growers are of a superior class either to the Korn or Vee-boer, and are, for the most part, of French descent, being the descendants of the French Protestants who fled to the Cape on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Their farms are freehold, and of the extent of 120 acres. They raise little corn, being enabled to obtain it in exchange for wine. At the time of their arrival in the colony, the cultivation of the vine was limited to the Cape peninsula, but the new-comers had land assigned to them in freehold, or in quit rent, on the other side of the Sandy isthmus, which connects it with the continent, within the boundary of the great chain of mountains. Their establishments are large and their houses spacious. Trees of immense size indicate their habitations. The orange, the lemon, the guava, the pome-

granate mingle in their orchards with the fruits of Europe. Lichtenstein describes their dwellings and fair domains in magniloquent terms, and speaks of their 'easy affluence, rational utility, prudent caution, and useful attention.' Their horses and cattle are kept at distant loan farms, held in addition to their freeholds. They visit their friends, go to church or to market in wagons covered with tents and drawn by six or eight horses, which they drive sitting on the front seat, guiding them more by the exercise of a long whip than by the rein. The wealthiest farmer in this country is not more independent than one of these old family freeholders.

The corn and wine farmers are mostly found within one hundred miles of Cape Town, and they form the mass of the white population in the districts of Stellenbosch, the Paarl, Drakenstein, Franchoekek. Many of them are indolent and sluggish in their dispositions, and occasionally gross in their ideas. They are almost uniformly kind to travellers. It must be admitted that they smoke, sleep, and eat a great deal too much; but on the other hand, they are temperate in the use of strong or fermented liquors. They seldom think of any amusement except shooting, and sometimes will not attempt that unless the game lies within gunshot of their doors. Few people in any country lead so easy a life, whether as regards mental or bodily exertion. Their wives are notable managers, and great drinkers of tea, a cup of which they offer to every friend or visiter that happens to enter the house.

The inland Boers form a large proportion of the white population of the colony; but the mild manners and gentleness of disposition which almost universally belong to a pastoral people do not exist among the Boers in the interior of South Africa. The habitations of this class of colonists are generally twelve or fifteen miles, sometimes twenty, thirty, or forty miles apart; and extensive as are the intervening tracts of country, they do not always afford sufficient pasture for their flocks, which form their sole means of subsistence. The inland *Boers* do not practise agriculture, partly from the want of labourers, partly from the nature of the soil, and few of them have even gardens for the production of vegetables. Bread they as seldom taste as vegetables, living exclusively upon animal food. When one sheep is eaten up, another is killed. When an ox is slaughtered, which is rarely, they smoke-dry the flesh, and form into what they call *bill-tongue*, which they eat as a relish with fresh meat, and as a kind of substitute for bread and vegetables. Milk is seldom used by them, for the acrid and alkaline quality of their pastures is unfavourable for cows and goats. Tea, coffee, and spirituous

liquors are out of their reach, and even salt they eat sparingly, either from economy or a natural dislike to it. The bottoms of their bedsteads and chairs are made of dried hides. They use the thongs of the same material as a substitute for cordage, and occasionally, like the *Guachos*, a nation of mixed Indian and Spanish descent, inhabiting the plains of the Pampas in South America, also use skulls of horses and wild oxen as a substitute for chairs. Few men, civilized or savage, lead, in appearance, lives more destitute of comfort and attraction. Cut off from all regular intercourse, exposed to the incursions of *Boschnen* and the ravages of wild beasts, their lot would, to an Englishman, appear miserable. But they are nevertheless a contented people, and appear to have no wish ungratified. The disposition of the inland *Boers* is naturally phlegmatic and sombre, and this natural tendency is confirmed by the peculiarity of their position. No amusement is known in the house of a Boer, nor is any book found there but the Bible. The manner of the *Boer* is unsocial and chilling. He bestows no smile of welcome upon a guest. Scarcely even does he speak to him, and when a meal is served he makes a sign to him to be seated. The children of these men partake of the saturnine temperament of the parents. At an early age the boys acquire extraordinary dexterity in the management of oxen and the use of the whip. The girls are comely, but deficient in vivacity. Most of them marry at a very early age. But notwithstanding their coldness and phlegm, the character of the descendants of the Dutch at the Cape is preferable to that of the Dutch colonists in the Eastern Islands or in Guiana.

The English residents at Cape Town are for the most part persons connected with the Government, or merchants. Neither the one nor the other has much intercourse with the Dutch. Though the colony has now been half a century in our possession, the mass of the population has not adopted British habits or modes of life, but adheres to its national customs. The English language, however, is generally understood, except in the interior districts. Graham's Town, upon the Great Fish River, is inhabited entirely by British emigrants. A small number of these are merchants, the rest shopkeepers or mechanics.

There is another race of colonists, composed of Dutch, English, Hottentots, Caffres, and runaway slaves, which generally receives the name of Bastards. They inhabit the country bordering upon both sides of the Gariep, or Orange River, lead a marauding life, and are divided into tribes, who rally round a chosen chief. They possess wagons, oxen, fire-arms, and flocks of sheep, many of which have been stolen or plundered from the

inland colonists. Several of these bastard communities have *kraals*, or huts, which bear the names of their leaders, and where they congregate at the seasons when the neighbouring country affords pasture and water. These men are said to possess more energy and courage than the genuine Hottentots and Boschmen, are expert in the use of fire-arms, and seldom, like the Boschmen, limit their acts of plunder to the stealing of cattle. The Bastards, it is said, derive their origin from some Europeans, who being obliged to fly from the colony on account of their crimes, found an asylum in the vicinity of the Orange River, and there formed an association of runaway slaves and nomadic Hottentots. The slave population of Southern Africa, in 1834, consisted of about 36,000 individuals, of which more than one half were females. Under the Dutch, slaves were imported or purchased from foreigners, their laws having always prohibited their reducing to bondage the aborigines of the country. It was from the Eastern Islands the great supply of slaves came, and the Malay physiognomy predominates among these people. A number of Mozambique negroes have also been introduced into the Cape by Portuguese and Brazilian slavers touching for refreshment. Madagascar, also, in the olden time, furnished its quota of slaves, but the descendants of these are no longer distinguishable. Many of the slaves were as black as negroes, but the complexion of the majority was of an olive-brown. Some of the female slaves, or those who were so, are as white as Europeans. In the worst of times slavery was of the mildest form at the Cape, and the consequence was, that the slaves were gentle in their dispositions, and neither vindictive nor deceitful. Some of the earlier travellers in the colony speak of the wicked and revengeful character of the Malays and Mozambique negroes; but even in the earlier portion of the English dominion at the Cape, half a century ago, acts of violence on the part of slaves towards their masters were rare. Sparman, Barrow, and other writers, instance atrocities committed by slaves in revenge of imaginary wrongs, but for the last twenty-five years, at least, such excesses have been rare; and it should be remembered that in London, and every other city and town in Great Britain, desperate men, not ignorant of the Christian faith, and enjoying all the blessings of the largest freedom and the highest civilization, commit crimes of rapine, violence, and murder, and involve themselves in ruin, either to injure those who have oppressed them, or to gratify their own sordid, malignant, or ungoverned passions.

Slavery at the Cape never had any external badge attached to it, a circumstance which tended to improve the character and enhance the cost of a slave. The average price of a male slave

in Cape Town twenty-two years ago, when slavery was abolished, was 120*l.*, and of a female slave, from 80*l.* to 90*l.*; but it was, antecedently to the year 1822, much higher. From 1822 there was an influx into the colony of European emigrants, many of whom, finding it impossible to cultivate the lands allotted to them by the British Government, either entered into the service of the colonists, or exercised their trades at Cape Town or elsewhere. Barrow remarked, nearly half a century ago, that there is no quarter of the world in which slavery is less necessary than in Southern Africa—a climate which permits Europeans to labour without injury to their constitution. Slavery is now, happily, done away with at the Cape. In 1834, as we before stated, 36,000 slaves were suddenly set at large—somewhat too suddenly, perhaps, for the vast majority of them were not in any measure prepared to receive the boon. Some of the manumitted slaves became idle and dissolute plunderers within the limits of the Cape; others of them, wandering beyond the border, joined our savage enemies, aiding and instigating them to renewed aggression. A most praiseworthy and humane measure was, as is often the case, too hastily and unadvisedly carried into effect. The colonial farmer not merely complained of the inadequacy of the compensation granted in lieu of the property of which he was suddenly deprived, but that he was paid the third of the value of the slaves in bills payable in London, so that agency, commission, discount, and brokerage had to be incurred in addition to an inadequate remuneration.* But it was a noble work to achieve this extinction of slavery in so important a colony, and much praise was due to the late Dr. Philip, of Cape Town, and those who acted with him as agents of the London Missionary Society, for the part they took on that question.

Of the wild race of people called Bushmen, Boschmen, or Bojesmens, we have not spoken. The proper country of the Boschmen is the Grand Karroo desert, lying to the north of the Nieuveltdt range of mountains, and traversed by the Orange River. In one respect, says Howison, who was in the Bombay Civil Service, and sojourned a considerable while at the Cape, the Boschmen differ from every other people. 'They are placed in a country which neither produces the necessaries of life nor can be made to produce them.' It is difficult to expect much from a people so placed. They cannot erect buildings or cultivate the rudest arts, for all their expertness, resources, and invention are put to the stretch to procure a subsistence. Often is the Boschman obliged to live on serpents, lizards, locusts, and the larvæ of white ants. Game

* Chase, *Cape of Good Hope*, p. 233. *Past and Future Emigration*, p. 62.

is not merely scarce, but most difficult to kill. The total want of trees and brushwood renders the hunter's approach visible at a great distance, and thus alarms his quarry. Failing in the chase, the Boschman is obliged to resort to reptiles, or insects, or bulbous roots. If he could always find the sand and stones to build a dwelling, he cannot remain fixed to complete his task, for he is perpetually obliged to change his abode in order to find the requisite supply of water and food. He is generally either fatigued, or hungry, or cold, or wet, or thirsty. Yet, notwithstanding his mode of life, the Boschman is neither deficient in apprehension or common sense. They are a keen-witted race, and exhibit an extraordinary talent for mimicry. The few who are in the service of the colonists, particularly the boys, are remarkable for quickness of capacity, and they make excellent domestics. The clothing of a Boschman by day or night consists of a raw skin of a sheep, goat, or antelope, to which the women add a belt of the same material. Every Bushman carries a small bow of about two feet six inches in length, with a quiver on his back filled with barbed arrows. He has generally thrust through the cartilage of his nose a piece of wood or a porcupine quill. The dwelling of the Bushman—if such it can be called—is a mat of rushes or long grass, bent between two sticks into a semicircular shape, over a hollow in the ground, scooped out like the nest of the ostrich, in which he coils himself round when he lies down to sleep. The language is a compound of snapping, hissing, grunting nasal sounds. The Hottentot language has been celebrated for the peculiar clicking of the tongue; but the Boschmans dialect presents this peculiarity in a much greater degree. A sentence in it is expressed in much fewer syllables than in English or Dutch.

The colonists have always stood in a less pacific relation to the Boschmen than to the Hottentots, for the Boschmen have been from time immemorial robbers by profession; and when Europeans began to settle, they committed upon them the kind of depredations they practised on the Hottentots. In the earlier occupation of the colony, if information was received that a number of Boschmen had assembled in any particular spot, a *commando* was immediately called out by the *landdrost* or *veldt* cornet. Without inquiring whether the savages had done any evil, or intended to do any, a body of armed men marched against them, and shot as many as possible. Communities of Bushmen inhabit all the barren wastes of Great Namaqualand. To the north of these people several missionary stations have been occupied, and by means of these missions we have been made acquainted with a considerable tract of country formerly unknown.

The names of Moffat and Livingstone will live in the annals of geographical discovery.

The Caffres have few points of resemblance with the Hottentots or Boschmen. They surpass both in intelligence, bravery, and knowledge of the arts of life. The Caffres do not lead the nomadic life which was universal among the Hottentots. They have villages or *kraals*, and the site of these is generally on an elevated spot, so well sheltered by trees and brushwood that the smoke alone enables the eye to discover that the place is inhabited. The Caffres possess flocks of oxen, cows, and sheep, and they eat the flesh of these animals, and cultivate maize and millet, and several kinds of vegetables. The personal beauty of the men excited the admiration of Barrow half a century ago, and the accounts of more recent travellers prove that he has not exaggerated. The Caffre form of government is of a chief whose dignity is hereditary, but his authority is not large, and he seldom exerts it, except in the collection of tribute, which is generally paid in cattle. The Caffres carry on a trade in hides, horns, and elephants' teeth with the colonists; and the money obtained in this way is often spent in purchasing ardent spirits or gaudy trinkets.

South Africa, when first visited by the Portuguese, was extensively peopled by a race of Hottentots. But, being oppressed by the Dutch, this race was reduced to about 15,000 souls. Under the Dutch Government it was considered a severe crime to mention the subject of religion to a native: they were not admitted within the walls of churches. By a notice stuck above the doors of one of the churches, Hottentots and dogs were forbidden to enter.* Under the protection of the British Government, by the instruction of the missionaries, and their increased importance in the colony since the abolition of the slave trade, their number is now considerably on the increase. The Hottentots are of a deep brown colour, the lips thick, and the head and foot rather small. Barrow and Grandpré conceive them to be of Chinese origin.

The Fingoes are a distinct tribe from the Caffres. They are, generally speaking, thicker set and shorter of stature, while their skin approaches nearer to a black. A distinguishing mark of this people is a slit in the upper part of the ear, and which the Fingoe immediately shows as a sign of identity, if accused of being of the Amakosa race.

Having given a sketch of the different races inhabiting the Cape, we may state that the population of the colony was estimated in 1798 at 62,000 souls; in 1806 it had risen to 77,055,

* Philip.

of whom 29,861 were slaves. In 1812 it was 81,961; in 1819 it amounted to 101,657; and in 1827 to 120,036. In 1829 the number of whites in the colony amounted to 51,632; in 1839 they numbered 68,180. The number of blacks and coloured people in 1839 was 75,091. Besides 70,000 whites mixed with people of every shade of colour of about the same number within the Cape colony, there are at this moment at least 12,000 whites settled beyond the boundary at Natal, and on the various branches of the Orange River. Numerous white traders constantly traverse the interior—some of them have their head-quarters at the missionary stations, of which there are about thirty—British, French, American, and German. There are probably 30,000 natives, Caffres, Hottentots, Bechuanas, Tamboukies and others, in intimate connexion with about 100 missionary families. During forty years the missionaries have been spreading over South Africa; but it is only since 1820 that the interior has been fully open to them. The annual emigration to the Cape during the last six years has not in round numbers exceeded 400 people per annum. The temperate climate of South Africa, and its being nearer England than the Australian colonies, would lead to the supposition of the Cape being more attractive. But the western or older division is interspersed with vast desert tracts, while its population is chiefly Dutch; and the eastern division, of which Algoa Bay is the port, and which was settled by English emigrants about twenty-eight years ago, has the disadvantage of possessing no navigable river, irrespective of the inconvenience suffered from the neighbourhood of the Caffres.

Of the soil and climate of the Cape no complaints can be made; but the wood is not abundant, and the port is not good. Up to the commencement of the Caffre war, however, the settlers had in a great degree surmounted their difficulties. The climate is salubrious. Many invalids from India have been restored to health by its salutary influence. The year is divided by the inhabitants into two periods—the good and the bad monsoon. The summer continues from December to February, and the whole of the warm and dry season from December to April. The north-west monsoon extends from the middle of April to the middle of September; the south-east monsoon from September to April.* The soil of the country is in general of a stiff clay or light sand, which requires nothing but water to make it most fertile. Where springs are found, their vicinity is enriched with rapid and luxuriant verdure. But sources of water are particularly rare in the north part of the colony, so that the prospect of uniform and

* Colebrooke.

dreary sterility is scarcely interrupted. The immense *karoos* are for many months completely devoid of every appearance of vegetation. Their unvaried surface of clay sprinkled over with sand, is only broken by hills still more barren, presenting a dreary, listless uniformity. All traces of animated nature are in the dry season obliterated, and the withered remains of plants sparingly scattered over the surface 'crackle under the feet, and seem from their faint 'and feeble traces of vegetable life to maintain a perpetual struggle 'for existence.' The character of the South African bush has features quite peculiar to itself, and sometimes strangely unites, while strongly contrasting, the grand and the sublime with the grotesque and the ridiculous.

Having described the different races, the amount of the population, the climate, and face of the country, it is necessary that we should say something of the government of this dependency. The affairs of the colony are administered by a governor nominated by the Crown, with a salary of 5300*l.* per annum, including the pay of his private secretary. The governor is aided by an executive council, composed of the commander of the forces, the chief justice, the auditor, general treasurer, and accountant-general, and the secretary of the Government. There is now also an elective legislative council of fifteen members, and the chief justice, and a House of Assembly, also elective. Each district has a civil commissioner, who acts as a resident magistrate, aided by a relative number of unpaid justices of the peace. A district is divided into several smaller divisions, termed *veld cornets*, over which an officer with that title presides. The *veld cornet* is a sort of petty magistrate, empowered to settle trifling disputes within a circuit of fifteen or twenty miles, according to the extent of his authority, to punish evil-doers, to call out the burghers in the public service, and act as their officer on commandoes, to supply Government with relays of horses or oxen when wanted.

When the Cape became a British colony, the Dutch civil and criminal law were in operation. These laws, under the British, have undergone considerable modification. Torture has happily been abolished; the penalty of death attaches, on conviction, to murder, rape, coining money, and high treason. Theft to a large amount, or crimes of a violent or serious nature, not liable, by the Dutch law, to the punishment of death, are visited with transportation. The punishment for minor crimes is banishment to Robbea Island, at the entrance of Table Bay, with hard labour, imprisonment in the *trank*, or flogging. Criminals are tried by a jury, of whom there must be at least seven members present. A criminal is allowed on his trial to employ an advo-

cate to examine and cross-examine witnesses, and to argue points of law in his defence. The civil law is modified by the Dutch code—the statutes of India, collected by the Dutch towards the end of the seventeenth century, and declared to be applicable to the Cape by a Batavian proclamation of February, 1715, and by various colonial laws.

The laws are administered by a supreme court, presided over by a chief justice, with a salary of 2000*l.* per annum, and puisné judges, with salaries of 1200*l.* There are four terms in the year, as in England. Circuit courts, civil and criminal, are also held after the English fashion, while small debts under 20*l.* in the Cape district, or 10*l.* in other parts of the colony, are recoverable in the court of the resident magistrate. A court of vice-admiralty sits for the trial of offences committed on the high seas, and for the adjudication of maritime disputes. Matrimonial courts, for divorces, and the settlement of differences, and the granting of marriage licences, are also held.

For a great many years, and indeed till very recently, the colonists and the Caffres have carried on hostilities against each other on the north and east frontiers of the colony. The colonists seized the lands, and in many instances the cattle, of the Caffres, and the Caffres retaliated by incursions into the British territory. In December, 1834, and January, 1835, according to one account, the Caffres carried off 1000 horses and 50,000 head of cattle. The author of the *Past and Future Emigration, or the Book of the Cape*, describes the loss of the colonists, in 1834 and 1835,—5438 horses, 111,418 head of cattle, 156,878 sheep, and 455 houses, not wig-wams, destroyed. The Governor, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, thereupon declared war against the Caffres, and quickly compelled their apparent submission. At the conclusion of the war, General D'Urban annexed, by treaty concluded in 1835, a considerable portion of Caffraria to the British dominions in South Africa, and brought the Caffres under the dominion of British laws. Lord Glenelg, the then Secretary for the Colonies, disapproved of this arrangement, sent out Sir Andries Stockenström as Lieutenant-Governor of the eastern division of the Cape colony, restored to the Caffres the greater part of their conquered country, and concluded treaties with their chiefs, by which they were treated as an independent nation, while the treaty, it was alleged by the boers, limited the colonial government and its subjects in demanding restitution for cattle, horses, and sheep stolen by the Caffres. These new treaties were signed in June, 1837, and produced a state of constant irritation and annoyance on the eastern frontier. It should here be stated, that Sir Benjamin D'Urban and Lord Glenelg were at

variance as to what was the proper border policy, and as to other cardinal questions. The expenses of the war of 1836, however, amounted to 249,790*l.*, and the expenses of the wars of 1846 and 1847 to 3,000,000*l.* sterling. In 1835, Sir Benjamin D'Urban complained that only one weak regiment was left to do duty at Cape Town. In 1846 we were found, though after a sufficient warning, nearly equally unprepared as in 1835, and had not the 45th, 73rd, and 60th Rifles arrived, and the 90th Light Infantry been detained, the position of affairs would have been most deplorable. After the commencement of the war, not a single soldier was to be seen in Cape Town, the services of every available man being required for the frontier. 'So urgent was the case, that not only Malays, liberated Africans, Hottentots, were eagerly swept together, but it was deemed requisite to strip her Majesty's ships of part of their crews to lend their assistance.*' After the signature of the treaties of June, 1837, the *boers* threatened to leave the colony in a mass, if more efficient means were not taken for their protection against the inroads of Bushmen and other aborigines. It strikes one as rather singular that they should seek to remedy this evil by proceeding further into the country. But their object was to take the law into their own hands, without the restraints imposed by the British Government. It must not be forgotten, too, that, from a very early period of the settlement, it had been a practice of the colonial farmers to remove themselves and their families beyond the frontier as often as they found themselves distressed by unfavourable seasons, or by want of room, or so long as they had any expectation of finding more abundant resources in a country not yet colonized. The country being almost everywhere unsuited to agriculture, the colonists require a wide range for the feeding of their flocks and herds. For some time previous to the great migration, many farmers had crossed the boundary, and wandered into the more promising country to the north-east in search of grass and water for their cattle. Some of them penetrated as far as Port Natal, and sent back such accounts of the fertility of the district, that many others were induced to follow. But there was no combined plan of emigration until after the close of the Kaffir war of 1835, when dissatisfaction began to be felt on account of the Stockenstrom treaty, and of the insufficient protection provided for the frontier colonists. Thus the desire to *trek*, as it is called in the colony, became a passion, and infected even the district of Cape Town.

The emigration of the Boers, as might be expected, added to

* *Book of the Cape*, edited by the Author of 'Five Years in Kafirland.'

the dissatisfaction of the Caffres, and war again broke out, which was, for the time, repressed by the new governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, who, in September, 1815, concluded another treaty with the chiefs of the Slambie, Congo, and Fingoe Caffre tribes, which practically extended British sovereignty over Lower Caffreland. The chiefs professed their readiness to submit to the jurisdiction of British courts of justice Caffres who should commit, or be charged with having committed, any crime. These, with other provisions for the recovery and payment for stolen cattle, for the subjection of the coast of Caffreland to British rule, and for the encouragement of Christian schools, formed the main elements of the Maitland Treaty. But the stipulations of the instrument were not fulfilled by the natives; for, in 1846, the Caffres again crossed the frontiers, and carried alarm to the very seat of government. A long and desultory warfare ensued, which was terminated in consequence of the vigorous measures adopted by Sir Harry Smith. That general officer and Governor abrogated all former treaties and conventions, and, on the 23rd December, 1817, by proclamation, annexed all the territory between the Black Kei and the Keiskamma Rivers to the British sovereignty, under the title of British Caffraria, and organized a series of military villages between the Great Fish River and the Keiskamma, for the better protection of the colonists.

It was shortly after this that the colony offered a resolute and successful resistance to its being made a penal settlement for the reception of transported convicts from the mother country, or rather from the Bermudas.

The Eastern boundary of the Cape colony was fixed in 1846, so as to include the Chumie Hock and Blockdrift River which before were in Caffraria Proper. It follows the course of the Chumie from its rise in Gaikas Kop to its junction with the Keiskamma, and then runs down the latter river to its mouth.

The country east of this line, up to the White Kei River, Sir P. Maitland proposed to call British Caffraria, and to settle with friendly tribes, under the superintendence of British magistrates, and supported by four military posts. These arrangements, practically extending British sovereignty over Lower Caffraria and the sea-coast, led to a long struggle with the independent Caffres, who threw themselves across the new boundary line, and ravaged the country up to the frontier of the Cape settlement. The British Commissioner reported, in 1849, that the new system was working well, and that the Caffre police was active and efficient. The military villages were also making favourable progress. The missionaries had then returned to the

stations they had occupied before the war had commenced. As regards the British population in Caffraria, it is stated to be rapidly on the increase. King William's Town, which at the commencement of 1848 consisted only of a few huts, is now large and populous.

Colonel Mackinnon, who has had considerable experience at the Cape, concludes his report to the Government in the following words :—

‘ I have endeavoured to show that the Caffrès are contented ; that the colonists enjoy security ; that agriculture and industry are making progress among the natives ; that the British population is on the increase, and that order is maintained among them at little cost ; and, finally, that Caffraria is no burden to the colony in a financial point of view.’

Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Smith, who rendered such eminent services in the Kaffir war of 1835, under Sir Benjamin D'Urban, was appointed Governor and Commander-in-chief on the recall of Sir P. Maitland. Sir Harry is a gallant and chivalrous soldier, single-minded, out-spoken, and brave as his own sword. There can be little doubt that his vigour and determination contributed much to bring to a close the costly and protracted Kaffir war of 1846, 7 and 8 ; but, in making this admission, it is not necessary we should go the length of approving all the speeches, or even the perpended despatches of the gallant general. Sir Harry, though not by any means a Cicero, had a *cacoethes loquendi*, on which he put no restraint.

Like most men unused to public discussion, or without the special training of deliberative assemblies, he often said more than he intended, and used stronger and less guarded language than was advisable. No men are more subtle, cunning, and subdolous than savages, and it is not to be wondered at that Macomo, Pato, Sandilli, and others of the native chiefs, occasionally attempted to turn against the Governor and Commander-in-chief his own words. There is no man in the Queen's service who has used or can use his weapon better than the gallant General, but he is not so apt with tongue and pen—a fact not to be wondered at—as with his good broadsword. As a writer, Sir Harry does not possess the severe simplicity of a Cæsar, nor do his despatches disclose the sagacity, knowledge of character, broad views, and that stupendous common sense which distinguish the written productions of the immortal Duke. We must do Sir Harry the justice to say, however, that he was a stern and unbending Governor—whose chief aim was to protect and defend the British frontier, and to secure to settlers the

peaceful enjoyment of their flocks and herds. Possibly Sir Harry was on some occasions too jealous of our territorial rights. But this was an error—if error it was at all—on the right side: for our relations with a savage or semi-civilized people ought, first of all, to be just and equitable; and, secondly, to be firm and uncompromising. It is the vacillation and temporising—the balancing, hair-splitting, and Serjeant Eitherside sort of conduct, so much in favour with the late Sir Robert Peel, and with such of his nearly extinct party as are without a principle or without a policy—that have done so much disservice to the national interests abroad and at home. Be just and equitable, and fear not, should, at the Cape as elsewhere, be our motto. We should seek no undue advantages over natives or bushmen, but, having laid down our principle of action in treaty, or stipulation, or agreement, we should firmly and undeviatingly adhere to our pact. By yielding a pin's point, we give uncivilized races the impression that we are weak—that we are unstable—in a word, that we can be circumvented, managed, or mastered; and this leads to plunderings and maraudings, to insurrections, rebellions, and conflicts on the part of the native, and to a profuse use of sword, gun, gunpowder, and cannon-ball on the part of Great Britain. The business and the duty of the Queen's troops and the Queen's Government, is to check and repress marauding—to protect settlers, colonists, and planters, without cruelty and without oppression—without unnecessary bloodshed; but in any and every event to guard the Queen's frontier, and to prevent the British settlement, even at the risk of slaughter, being made a desert waste. Severity in the chastisement of unprovoked aggressions and spoliations is, in the end, the wisest and most merciful policy in dealing with a barbarous enemy. Let a half but savage know that you are firm, determined, and prompt to avenge a wrong, and he will remain in his 'good behaviour; temporize with him, and he will presume your mistaken good-nature is the result of weakness. This sufficiently appears from the records of Cape history, and more especially from the Kaffir war of 1834, when Colonel, afterwards Sir Harry Smith, was serving under General-Governor Sir B. D'Urban.

Three causes contributed to produce and to prolong that war—first, the great weakness of the military force on a frontier without fortified works or cannon; secondly, the lenity with which the cattle stealers had been treated; and, thirdly, the abrogation of the *commando* ordinance in the beginning of August, 1834. Lord Glenelg, a humane and benovolent man, who was Colonial Secretary in 1835, was a strenuous advocate for gentleness and

lenity, and so are we, too, as measures of general policy either abroad or at home; but the question is, whether gentleness and lenity may not be sometimes, like severity, overstrained. The question in the mind of the Governor of a colony must ever be whether gentleness and lenity can be pursued with security to the Cape frontier and to the European settler and colonist. If not, a mistaken gentleness becomes a source of greater expense, of greater bloodshed, and of heavier chastisement to the native tribes, whose chances of civilization are thereby indefinitely retarded. It is fitting and proper to commiserate the savage or half-civilized man when he has been spoliated or oppressed by his white, and so-called Christian, brother. In the case of such wrongs every generous and manly mind sympathises with the injured African, and the gorge rises against the European. But white men are not always in the wrong, or black men always in the right. Both are equally fallible and human, and when the savage or the slave errs or deviates into crime, it is a maudlin and perverse sensibility not to denounce his error or his crime as rigorously as that of the civilized. Our fellow subjects of the colonial border have often been the victims of the Caffre and the Bushman. Their flocks and herds have been swept away; their farmsteads and dwellings have been ruined and laid waste; their servants, their kinsmen, and their families have been often murdered; and it is only fair that, when the colonist is in the right, he should have our sympathies, and when he is the aggrieved party, and not the aggressor, our succour. There is a morbid and a maudlin species of humanity—we would call it a cant of hyper-humanity—which is not healthy, and which in a public man is very dangerous. No one can doubt the humanity or the liberal tendencies of Lord John Russell, and we are glad to find in his despatches to Governor Sir George Grey, in one of the Blue-books before us, a sentence which we have great pleasure in quoting, and which we conceive is of the very essence of wisdom in our dealings with the natives of the Cape and Caffreland. ‘As a general rule,’ says Lord John,* ‘I am indisposed to the maintenance of any system of restrictions on the liberty of action which these people would have enjoyed in the absence of British rule, unless such restrictions be either plainly required for the prevention of crime, or the natives can be made to feel that there accrues therefrom a corresponding amount of benefit to themselves.’ In another portion of the same despatch to Governor Sir George Grey, dated the 26th of May, 1855, there

* *Further Papers relative to Kaffir Tribes, presented to Parliament in July, 1855,* p. 71.

are these sentences, which ought to be written in letters of gold :—

‘There is no principle more essential to securing influence over the minds of uncivilized races than the unvarying observance of scrupulous good faith ; and I am well assured that you will make that principle a constant guide in your proceedings towards the native as well as the European population placed under your administration. The natives naturally expect from their rulers that cunning which they exercise towards each other ; simple honesty and justice on the part of their governors, therefore, improves and subdues them. Such moral victories lay the foundation of lasting peace and good will.’

While Sir Harry Smith was still Governor of the Cape, the draft ordinances for the establishing a Representative Government, forwarded by Earl Grey, arrived in the colony in the early part of 1852. The war on the frontier had not then terminated, and a very considerable party in the settlement, and in the Council, were opposed to proceeding with the ordinances till hostilities were brought to a close. We must do Sir Harry the justice to say, that though a considerable number of land-owners and proprietors in the Cape Settlement deemed the Constitution to be unsuitable to the social and political condition of the colony, and that the ordinance was opposed by the Secretary to the Government, the late Mr. John Montagu, yet the Governor did all in his power to cause the ordinances to pass. From 1818, the Governor, as well as the chief justice and the other judges, were of opinion that the time had arrived when a Representative Government should be granted, and Sir Harry was therefore as much pledged on this question as Earl Grey in the House of Peers, or Lord John Russell in the House of Commons. To this pledge the gallant Governor fairly acted up, and when he proceeded to the camp early in 1852, he did all that in him lay in verbose, voluminous, and not always grammatical epistles, to press his views on his subordinates. Simultaneously with the appearance of these letters at the Cape, a little volume was published in London by Mr. Alfred W. Cole, smartly and graphically written, in which that gentleman, who had been several years at the colony, recommended a few measures for the solution of the Cape difficulty, one of which was the granting of the most liberal constitution to the colony. It ought to be stated that Mr. Cole, who, we believe, in early life was a military man, in his works severely criticises Sir Harry Smith’s conduct of the war of 1817-8. Why, he asks, did Sir Harry Smith, with a paltry handful of men, throw himself by way of sea into the heart of Kafirland, instead of defending the frontiers of the colony, and driving the

Kafirs further and further away from that line? There is no explanation, quoth Mr. Cole—

‘But that of rashness—vain, foolish, hot-headed rashness. He thought, forsooth, to terrify the Kafirs into submission by the sound of his name and the mere news of his arrival. Had he asked the first colonist he met he might have learnt, that so far from being the terror of the Kafirs he was their constant laughing-stock; that his bombastic speeches, his pantomimic antics, and his unseemly oaths, were repeated and imitated with immense gusto by the very men they were intended to alarm, in the presence of their applauding and delighted fellow-savages. That one false move has been the real cause of all our subsequent disasters. The services of nearly all the troops in the colony had first to be wasted in extricating him from the meshes into which he had so recklessly plunged,—to save him, in fact, from being surrounded.’

This is somewhat severe criticism, but it is only right to say there was, on the part of Sir Harry, somewhat too much of vapouring, somewhat of a redundancy of despatches and general orders, without any adequate result for the profuse expenditure of so much ink and paper.

The recall of Sir Harry Smith having been determined on by Lord Grey and his colleagues, on the 9th of January, 1852, the appointment of Governor and Commander-in-chief was offered to Sir George Cathcart, K.C.B., who came of a race of soldiers distinguished for sterling qualities and instinctive modesty. He was barely eighteen years old when the events of 1812 occurred. Throughout the whole of the campaign of 1813 in Germany, and in 1814 in France, he was with the Grand Army as Aide-de-camp to Lord Cathcart, British Ambassador to the Court of Russia, who was attached to the Russian army. The Governor and Commander-in-chief at the Cape had the advantage of being present at eight great battles, including Lützen, Bautzen, Dresden, Culm, Leipsic, and subsequently Brienne, Bar-sur-Aube, and finally the taking of Paris. This strategical experience was of the greatest advantage to him at the Cape. The copious notes which he took of the events of this early period he published in 1850, entitling the work, *Commentaries on the War of 1813-14*. At Waterloo, Sir George acted as the Aide-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington. He subsequently accompanied the Duke to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818, to Verona in 1822, and to St. Petersburg in 1826. As Commander of the 8th Foot, he served, after the peace, in Ireland, Nova Scotia, Bermuda, and Jamaica. It was in Canada, however, in command of the King's Dragoon Guards, that Sir George made a character as administrator and practical soldier. He took much interest in developing

the resources of the province, was one of the commissioners of the Chamby Plank-Road—one of the first made in the country—superintending the whole work. His thoughtful and laborious character pointed him out for the appointment of Adjutant-General, and from this honourable office he was transferred to the Cape government. The office was not of his seeking, and was accepted only because he considered it an imperative call for duty which it would be culpable and disgraceful to refuse.

On the 30th of March, 1852, Sir George arrived in Table Bay, and took the accustomed oaths. In April, 1852, when he assumed the command, the Gaika Chief, Sandilli, and his associate chieftains, though disheartened by recent active and successful operations, were still in occupation of their several locations. Macomo, too, and his two or three thousand followers, had been expelled from the Kroome range, but had dodged from one kloof to another, and re-occupied their former position as soon as the troops had been withdrawn. Bands of from fifty to one hundred Kafirs and Hottentots issued from their secure haunts in forays, plundering flocks and herds. Further south, Seyolo, Stock, and Botman were lurking in the Keiskamma kloofs and Fish River bush, and had cut off all communication between King William's Town and Graham's Town by Lane Drift. One hundred miles north of this the rebellious Tambookie tribes were still engaged in acts of spoliation and destruction of the property of the farmers of the districts of North Victoria, Albert, and Cradock. The paramount chief, Kreili, was aiding and abetting in the war of races. In the sovereignty, 400 miles leeward from the Governor's base of operations, the postal communications often occupied a fortnight or three-weeks' interval. A mistaken policy on the part of the President had provoked a petty warfare between the burgher population and the powerful Basuto people. A new feature in the border warfare had also sprung up. There was an organized system among all the rebel Hottentots in arms, who acknowledged the supreme authority of an able Hottentot leader of the name of William Uithalder, a pensioner from the Cape corps. The force under his command amounted to four hundred well-armed and well-mounted men, many of whom were disciplined deserters. These were enemies difficult to deal with. Once only, by the exertions of Colonel Eyre, was it found possible to surprise them by regular troops with any real effect. The army had for fifteen months previous to the Governor's arrival been engaged, without intermission, in the most harassing duties, and they were not in a state to resume operations without repose; but, nevertheless, in a space of nine months, Sir George Cathcart surmounted nearly all the difficulties

opposed to him. He established a post at the Temacha, renewed the post at Line Drift, re-opened direct communication with Graham's Town, most essential for commissariat supplies as well as military operations, but which had been cut off since the commencement of the war. Independently of this, Sir George entered into communication with a friendly race along the frontier, and displaced a most troublesome enemy, the Chief Seyolo, who surrendered and was a prisoner at Cape Town. He also organized a mounted police, as a means of coping with the enemy, and readily adaptable to civil purposes. He restrained the marauding tenants of the waterkloof, and inflicted such a chastisement on Kreili, as deterred him from aiding the Gaika rebellion, capturing from him 10,000 head of cattle. Sir George also called out the burgher force of the districts.* These precautions sufficed to keep the frontier of the colony in an improved state of security and peace.

In September, 1852, the Governor resumed operations for the clearance of the Kroone fastnesses. Macomo and Quesha at length were compelled to fly to the banks of the Kei. The next measure was a clearance of the Amatola districts and the establishment of posts, from which patrols could be carried on. The Governor subsequently turned his attention to the war on the Tambookie frontier. The hostile chiefs soon desired to make submission. A new and circumscribed boundary was assigned to them, and a sufficiently dense population for mutual support and combined security, composed of European origin and Dutch and English extraction, was introduced into the forfeited lands of the deceased chief Mahassa. Thus the defence of a large portion of the north frontier was provided for. In an open plain in that quarter, a *commando* of 400 mounted burghers was capable of maintaining its position and keeping the native tribes at a distance. A village called Queenstown, on the Kamama, in the district of Victoria, was commenced, and nearly 1000 applications for farms, many of which were from Boers from the more northern districts, were submitted to a land commission. These things accomplished, the war of rebellion along the frontier was virtually at an end. A protracted state of warfare, however, existed between the dependents of the Basuto chief Moshesh and a portion of the burgher population, and this the Governor, by his discreet measures, put an end to. Having driven the war into a corner, the Governor found, on minute examination, that the disaffection of the Hottentots was not so general as had been supposed; many of their levies having rendered gallant and loyal services.

Though thus much was accomplished in a short time, yet the Governor could not conceal from himself that the Gaika race,

amounting to 27,000, though expatriated, dispersed, and subdued, were nowhere to be found. He had not recourse to hostilities with a view to harass them, for that would be to harass the troops in fighting with a shadow. He therefore advised the Home Government to extend the Royal pardon to the late rebels, collecting and placing them in a new country, between the Amatolas and the Kei. In pursuing this course he calculated on being able to reduce three regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and one company of royal artillery, and in time to make still further reductions; but at the same time he gave it as his decided opinion to the Home Government, that the lowest amount of force for the colony for some time to come would be two battalions of infantry within the colonial boundary, four in British Caffraria, one in Cape Town in reserve, and available for the support of the detachment at Natal in case of need.

Assuming the government of British Caffraria to be placed under a lieutenant-governor, Sir George expressed a decided opinion that a major-general should be in chief command, with the same allowances as in Canada, and that then the duties of government would be best intrusted to a civil governor-general, and that no lieutenant-governor would be required. As to the question, whether it would be practicable to recede from the barrier of the Kei—to revert to the boundary of the Keiskamma, or Fish River, and abandon British Caffraria to the Caffres, Sir G. Cathcart expressed an opinion that we could not recede from the Kei, and that British Caffraria could not be then annexed to the colony, or placed under colonial laws with safety. As to the abandonment of Caffraria altogether, it was General Cathcart's firm conviction that such a measure was impossible and would be most disastrous, reviving to the natives the hope of being enabled to drive the white man into the sea. The expulsion of warlike hostile neighbours from locations which are mountainous, he held could lead to no real benefit, unless the locations be occupied and permanently held; for if once left unguarded, the expelled tribes all return to re-occupy. It is a proof of the foresight of Sir George, that in April, 1852, just four and a half years ago, he proposed a measure somewhat similar to one which has recently been proposed by Governor Sir George Grey to the Cape Legislative Assembly, which has found favour with her Majesty's Ministers, and to which we shall by-and-bye more fully advert. The experiment proposed by Governor Cathcart was the locating a population of Swiss emigrants, formed of two regiments of 700 or 800 men each, with a view to colonization, based on a system analogous to the enrolled pensioners at New Zealand.

With respect to the extension of the frontier of the colony by

the acquirement and extension of territory, Sir George was of the opinion of the late Sir B. D'Urban, that, if properly managed, the country acquired would prove more than a compensation for the inconveniences of an extension of frontier. As to what was to be done for the permanent occupation of South Africa, Sir George thought that it could only be effected by military occupation, and by not less than 3000 regular troops, with the certainty of still further support. This would imply a permanent force of at least 5000 men for the security of British Caffraria, exclusive of what might be required for the eastern district of the colony.

Sir George Cathcart not only rendered good service to the mother country in the camp and the field, but he also endeavoured, by improved organization and reduction of all superfluous and uncontrollable sources of expenditure, to bring the expenses of the war within the narrowest limits of economy. The Cape colony is also indebted to him for the formation of a police, constantly on patrol, with a knowledge of all the intricacies of the country, having the power of alarming the neighbourhood, and calling for assistance the moment the traces of marauders are found. In the constitution of this force the Governor had in view its transfer as soon as practicable to the civil government; but in order to insure its prompt organization, he framed it so that on its first coming into operation, and during its transition state, it should be under military control. Sir George was also the first military Governor who informed the Colonial Secretary that the rules in military fortification adapted to civilized warfare were totally inapplicable to the Cape, and must be discarded. He also suggested the construction of one small central keep or tower, of sufficient height to command and overlook all the low huts and tents outside. His views on the subject of 'watch and ward,' the old Saxon system, will be found set forth at length at page 87 of the 'Correspondence.' We have not the space to dwell on the subject or to make extracts.

At the period when it was imperative on Governor Cathcart to make a demonstration on the Kroome Mountains, he had but 1860 regular troops and 450 irregulars, exclusive of such burghers as answered his call by proclamation. So far back as July, 1852, he called the attention of Sir John Pakington to the sluggishness and supineness of the colonists. Without adequate exertion on the part of those most interested, there was a habit of reliance on military aid. Colonists within the frontier expected British troops to do duty not only as police but as herdsmen and shepherds for their benefit, whilst they were slow and apathetic in their own cause. So late as the end of July, 1852, the deliberate opinion of the Governor was, that military occupation beyond the

border was the only barrier against the reflux of barbarous enemies.

There may be some who will say that this was the opinion of a mere professional soldier looking at Cape affairs in the spirit of a stratocracy ; but in the very same despatch in which Sir George ventilated those opinions to Sir J. Pakington, he stated, in these remarkable words—

‘That this must be the last Kafir war carried on at the cost of the British Government, for the expenses of another, amounting to one million sterling, cannot again be expected to be drawn by vote of the Imperial Parliament from the pockets of the British constituency in a cause in which, except from motives of sympathy and benevolence, it has no real interest.’

By the end of September, 1852, so efficient were the measures adopted by Governor Cathcart, that the war or rebellion was nearly at an end. But it was the settled opinion of the Governor that permanent military occupation must still keep the tribes in subjection, so that a partial and gradual reduction of expenditure was all that could be effected. Sir George Cathcart had in his earlier military career seen a good deal of contractors, and his experience of them led him to form no very favourable opinion of their morality. We find him in October, 1852, writing to Sir John Pakington, then Colonial Secretary—

‘That there were persons so base and unprincipled, who were gainers to a vast amount by war prices and by extensive contracts, who would not regret that one war, which had been so profitable to them, should be succeeded by another.’

Against this class of people he properly cautioned the Home Government.

We already mentioned the efforts of Governor Cathcart in creating a good border police. So efficient was that police organization found, that soon after its institution the services of certain burgher posts were done away with, by which a saving of upwards of 15,000*l.* per annum was effected. At the end of March, 1854, when Sir George was about to be relieved of the command of her Majesty's South African possessions, he addressed a letter to Colonel Maclean (Islambie Commissioner, and then Chief Commissioner), stating the principles on which his policy was founded, in which there are many valuable suggestions and remarks. The experience of this discreet, sagacious, and able man led him to the conviction that the only true and safe policy is to govern the tribes through their chiefs—not to attempt suddenly to Anglicise the whole system of

Government, but rather to respect the chief; to hold him responsible, as a vassal of the Crown, for the good conduct of his people; to allow him to govern his clansmen according to Caffrarian usage. With respect to interference in disputes between native tribes generally, Sir George held that we must draw a wide distinction between the cases of those clans of Amakosa Caffres which remain located within Caffraria, and all others who inhabit lands beyond the pale of the British dominions. In pursuance of those views, the Governor made known to all missionaries and traders, being British subjects, who sojourned beyond the boundaries of her Majesty's dominions, that they must make their own bargains with the independent chiefs, calculate their own risks, and not lay claim to any indemnification from the British Government.

In April, 1853, it was the pleasing duty of the Governor to communicate to the Duke of Newcastle that peace had been restored in all parts of her Majesty's South African dominions. The total expulsion of every Caffre tribe beyond the colonial boundary was then accomplished, and not one Kafir location remained on the British side of the Keiskamma and Chumie Rivers. Adequate military support was, however, still indispensable, otherwise, to use the language of the Governor, 'the whole tissue is liable to unravel, and all the troubles of former days may recur.'

The Governor, previous to leaving the colony, endeavoured to fill up an important part of the country vacated by the Tumbukies, by a sufficiently dense population, and under a sufficient organization for mutual support and self-defence. In the spring of 1853, these endeavours were attended, in the district of North Victoria, with complete success, so that a promising town of thirty houses had then sprung up, and about three hundred farmers, *bonâ fide* occupants, had been located. In the Kat River Settlement also, the Governor projected a village at Blinkwater, composed of men capable of uniting for sufficient self-defence, with a view to show that in South Africa men can live in communities as well as in every other part of the world, and not exclusively on farms of 6000 acres in extent, with lone dwellings fifteen miles apart.

In South Victoria, Fort Beaufort, and Albany, the Governor meditated placing Fingoes in the intermediate frontier country, between the Caffres and the colonists, keeping them attached to us, and available at any moment, not only in small detachments, as a support to the police, but in a state of sufficient organization and control to turn out as an efficient armed force of 1000 strong or upwards, ready at a day's notice to assist in repelling

any attempted invasion or in quelling any Hottentot or other insurrection. As an additional measure to provide for the security of the frontier, Sir George hoped to establish a cluster of farms in Victoria, so arranged that the farmhouses might be placed within reach of mutual support. By following out this plan he would have placed Dutch burghers on Government land by grants or quit rent, instead of putting these frontier farms up to auction for sale as freehold, by which they fell into the hands of land-jobbers. Independently of the advantages anticipated for mutual defence and support, it was hoped a remedy would be found in this system for a pernicious custom of land-jobbing, by which tracts of country were monopolized by purchasers of from 6000 to 18,000 acres, and retained unoccupied, waiting for better prices. The system originated in the old Dutch colonial custom of the 3000 morgen, *i. e.* about 6000 acre farms. The system might have been indeed less noxious under compulsory labour, though even then it was vicious. In cases where the English jobbers in land bought farms, or the Government persevered in an improvident system of granting lands on the frontier, it was found that an army of the Queen's troops was necessary to do duty as herdsmen and shepherds, for the farmers on the border could not live on their farms or keep their flocks and herds, there being no industrious white labouring class. There is this peculiarity in South Africa, that there is not in the three districts of Albany, Fort Beaufort, and Victoria, with the exception of Bathurst, where a population was introduced on a different principle, one single village, hamlet, or town; unless a few houses surrounding military posts or garrisons, chiefly followed by officers of the army, can be so called. Graham's Town and Fort Beaufort are little more than this. They owe their existence to military support, and to fortunes made in successive Kafir wars by army contracts. Though, to use the very words of Sir G. Cathcart, 'the necessities and luxuries of a garrison bring 'traders, army contractors, and others of that adventitious, and 'too often by no means respectable class about them, there is no 'rural, no industrious, no white population, no working class in 'the whole country, and never can be, so long as this vicious 'system is persevered in.' To obviate this evil, it is essential to provide for a working class—for a rural population. This can only be done by establishing compact villages and small farms, not for land-jobbers, but for *bonâ fide* industrious inhabitants. The leading principle of Sir G. Cathcart's plan was the discouraging of the dispersion of the inhabitants, as well as allowing of large tracts of country, capable of occupation, to fall into the hands of land speculators, and to lie waste and unprofitable, and

the substitution instead, the granting of farms of a moderate extent on the conditions of occupation, the payment of a reasonable quit rent, and the performance of burgher duty for the purposes of self-defence.

One of the last despatches of Sir George Cathcart to the Duke of Newcastle was to the effect, that 'the military occupation and 'control of the province of British Caffraria should be the primary 'object of the British Government.' Military control, not colonization, was the principle of the policy which induced him to advise the retention of Caffraria as a separate government, independent of the colony of the Cape, instead of annexing it as a new colonial division, or abandoning it altogether. Sir George Cathcart left the colony, in May or June, 1851, in a state of perfect repose and security, with every prospect of permanent peace, and on his return home, was instantly employed in active service at the Crimea, where he fell gloriously at the victorious battle of Inkermann. 'Never was man more regretted by a large and grateful colony,' were the words Governor Sir George Grey, Cathcart's able successor, addressed to his sorrowing and surviving widow, Lady Georgina Cathcart.

The newly-appointed Governor arrived at Cape Town in the beginning of December, 1855. Sir George Grey, unlike his predecessor, was not a military man, but a civilian. We are bound to say, that he has exhibited an administrative sagacity and ability not inferior, in some respects indeed superior, to his distinguished predecessor. His first attention was directed to the finances of the colony; and, in reference to the commissariat department, he learned that the cost of the Kafir war was at the rate of about 1,000,000*l.* per annum. Besides this heavy annual charge, war was the cause of constant demands being made on England for troops. After examining the colonial accounts, Governor Sir George Grey found that, although the colonial parliament was enabled to provide so largely for the increased defence of the frontier as to render the government, with the military force, sufficiently strong to overawe the Caffre and other wavering tribes without making any further demand on Great Britain for troops, still that there was not more than 3000*l.* available from colonial sources for any expenditure beyond the limits of the colony in aid of any general plan having for its object the conclusive settlement of the difficulties which so long prevailed in South Africa.

Sir George, therefore, proposed to gain an influence over all the tribes included between the present north-east boundary and Natal, by employing them upon public works, which would tend to open the country,—by establishing institutions for the education of

their children and the relief of their sick,—by introducing among them institutions of a civil character suited to their present condition,—and by these and other like means to attempt gradually to win them to civilization and Christianity. To accomplish these benevolent views, recourse could only be had to the Parliament of the mother country. The cost Sir George Grey estimated at 45,000*l.* per annum, of which 40,000*l.* would require to be furnished by Great Britain. In three years deductions might be made, and after that time the charge would be less every year. In New Zealand, Sir George Grey had adopted a similar course, and Parliament acceded to his request. Sir George Grey further proposed, in the March of 1855, that 1000 enrolled pensioners should be forwarded, with their families, to the Buffalo mouth, this force to be ultimately, and by degrees, increased to a force of 5000 enrolled pensioners, all married men with families. The first detachment of these men it was proposed to station at King William's Town and Alice, where there are considerable garrisons, each man to have one acre immediately contiguous to the posts, so that the military posts and pensioners' villages should form a continuous series of defences. An acre of land, and the pensioner's house upon it, would, at the end of seven years, be of considerable value. Governor Sir George Grey proposed that a similar system should be pursued at Graham's Town and at several of the military posts in British Caffraria. The probable result of the system is thus set forth by the Governor:—

‘Probably so great an increase of our force will altogether prevent hostilities from ever again breaking out in Caffraria, whilst, should they unfortunately break out, the pensioners will form the garrisons of the military posts, and thus set the whole military force free for operating against the enemy, who could thus be speedily and effectually crushed before the disturbances had spread to any great extent or many tribes had become involved in them.’

In his address to the Legislative Assembly, on the 15th March, 1855, the Governor stated, that the British territories in South Africa consisted of two portions—one, British Caffraria, lying beyond the jurisdiction and control of the Legislative Assembly of the Cape; the other portion, the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, which could only be governed in accordance with the views and wishes of the Assembly. The Governor, in all frankness, told the Legislative Assembly that he repudiated a frontier policy based upon the idea of retaining a vacant tract of territory intervening between ourselves and a barbarous race beyond it without an effort to reclaim or civilize them. The results of such a policy he declared to be, that, abandoned to

themselves, the Caffres would break in upon us whenever it suited their caprice or convenience, whilst the vacant territory would afford a convenient place for them to harbour in. This being so, he called on the Assembly to accept the responsibilities of their position, and admit they could not live in immediate contact with any race or portion of our fellow-men, civilized or uncivilized, neglecting our duties towards them, without suffering those evils which form the fitting punishment of our neglect and indifference; that we ought to feel that if we leave the natives beyond our border ignorant barbarians, they must remain a race of marauders. We should therefore try to make them useful servants, with a common faith and common interests, consumers of our goods, contributors to our revenue.

‘The native races,’ said Sir George, ‘influenced by our missionaries, instructed in our schools, benefiting by our trade, would attempt but little against our frontier.’

Sir George then went on to state his scheme of enrolled pensioners, none of which should exceed forty-five years, and be medically certified fit for duty. The conditions of their enlistment should be to serve seven years, and they should assemble under arms for church parade every Sunday, serving twelve days every year without pay when called upon for that purpose, and at all other times when called out at a stipulated rate of pay.

There can be little doubt we should think that increased security would by this system be afforded to life and property, and that the general prosperity thus imparted to the colony would render it an attractive field for European immigration.

Governor Sir George Grey also advised the encouragement of missions connected with industrial schools, in which the natives should be instructed in the principles of the Christian religion, and at the same time instructed in the arts of civilized life. With regard to the employment of natives on public works he stated that he found a great growing desire amongst them to be employed on such works. He also observed that in travelling through the country he had been much struck by observing how powerful an influence the system of the Dutch Reformed Church exercised over the morals and conduct of its members. He expressed his conviction that the Legislative Assembly would confer an inestimable benefit on South Africa if they could devise a system to extend the influence of the Reformed Dutch Church by establishing one or more well-endowed theological professorships. These were wise and just views, for in their fulfilment they would contribute to put an end to wars, the cost of which was reckoned by millions; they would contribute

also to prevent periodical irruption into our territories. The Governor likewise recommended an improvement of the harbours—the repairing of roads—the increasing of the means of transport, railways, &c.

Certain persons interested in the welfare of British Caffraria had addressed to her Majesty a petition praying for the introduction into that territory of emigrants from the workhouses and free labour convicts. In transmitting this memorial, the Governor had recommended that the prayer should *not* be complied with, pointing out that the signers of it, having suffered under the misfortunes of insecurity of life and property, probably grasped eagerly at any plan that might hold out any hope of relief. The Legislative Council thanked the Governor for having expressed so strong an opinion against the introduction of convicts into British Caffraria, expressing their conviction of the irreparable evils that must necessarily spring from the admission into the colony or territories adjacent of the convicted criminals of the parent state.

By the accounts received in July, 1855, the most formidable of the Caffre tribes were manifesting a great anxiety to be employed on public works in the manner proposed by Governor Sir George Grey. Their willingness to adopt habits of industry were then apparent, and every account that has since arrived serves to show that little difficulty will now be experienced in inducing the tribes to adopt habits which will rapidly change their social state and convert them into useful inhabitants.

It would be a great satisfaction to the late Sir G. Cathcart if he were living, and must now be a satisfaction to Governor Sir George Grey, to think that both their suggestions as to the employment of enrolled military settlers are about to be adopted by her Majesty's Government. So far back as May, 1852, Governor Cathcart proposed the raising of two battalions of 1000 men each in Switzerland, with rifles of one calibre, calculated for light voltigeur service. The men were to be clothed in green or dark stone colour, with no bright ornaments, to be between the ages of twenty and forty, married, and with families not exceeding three children. Passages, with rations, were to be provided, they were to receive bounty and pay at the rate paid to her Majesty's regular troops, and for one year after the frontier contest was at an end. For this they were to do military service for the protection of the frontier, receiving assistance in the building of their houses, &c. The officers were to be Swiss gentlemen, and it was contemplated that ultimately they should form the chief persons and magistrates in the respective settlements.

Such was the scheme—or the main outline of it—forwarded to

the Government a few years ago, and a scheme nearly similar has been proposed to the Cape Parliament, and is, we believe, ~~on~~ the eve of adoption by the Government at home. The disbanding of the German Legion furnishes a happy occasion for putting the plan into practice. The Germans make excellent colonists in every quarter of the world. They are a plodding, earnest, reliable, and laborious race, and in America have formed the nuclei of many settlements.

Although some of the German soldiers in camp at Aldershott have been guilty of irregularities, and though in other quarters also they have been somewhat refractory, yet we do not anticipate that in South Africa any such indiscipline will prevail.

The German in South Africa will feel that he has a common interest and a common duty with the other settlers and colonists, and this will be his *agis*. Receiving a bounty, a free passage, English pay, and an Enfield rifle, he will feel that South Africa is to him a new fatherland, and that he may carve out for himself, his wife, and little family a better and a freer inheritance than he could find by the banks of the Fulda, the Eyder, the Weser, or even by the banks of the 'dark rolling Danube.'

It is not likely, therefore, that he will be otherwise than steady, circumspect, and faithful to his engagements. Less tenacious and firm he may be than the Swiss; but he is more enthusiastic, and more susceptible of gratitude and affection. We cannot, therefore, but think that the Anglo-German Legion should be tried as frontier colonists.

There are, however, certain objections which may be urged to their appointment, and which have been put forward with great ability and concentrated power of expression by Lord John Russell, when he held the Colonial seals, in a despatch addressed to Governor Sir George Grey, and dated June 3rd, 1855. Lord John Russell is no longer in office, and is by many considered as a statesman fallen to rise no more. But be this as it may, we should belie our convictions did we not here state that there is manifested in his colonial despatches a depth and breadth of view—a concinnity and sinewy strength, and a tone of high statesmanship—which we in vain seek for in the wishy-washy missives of the Duke of Newcastle and Sir John Pakington. Among the obstacles that occurred to the mind of Lord John we give the following in his own words:—

'At the root of these obstacles lies the difficulty of supplying British Caffraria with a sufficient European population to vanquish in arms and conquer by civilization the native tribes. On the frontier of the United States of America, bordering on Mexico, Indian races

disturb and plunder the settlers; but the great flood of American population in no long time inundates and fertilizes the land. On the frontiers of Austria, the restless, marauding borderers are kept in check by military colonies; but these colonies consist of husbandmen exercised as soldiers, and not of soldiers turned into husbandmen. The Russian military colonies are organized with great skill, but the immense armies of Russia readily supply fresh materials for these colonies. I fear that in British Caffraria you will find it difficult either to stock the country with emigrants, or to procure from our limited body of pensioners a sufficient number of men fulfilling your conditions and willing to embrace the prospects you hold out to them. Still, what is difficult is not impossible, and I will do all in my power to forward your design. Could you, by the other means which you propose, of employment on public works, of establishments for education, of hospitals for the benefit of the natives, and other subsidiary means, obtain an enduring influence over the African tribes, I should hope that the measure of sending pensioners from this country might succeed as well in Caffraria as in New Zealand.'

In another portion of the same despatch, Lord John says:—

'The employment of the Fingoe militia on public works is a very advisable measure. With respect to these irregular forces, I trust you will take great care to preserve discipline. A disorganized irregular force is a blunt weapon in the hands of Government, and a sharp sword against peaceable inhabitants.'

Into many topics propounded in Governor Grey's message Lord John declined to enter, for the Cape Colony having now a Representative Legislature, he held that it was their business to devise such measures as may be conducive to the welfare of their constituents. But he observed, that in free discussion and in the advancement of able and honest men, the colony will find the elements of its future prosperity in the satisfaction of having extended the domain of freedom and the boundary of civilization.

These are noble sentiments, and reflect additional lustre even on a man who has played so distinguished a part in the history of our time. We believe that such are the sentiments that guide the policy and govern the views of her Majesty's present advisers. The ministry are determined to maintain a position acquired at great cost, both of men and money, not so much for objects of dominion or extension of territory, as in the views, to use Lord John Russell's words, of 'a comprehensive and vigilant humanity.' No man connected with the existing Government thinks of the extermination of the Caffre race, but every man in office thinks of civilizing them and bringing them within the pale of Christianity. To abandon South Africa would be to abandon progress, and to leave in worse than barbarism a race whom we must subdue by civilization. By employing the Caffres on public work,

and giving them fair wages, we shall prevent a biennial Caffre war, with its evil attendants of bloodshed and expense.

The essentials of a colonial governor in the olden time were, that he should have fought with the Duke of York in Flanders, or with Wellington at Waterloo, and be an elderly Major-General—too often obstinate and self-willed, with little knowledge of the country. With such views we appointed the Craigs, the Dundases, the Meads, the Donkins, the Somersets, the Bourkes, the Coles, and other officers, without civil capacity; and although there were some military officers of civil and administrative ability, such as the Bairds, the D'Urbans, the Napiers, and more especially the late military Governor, Sir George Cathcart, still these were the fewer number. Henceforth it may be hoped, indeed, it may be expected, that men of civil and administrative powers may be appointed to the office of Governor of the Cape. Sir George Clerk and Sir George Grey have both exhibited, and the latter still exhibits, political and administrative abilities of no mean order. The consequence is, that the chiefs and their tribes, whether Tambookies, Amakosa, T'slamblies, or others, are quiescent, and the agriculture, and trade, and navigation of the colony are prospering.

Whilst, however, the chiefs and tribes are quiescent, questions that have agitated the public mind at home, and that have been once or twice discussed in the Imperial Parliament, have been undergoing discussion and debate in the House of Assembly at the Cape. In the Session of 1854, Mr. Saul Solomon, a member of the Cape Parliament, and a gentleman well known at Cape Town, and indeed throughout the colony, broached in the House of Assembly the doctrine, that the present system of supporting Christian ministers, and aiding in the erection of Christian churches from the colonial revenue, should be abandoned, the interests of the present incumbents being of course duly protected. He maintained in the Cape Parliament that the different religious communities of the colony should be left to their own efforts and resources for securing the means of religious worship and instruction. In an exceedingly able speech he adduced the example of America to prove, that while education is universally promoted throughout the American Union as a matter in which the State is equally interested with the individual, religion is left to itself; not as a matter in which the State has no interest, but as being of such deep personal concern, that it is thought better for the State to keep aloof, and leave it to the care of the individual. Yet in America, taking the country as a whole, he maintained the religious sentiment is probably more extensively diffused, and more active in its operation, than in Great Britain.

Mr. Solomon showed from the census of religious worship in England and Wales, prepared by Mr. Horace Mann, and presented to both Houses of Parliament in 1851, that while the increase in the population between 1821 and 1851 had been 49·4 per cent., the increase in the seats provided in places for religious worship had been 67·6 per cent. These tables, moreover, show that there are, in connexion with the Established Church—many of these being built by voluntary subscriptions—14,077 churches, with sittings for 5,317,915 persons; whilst connected with dissent there are 20,390 churches, with sittings for 4,894,618 persons; all the Nonconformist places, and a large proportion of the churches, having been built by voluntary subscriptions alone. Mr. Solomon adduced Scotland, and the disruption of the Established, and the origination of the Free Church, to prove the astonishing power of this principle. He also showed that in South Australia—notwithstanding one-third of the members of the new legislature were Government nominees—they abolished all grants of public money for religious purposes, and he instanced the building of the Dutch churches in Cape Town to show how practicable such a course would be among themselves. Mr. Solomon urged that a government had no right to interfere with the religion of a people, either to fetter it or to foster it, and that the province of the civil power was to let every religious community alone. In point of argument, Mr. Solomon's motion was very feebly met; but, in point of numbers, it was strongly opposed, and he withdrew it, as he had no wish to hurry the House into a formal opinion. But we have no doubt his reasoning has sunk deep into the minds of his hearers and readers, and that the principle in question will triumph in South Africa even sooner than at home.

From the *South African and Cape Town Mail*, of the 29th May last, we learn that another question which has been much talked of at the Cape for several years past—namely, the separation of the Eastern from the Western division of the colony, was formally brought before the Assembly a few days before by Mr. Pote, one of the members for Graham's Town. He urged that the Eastern districts can neither be well governed nor ably defended, so long as its affairs shall continue to be directed by an Executive Administration placed at Cape Town, 700 miles from the eastern border. He argued:—

‘That her Majesty's High Commissioner, charged with administering the policy of British Kaffraria, should either reside on the spot, or at a position easily accessible to ensure facility of communication with the Commander of the Forces. That, to regulate such high interests from any point so remote as Cape Town, is to show at once the weakness and imperfection of the whole system employed for pre-

serving the peace of the border ; and to delegate powers involving questions of such grave responsibility to a mere agent, is to trifle with the lives and property of her Majesty's subjects, along an extended line of frontier, and to endanger the public safety, by exposing the colony to invasion and plunder.'

Mr. Pote concluded by moving—

'That the interests of the Eastern and Western portions of the colony justify the demand for a severance of all political union between the provinces, and the erection of the Eastern districts into a separate and independent government, to secure to the people all those rights, privileges, and immunities, of which they have been so long deprived ; but which can only be guaranteed to them under a separate constitution.'

To this proposition several amendments were moved, one by Mr. Solomon, to the effect, that whenever the inhabitants of the Eastern province shall indicate their desire to have a government separate from the Western province, measures should be adopted to effect such object on a basis which shall be just to both provinces. The question of Separation, therefore, as well as Voluntaryism, 'looms in the future,' and no one can say what a year may bring forth. In the free discussion of a native parliament, however, it is consolatory to know the Cape will find safety, and the mother country sources of satisfaction arising from the extension of freedom and the boundaries of Christian civilization.

For many years the London Missionary Society—to its great honour—was the most zealous pioneer of civilization among the coloured population of South Africa. The agents of that Society have still an important work to do in those regions. We are happy to learn that effort is being made to throw the older and more southern congregations among the natives upon their own resources. It is not well that such organizations should be kept in dependence and leading-strings for ever. There are regions beyond in greater need of assistance, and others still to be explored, and the Society cannot do better than push its pacific conquests in those directions. Cape colony, and the parts near to it, are assuming every day more and more the appearance of a settled and well provided country. There was a time when the Independents had the domain almost to themselves ; but Presbyterians, Methodists, and above all, Episcopalians, are now covering the land with their influences. All success, say we, to the Christian labours of Christian men ; but we presume to think that special honour is due to those who were the first to commit themselves to the enterprise of making the message of Christianity known to the tribes of those distant, and then in great part unexplored, regions.

- ART. VI.—(1.) *The Ancient Syriac Version of the Epistles of St. Ignatius to St. Polycarp, the Ephesians, and the Romans.* By the Rev. WILLIAM CURETON, M.A. London. 1845.
- (2.) *Vindiciæ Ignatianæ; or, the Genuine Writings of St. Ignatius, as exhibited in the Ancient Syriac Version, Vindicated from the charge of Heresy.* By the Rev. W. CURETON, M.A., F.R.S. London. 1846.
- (3.) *Die drei echten und die vier unechten Briefe des Ignatius von Antiochien.* ('The Three Genuine and the Four Spurious Epistles of Ignatius of Antioch.') By C. C. J. BUNSEN. Hamburg. 1847.
- (4.) *Ignatius von Antiochien und seine Zeit. Sieben Sendschreiben an Dr. August. Neander.* ('Ignatius of Antioch and his Age.' Seven Letters to Dr. A. Neander.) By C. C. J. BUNSEN. Hamburg. 1847.
- (5.) *Die Ignatianischen Briefe und ihr neuester Kritiker; Eine Streitschrift gegen Herrn Bunsen.* ('The Ignatian Epistles and their most recent Critic;' a Polemical Writing against Bunsen.) By Dr. F. C. BAUR. Tübingen. 1848.
- (6.) *Corpus Ignatianum; a complete Collection of the Ignatian Epistles, genuine, interpolated, and spurious; together with numerous Extracts from them, as quoted by Ecclesiastical Writers, down to the Tenth Century, in Syriac, Greek, and Latin; an English Translation of the Syriac Text, copious Notes, and Introduction.* By W. CURETON, M.A., F.R.S., Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty the Queen. London. 1849.
- (7.) *Ignatii S. P. Ap. quæ feruntur Epistolæ, una cum ejusdem Martyrio; collatis editionibus Græcis, versionibusque, Syriaca, Armeniaca, Latina, denuo recensuit, notasque criticas adjecit J. H. Petermann.* Lipsiæ. 1849.
- (8.) *A Translation of the Epistles of Clement of Rome, Polycarp, and Ignatius, and of the Apologies of Justin Martyr and Tertullian; with an Introduction and Brief Notes illustrative of the Ecclesiastical History of the first Two Centuries.* By the Rev. TEMPLE CHEVALLIER, B.D., Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in the University of Durham, and Honorary Canon of Durham. Second Edition. London. 1851.
- (9.) *Niedner's Zeitschrift für die Historische Theologie.* ('Niedner's Journal of Historical Theology.') Papers on the Ignatian Question, by UHLHORN, (Parts I. and II. for 1851), and Dr. RICHARD LIPSIVS (Part I. for 1856).

Sint ut sunt, aut non sint. With this famous reply of the General of the Jesuits to the proposal made to him on the part of Louis XV. for a change in the constitution of his order, Dr. Hefele, in the Prolegomena to his edition of the *Patres Apostolici*, published in 1839, cavalierly cut short the discussion of Neander's modest doubts as to the purity of certain portions of the Medicean text of the Ignatian epistles. Within ten years of

Ricci's curt rejection of all reform, Clement XIV., by the bull *Dominus ac redemptor*, impaled him and his whole society on the second horn of his own dilemma, and the Ultramontane St. Ignatius fell suddenly to a discount. Nor was the Nemesis that tracked the footsteps of the too confident editor slow in her march. At the very time when, as if to indemnify himself for the great show of candour with which he had played the critic in some other portions of his preface, the Romanist professor was repeating, with respect to the Shorter Greek Recension of the letters of the martyr of Antioch, the oracular motto which is ever on the lips of a reckless conservatism all over the world, an Anglican dignitary, Archdeacon Tattam, was rummaging the long neglected literary treasures of an old convent in Egypt, and dragging forth to the light of day the lost Syriac version of these interesting compositions—a discovery which many think is likely to prove fatal to the Prelatical Ignatius, and to leave nothing but the Christian bishop behind. It was in 1839 that the Syriac MS. containing the first instalment of this venerable oriental recension, along with forty-eight other extremely ancient *codices* in the same language, was transferred from the Monastery of St. Mary Deipara, situated in the Nitrian desert, about five-and-thirty miles on the left of the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, to the library of our national Museum. This first recovered portion consisted of a single epistle, that addressed to Polycarp. A few years later the remaining portions were secured, as the fruits of a second visit of the Archdeacon to the good monks of the Nitrian wilderness in 1842, and in 1845 the whole was published by another English clergyman, the Reverend William Cureton, on whom devolved the difficult task of arranging for the British Museum the newly acquired MSS., which had been transmitted to this country in a very disordered state. The appearance of this work under the title—*The Ancient Syriac Version of the Epistles of Ignatius*, constituted a new era in the history of these celebrated and much canvassed letters, and rekindled at once an important literary controversy which had been smouldering in its ashes for the last century and a half. That controversy, besides being invested with the highest interest in an archæological and historical point of view, bears also most vitally upon the whole subject of the primitive polity of the Christian Church, and especially upon the question of episcopacy. It is no wonder, therefore, that it was agitated with so much heat, particularly during the latter half of the seventeenth century, when Puritanism and Prelacy were at death grips with each other, not only in the religious, but in the political arena as well, and men's passions were inflamed to such a pitch, that ears were cropped on one side, and coroneted, mitred,

and crowned heads on the other. That fierce struggle burnt itself out at last, and the force of events ultimately led to a sort of unconscious compromise. The hostile ecclesiastical camps divided Britain between them, the old polity of Iona recovering its ascendancy in Scotland, whilst Canterbury still gave the law to England. Jenny Geddes, a much better 'muse of history' than Madame Rachel, flung the intrusive mitre back across the Tweed, and whilst the manes of Laud were appeased in his own half of the island, the ghost of Archbishop Sharp of St. Andrew's was left to shiver within the walls of a Presbyterian kirk hard by the very scene of his martyrdom.

The recent revival of the Ignatian debate has happily been marked by but little of the old bitterness, save that now and then a Tractarian organ may have voided a superfluity of theological venom upon some churchman too candid for the stern exigencies of party. It might have been wished, but was hardly to be expected, considering the momentous personal and class interests at stake, that the occasions for such angry appeals to clerical loyalty, and the *esprit de corps* had been less rare than they have been. The more honour should be paid to the few who have earned these tributes of bigotry to their independence and honesty. Amongst them the late lamented Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge, Dr. Lee, and Mr. Cureton himself, since appointed one of her Majesty's chaplains and a Canon of Westminster,* deserve particular mention. If Dissenting writers have escaped their share of such amenities, they owe it to their unaccountable indifference to the learned strife. Of the causes of their strange inattention to a matter in which they surely have some concern, and not a little to win or lose, perhaps the less that is said the better. Possibly patristic scholarship may not be, as in the days of Baxter, Owen, and Clarkson, their *forte*, and the comparatively low state of ecclesiastical studies amongst them may have something to do with it. If so, it is high time to remedy this evil, unless they mean to fall behind the age in which we live. Meanwhile they have certainly *some* men of learning able to hold their own on this field, who ought to be better employed than in merely looking on, whilst Anglican clergymen and German Lutherans are fighting a battle which may ultimately decide the fate of hierarchy, not in one Church only, but in all. There is at all events no lack of evidence, both of a positive and a negative kind, to show that in whatever light the Curetonian discovery may be viewed by the

* The University of Halle has recently conferred upon our distinguished Orientalist the degree of D.D. We retain the old style, however, in speaking of him, pending his acceptance of the honour.

opponents of the episcopal form of ecclesiastical government, it is regarded by its friends, whether Romish or Protestant, with no little uneasiness, not to say alarm. The number of the writers who have rushed to the rescue of the palladium, as well on the continent as in this country, is far from inconsiderable, and the zeal with which they have defended the Medicean text of Ignatius, evinces pretty clearly a consciousness of its being the sheet-anchor of the prelatical cause. We do not mean to insinuate that *all* who have declared in favour of the authenticity of that recension, and against the Syriac, may be fairly supposed to have been not altogether uninfluenced by a confessional bias. In the instances of Herr Uhlhorn and one or two others, who, as continental Protestants, cannot be deemed to entertain any peculiar affection for bishops, such a suspicion would be simply absurd. Whether these German critics would ever have adopted what may be styled the *Anglican* view of the subject, but for the indefatigable industry, enterprise, and perseverance with which certain parties here have exerted themselves to disseminate it not only at home, but abroad, is indeed another question, which we shall not now stop to discuss. It may or may not be the case, that these worthy though hardly very distinguished scholars unwarily allowed themselves to be entrapped into mistaking a mere sectarian clamour, such as especially in questions of ecclesiastical polity the Germans can never be got to comprehend, for the public opinion of the learned world, and trimmed their sails accordingly. We affirm nothing on the point, although we have our own opinion about it. Indeed, we would not be understood as insisting upon anything beyond the fact that an extraordinary degree of solicitude for the authority of the traditional copies of Ignatius has been manifested by those whose ecclesiastical position renders it impossible that they should be indifferent to the fate of those portions of the text which the Syriac translator ignores. It is assuredly no ordinary emergency which has summoned three or four Oxford and Cambridge professors—men like Jacobson, Hussey, and Blunt, together with Canon Wordsworth and Archdeacon Churton, to ban the spectre which apparently disturbs the slumbers of the mitred bench. The last named gentleman, it is true, appears to be alive rather to the necessity of doing something, like a bustling but bewildered Abigail at a fire, than to know what to do. He meets the crisis by republishing Bishop Pearson's *Vindiciæ*, written in answer to Daillé nearly two centuries ago, which is as though the allied troops had battered Sebastopol, and endeavoured to foil Todleben with the old hooped cannon employed at the siege of Calais. Amongst the Roman Catholic writers who have appeared on the same side,

may be mentioned, besides Professor Hefele, of Tübingen, who has acquired a great name in his own Church as a patristic scholar, Dr. Denzinger, who fills a theological chair in the University of Wurtzburg, in Bavaria, and Mone, the editor of the *Mediæval Hymnology*. Looking at the names of the champions of this party as a whole, it is hardly premature to say, *Res ad triarios rediit*. Still more significant, however, of the apprehensions excited by the Nitrian discovery, is the eloquent silence maintained upon the subject by a very large number of authors belonging to both the great episcopal communions, who, although writing subsequently to the publication of Mr. Cureton's researches, have not scrupled still to use passages from the exploded Ignatius for argumentative purposes, without giving their readers any hint whatever of the new and important facts which have thus come to light. We have no doubt that the offenders in this way must amount to little short of a hundred in our own country alone. Some few of them, it is very conceivable, may have acted thus in pure ignorance of all that has taken place; and upon such old-world worthies, whose reading is always a century or so behind the times, we would not be too severe. Let them, like the animal that draws water from the deep well at Carrisbrooke, pursue in the dark their old jog-trot everlasting round. But what shall we say of a man so well informed, and, for a Romanist, so candid upon the whole, as Dr. Ritter, Dean and Professor of Theology at Breslau, the fourth edition of whose *Church History*, published at Bonn in 1851, we take up at random, in illustration of our remark? In a note to the section treating of Ignatius and his Epistles (vol. i., p. 114), he professes to give the literature upon the subject, and especially the most recent appearances. But he does not copy the title of either of the Chevalier Bunsen's books, nor of any one of Mr. Cureton's. The name of the latter gentleman is, indeed, mentioned, but only in this curiously oblique way: 'On the controversy kindled by W. Cureton, see the *Tübingen Quartalschrift* for 1849, H. 4, s. 683, folgl.' Neither in the text nor in the note is there the faintest allusion to the Syriac version. What 'the controversy kindled by W. Cureton' may be about, he leaves his readers to guess, although he himself, as the reference to Hefele's paper shows, is well enough aware. Again, what are we to think of the Rev. G. M. Gorham, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Crosse University Scholar, who, in a *Treatise on the Episcopate of the Ante-Nicene Church*, to which the Hulsean prize was awarded in 1853, is even more costive than Ritter. We say nothing of the copious use which he makes of Cyprian, without any allusion to the ingenious case made out

by Mr. Shepherd against the genuineness of all the writings ascribed to the martyr Bishop of Carthage. Of course, he has heard of, and has very likely read, the celebrated *Letters to Dr. Maitland*. But since we are not aware that Mr. Shepherd's views have as yet been endorsed by any other critic, the Hulsean prize essayist may fairly plead that he was not bound to speak to an unseconded motion. But surely an academical essay, which draws so largely on the Medicean Ignatius for its proofs of 'Primitive Episcopacy,' ought not to have passed over, *sicco pede*, the wide-spread and rapidly-extending 'controversy kindled by W. Cureton,' as to the genuineness of the documentary evidence on which so much stress is laid. There is absolutely not a syllable throughout the whole book to intimate that any doubts have ever been entertained upon the subject. Even the Romanist Church-historian deems it but decent to introduce *some* reference to the ugly affair, though in the shape of an unknown quantity. But the Cambridge scholar boldly eliminates it from the equation altogether, and the Vice-Chancellor, with the Masters of Trinity and St. John's, by adjudging to Mr. Gorham the Hulsean prize, sanctions this mode of dealing with the question.* Ignorance of the notorious facts of the case is here simply unimaginable, and we are therefore shut up to the conclusion, that it was felt to be inconvenient to speak of them. We hope we are guilty of no injustice in drawing this inference, which we see no way of escaping. Our purpose is not to impute motives, but to state facts, in proof of our assertion, that the recent literary discovery is viewed by those who ought to know best about its possible bearings upon the stability of certain cherished institutions, with something like feelings of alarm. One other illustration only of the kind shall we adduce, and it is certainly one which was scarcely to have been expected. There is no prelate upon the bench for whose piety, learning, and enlightened zeal on behalf of our common Christianity, and our common Protestantism, we entertain a more sincere and profound admiration than the present occupant of the see of Norwich. His

* Having mentioned Mr. Gorham's Hulsean Essay, may we be allowed to ask by what process of reasoning the subject of *Episcopacy* came to be regarded by the trustees under Mr. Hulse's will as a branch of the Christian Evidences? The pious founder's benefaction (now amounting to about 100*l.* yearly) is directed by that instrument to be 'paid to such learned and ingenious person, in the University of Cambridge, under the degree of Master of Arts, as shall compose, for that year, the best dissertation in the English language on the *Evidences* in general, or on the Prophecies and Miracles in particular, or any other particular argument, whether the same be direct or collateral proofs of the Christian religion, in order to evince its truth and excellence.' It is not easy to see how Episcopacy could be made to establish the *truth* of the Christian religion; so we suppose the adjudicators, in selecting this subject, had in view the demonstration of its *excellence*.

ingenious and original works, his *Three Temples*, his *Inspiration*, his *Catechist's Manual*, and his *History of the Rise and Early Progress of Christianity*, we have long pored over repeatedly with ever fresh delight, and esteem as precious boons to Christendom. In the profession which he makes in the preface to the last-named work, we have far more confidence than such declarations are usually wont to inspire:—

‘In taking a survey of this interesting period, I have not contemplated the support of any particular theory or doctrine; it has been done without the slightest reference to sect or party. In saying this, I by no means wish to cast an indirect censure on those whose labours have been, so often worthily, directed to these objects, but to state simply, that mine has been wholly distinct. It has been historical truth, pursued for its own sake. I have read and written, without considering, in a single instance, how far any theological or ecclesiastical system, controverted or established, would oppose or sanction my conclusions; and if, at the close of my researches, I find myself confirmed in my adherence to the Church of England, I have the satisfaction of feeling the more assured, that I am attached to that Church because of its doctrines and practices, and not to its doctrines and practices, because they characterize the Church into which it was my lot to be baptized.’

We confess we do not envy the feelings of the man who could suspect the sincerity of this frank and honourable disclaimer of all consciousness of an unfair bias. There is the dew of innocence upon the words. Strong indeed, then, must have been the temptation which could have drifted him who wrote them into an unaccountable reticence, not to call it a *suppressio veri*, of just the same kind with that on which we have animadverted in the instance of Mr. Gorham. The edition of the *History of the Rise*, &c., which we possess is the second, and was published in 1846, a year after the appearance of Mr. Cureton's *Ignatius*. Yet, although very numerous citations from that Father are appealed to by Dr. Hinds in evidence of various important assertions, especially relative to episcopacy, almost all of which, if not every one, as he could hardly help knowing, are unauthenticated at least, if not positively branded as spurious by their omission from the Syriac text, he drops not one word of caution. Conduct like this on the part of such a man speaks volumes.

With these and many other examples of a like kind before us, we shall hardly be deemed to be overstepping our province, or to be performing a work of supererogation, if we do our part in keeping our readers *au courant* with the state of the Ignatian question. In the discharge of this duty we shall endeavour to steer as clear as may be of technicalities, with which the critics, and especially those of Germany, have, in our judgment, encum-

bered a very simple and intelligible affair, far more than was meet. To a brief sketch of the literary history of the Epistles attributed to the apostolic father down to the latest Syriac discoveries, we propose to add some account of the controversy respecting the letters in its former and newest phases, and shall thus reach the point of view most favourable for anguring its possible issues and results.

Of the personal history of Ignatius scarcely anything is known. Barhebræus, who, though he did not write before the thirteenth century, yet, as a Syrian himself, may be supposed to represent the national tradition respecting the Patriarch of Antioch, as the later ecclesiastical style denominated the humble man, speaks of him as a native of Nora, which, since it can hardly have been the town of that name in Sardinia, perhaps denotes another so called in Cappadocia.* He was surnamed Theophorus, which the Syriac translator renders 'God-clad.' That he was a personal disciple of the Apostle John, Bishop of Antioch, and a martyr under Trajan, are well-attested and uncontroverted facts. Origen assigns Rome as the scene of his fighting with beasts and his triumphant witness unto blood, and the same is presupposed in all the various recensions of the letters which bear his name. The date of the event was either 107 or 116, for the latter of these years still finds advocates, although the former is more generally acquiesced in. Detailed 'Acts' of the martyrdom, purporting to be written by one of his companions on the journey from Antioch to the imperial metropolis, who describes himself as an eye-witness of the whole, are extant in various forms; but the document was never heard of before the seventh century, and Ullhorn himself, whom no one will accuse of being hypercritical in these matters, has furnished a fresh demonstration of its spuriousness. The church historian, Socrates, who flourished in the former half of the fifth century, attributes to Ignatius the introduction of the custom of antiphonal or responsive chanting, which prevailed at Antioch and spread thence over the East. 'Ignatius,' he says, 'the third Bishop of Antioch from the Apostle Peter, who also conversed with the Apostles themselves, saw a vision of angels hymning the Holy Trinity in antiphonal hymns, and he established in the church at Antioch the manner of chanting which he had beheld in his vision.' The story of the vision here excites reasonable doubts, since it is evidently borrowed from that of the prophet Isaiah, who heard the seraphim singing the

* In writing the above we followed Grabe. We now find that Grabe's and Pocock's inference from the term *Nurani*, applied by Barhebræus to Ignatius, is shown by Mr. Cureton in a passage of his *Corpus Ignatianum* (page 357), which we had overlooked, to be a misunderstanding. The term is simply the Syriac for 'enflamed,' and was meant as a translation of the name Ignatius, from *Ignis*, 'fire.'

Sanctus in the same antiphonal manner. This mythical envelope stripped off, we see no reason against admitting with Bunsen the substantial truth of the tradition. Though not in a corporeal ecstacy, yet in spirit and by a lively faith, Ignatius soared to heaven on the wings of the prophetic word, and, profoundly penetrated with the New Testament truth of the indivisible unity of the great congregation of God's holy ones in both worlds, brought down the worship of the skies to earth, and set up in the church a standing memorial of the glorious ideal towards which she is ever to aspire. It may be remarked that this equal distribution of the Christian sacrifice of praise between people and minister, which the Ignatian antiphony presupposes, is not the work of a hierarch, such as this primitive Bishop of Antioch has been made out to have been. Another floating tradition about him, which, like the last, is only, as Selden wittily said of the dogma of transubstantiation, rhetoric turned into logic, points still more decidedly towards the same conclusion. The man of whom it used to be said that he was the 'little child' whom the Saviour placed in the midst of his disciples to teach them who was to be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven, may have been the humblest, gentlest, wisest, and most loving church-ruler in the age next to the apostles, but can hardly have been what the libellous forgers make Ignatius, a Hildebrand in long-clothes.

For that a good deal that has appeared under his venerable name is forged nobody now denies. As early as 1495 the printing-press began to multiply copies of alleged productions of his pen, and from that time until the present fresh documents, though often at long intervals, have been constantly coming to light. Like other wells when first bored the Pierian spring sent forth very muddy waters at the beginning, although the stream has been gradually becoming more limpid and pure. Or to change the figure, the *scoriæ* and dross floated at the top and came away first, leaving the precious metal at the bottom to flow forth last. Time, like those merchants who traffic with the African princes, and who though at the outset they easily dazzle their customers with beads and bits of glass, are yet obliged to finish with doubloons, has in this case been wonderfully accommodating in suiting his wares to the growing fastidiousness of the age. It is a striking fact that of all the Ignatian pieces published during the first century and a half of the history of the printed text, comprising fifteen epistles, of which twelve were extant, both in the original Greek and in a Latin version, not a single one now rejoices in a solitary defender. Once received in good faith throughout the whole of Papul, and nearly all Protestant Christendom, there is no French *abbé* at the present day

who would not give them the cold shoulder. Instances of this sort show that truth has happily some chance after all in grappling with her mighty foe, prejudice. Of this hundred and fifty years, which may be called the Ante-medicean Period, Mr. Cureton, than whom we cannot have a more competent guide, gives the following account :—

‘ Exactly three centuries and a half intervened between the time when Three Epistles in Latin, attributed to St. Ignatius, first issued from the press, and the publication, in 1845, of Three Letters in Syriac, bearing the name of the same apostolic writer. Very few years passed before the former were almost universally regarded as false and spurious; and it seems not improbable that scarcely a longer period will elapse before the latter be almost as generally acknowledged and received as the only true and genuine Letters of the venerable Bishop of Antioch, that have either come down to our times, or were even known in the earliest ages of the Church.

‘ Of the Three Epistles in Latin, two were addressed to the Apostle St. John, and the third to the Holy Mother of our Lord, to which was subjoined a Letter in the name of the Blessed Virgin herself to the Disciple [of him] whom her Son the Lord loved. These were annexed to a *Life of Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury*, printed at Paris in 1495.

‘ Three years later, Eleven Epistles, also in Latin, issued from the same press, appended to the works of Pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite, and followed by the Letter of St. Polycarp to the Philippians. They were arranged in the following order:—1. To the *Trallians*; 2. *Magnesians*; 3. *Tarsians*; 4. *Philippians*; 5. *Philadelphians*; 6. *Smyrneans*; 7. *Polycarp*; 8. *Antiochians*; 9. *Ihero*, the Deacon of Antioch; 10. *Ephesians*; 11. *Romans*. This Latin version is of considerable antiquity, having been quoted by Ado Viennensis, who lived in the ninth century. The editor, J. Faber Stapulensis (*Le Hebre d'Etapes*), supplied a short preface to these Epistles, but assigned no reason for the omission of the Letter to Maria of Cassobolita, which usually stands at the head of them in this collection. These Epistles were reprinted several times in the interval extending to the year 1529.

‘ In 1536 Symphorianus Champerius (*Champier*) published an edition of the Ignatian Letters, comprising, besides the eleven above enumerated, that addressed to Maria Cassobolita, and the three which were first mentioned. These also accompanied the works of Pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite, and were printed at Cologne. Several other editions followed in the course of the next twenty years.

‘ The Ignatian Epistles were first published in Greek at Dillingen in 1557. They were edited by Valentinus Pacæus, whose real name was Hartung Frid, from a MS. in the Library of Augsburg. He gives no description of the condition or probable date of the MS. The Twelve Epistles contained in the edition are arranged in the following order:—1. To *Maria Cassobolita*; 2. *Trallians*; 3. *Magnesians*; 4. *Tursians*; 5. *Philippians*; 6. *Philadelphians*; 7. *Smyrnæans*; 8.

Polycarp; 9. *Antiochians*; 10. *Hero*; 11. *Ephesians*; 12. *Romans*. From this William Morel printed two editions at Paris; one in 1558, the other in 1562. He also published a new Latin translation of these Epistles in 1558.

‘In 1560 And. Gesner, apparently without any knowledge of the edition by Valentinus Pacæus, published these Ignatian Epistles in Greek, from a MS. in the possession of Caspar von Nydpruck, accompanied by a translation, or rather a paraphrase, by J. Brunner. Three other editions, and another Latin translation by Hieronymus Vairlenius, appeared before the end of the sixteenth century.

‘Up to this period the editors had done little or nothing in the critical examination of the Ignatian Epistles. At the beginning of the seventeenth century more attention was given to this subject; and Martialis Mæstræus, in the notes to his edition (Paris, 1608), entered slightly upon an examination of the grounds of the pretensions of the Epistles to be considered as authentic. The Three Epistles, of which Latin copies only were found, he thought would be more safely classed among apocryphal writings; both because there were no copies of them existing in Greek, and because no mention had been made of them by any ancient writer before the time of St. Bernard. Of the Twelve in Greek he received Nine as genuine, on the authority of the testimony borne to them by ecclesiastical writers—namely, the four cited by Theodoretus, which are included in the seven enumerated by Eusebius, the Epistle to the Antiochians, cited by Johannes Damascenus, and that to the Philippians, which he supposed to be the Letter alluded to in the Epistle to Polycarp. The remaining Three, to Hero the Deacon, to the Tarsians, and to Maria Cassobolita, although not mentioned by Eusebius, he felt constrained to admit with the rest, on account of the conformity of the style, and because Twelve letters are mentioned by Simeon Metaphrastes, and Twelve also are contained in the old Latin version, which is of greater antiquity than the time of Ado. He acknowledged, however, that the Greek text of the Ignatian Epistles had been in some places interpolated and corrupted by heretics and later Greek writers.

‘Robert Cardinal Bellarmin, also, in his treatise *De Sacramento Eucharistiæ*, remarked that the Greek copies contained many errors; and in his Catalogue of Ecclesiastical Writers he observes that no great trust is to be placed upon the Greek copies whenever they differ from the Latin.

‘Nicolaus Vedelius (*Vedel*), a Professor at Geneva, was the first to attempt a discrimination between the Epistles bearing the name of Ignatius. In 1623 he published an edition, in which he divided the Greek Epistles into two classes, one of which he considered to be genuine, and the other spurious. To the former he assigned the seven Epistles—1. To the *Trallians*; 2. *Magesians*; 3. *Phladelphians*; 4. *Smyrnæans*; 5. *Polycarp*; 6. *Ephesians*; 7. *Romans*; which had been enumerated by Eusebius. To the latter he attributed the remaining five which had not been mentioned by him in his *Ecclesiastical History*. The Three Latin Epistles he passed over, as

being too manifestly spurious to need any notice. Besides this division into classes, he also marked several passages which he considered to be interpolated, even in the Epistles which he received as genuine. The Latin version of Vairlenius, as corrected by Mæstræus, with Vederliu's own emendations noted in the margin, is printed in parallel columns with the Greek text. This is accompanied with critical notes, an apology for Ignatius, or *Prolegomena de auctoritate Epistolarum Ignatii*, and twelve *Exercitationes*, in which the authority of those Epistles is turned against the tenets of the Romish Church.'—*Corp. Ignat.*, Introd. pp. i—vii.

We now come to what, from the discovery of a MS., which gave a new fillip to the critical investigation, we may style the Medicean Period of the literary history. It embraces as nearly as possible a couple of centuries, and ended with the new era inaugurated by Mr. Cureton's publication of the Syriac version in 1845. It is around the Medicean epoch that the main interest of the Ignatian polemics, at least in the older shape, revolves, the question having been barely started during the preceding stadium. But now came a time when it could not fail to meet the attention it deserved. All over Europe Hierarchy and Free Christianity were in open and bloody conflict. The Thirty Years' War was convulsing Germany and the Continent, French Protestantism was struggling for existence against Richelieu, whilst in England the great rebellion against episcopal and royal tyranny was overflowing with its scething waves the old landmarks in Church and State. Leighton, the father of the Archbishop, for writing his *Appeal to the Parliament, or, a Plea against Prelacy*, was sentenced in 1630 to have his ears cut off, his nose slit, and to suffer other indignities. Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton, also, for refusing to 'hear the Church,' were deprived of their sinning members by the zealous Peters of the day. In the interval came Charles's attempt to dragoon the Scotch within the fold of the pastors so addicted to this singular method of sheep-shearing, and its ridiculous defeat in the High Church of St. Giles at Edinburgh; and soon the 'Root and Branch' petitioners against the hierarchy had it all their own way in England as well. In the day of their affliction, Ignatius's crosier became doubly dear to the ousted clergy, and was manfully used to chastise the Presbyterian intruders into the snug parsonages and fair glebes of the disinherited and insulted Church. Yes, we may be sure that in an age when the Episcopal controversy was fought with the headsman's axe, the literary quarrel which went on side by side with the more sanguinary strife would not flag for want of passion. Both parties knew well the importance of the testimony of the disciple of St. John, whether for or against

the bishops; and in many a manor-house and vicarage, as well as in college and hall, Salmasius was quoted on one side and Dr. Hammond on the other. It was in this state of men's minds that first a shorter Latin Recension of the Epistles was brought to light by Ussher, and then the corresponding Medicean Greek by Vossius. The learned Primate of Ireland had observed that a passage cited from Ignatius by Theodoret in the fifth century, though not to be found in any copy of the Epistles hitherto published, had been adduced in pretty much the same shape which it assumed in the Greek father, by three mediæval English writers, viz., Robert Grossteste, Bishop of Lincoln about 1250, William Wodeford, and John Tissington. Ussher, struck with the coincidence, and concluding that the source whence these quotations were made must be still extant somewhere in this country, instituted a search accordingly, and was fortunate enough to discover two copies of an ancient Latin translation of Ignatius, in which the passage in question was found to tally both with the Greek of Theodoret and the Latin of the three Englishmen. These copies omitted the Epistle to the Philippians, gave the Eusebian Seven received by Vedelius as genuine, in a much shorter and on the whole considerably purer text, and exhibited other variations, besides a different arrangement, as follows:—

1. *Smyrneans*; 2. *Polycarp*; 3. *Ephesians*; 4. *Magesians*;
5. *Philadelphians*; 6. *Trallians*; 7. *Maria Cassabolita to Ignatius*;
8. *Ignatius to Maria Cassabolita*; 9. *Tarsians*; 10. *Antiochians*;
11. *Hero*; 12. *Romans*.

Provided with these important accessions to the critical apparatus, the Archbishop prepared a new edition of the Epistles, in which he endeavoured to draw the line between the spurious and the genuine, and to repristinate the Greek text of the latter, by removing, as evident interpolations, those portions to which there was nothing corresponding in his Shorter Latin Recension. In deciding between the forged and authentic letters, he followed Vedelius, save that, on account of a difference of style, and on the strength of a misunderstood passage in Jerome, he rejected that addressed to Polycarp. It was in 1644 that Ussher published his expurgated and somewhat less vulnerable Ignatius, which was doubtless quite a god-send to the High Church party, who, in the year of Marston Moor and the Self-denying Ordinance, must have stood sadly in need of such a crumb of comfort. In the Preliminary Dissertation to this work, the Primate had expressed the hope of bringing to light a new Greek text from a MS. in the Medicean Library at Florence, and he even spoke of the existence of a *Syriac* copy, which he supposed to be deposited at Rome. In the publication, however, of the Medicean MS., he was anticipated

by another distinguished scholar, Isaac Vossius, who edited it in 1616, and the presentation to the world of the Syriac Recension was reserved for Mr. Cureton. The Greek *codex* preserved at Florence, to which Ussher had thus called attention, is of the eleventh century, according to Bandini, and proved to be, as the archbishop had conjectured, the missing original of the shorter Latin copies, with which it agreed both in arrangement and in other respects. It is, however, mutilated at the end, so that it contains only the first eight Epistles, together with part of the ninth. Vossius, in vouching for none but the Seven Letters mentioned by Eusebius, followed in the path of Venedicius and Ussher, save that he did not with the latter reject the Epistle to Polycarp. He distributed the Letters into three classes, viz. : I. *The Epistles of Ignatius*, to the Smyrnæans, Polycarp, Ephesians, Magnesians, Philadelphians, and Trallians, as found in the Medicean MS., and that to the Romans, which he was compelled, owing to the defectiveness of that MS., to print from the earlier editions. II. *The Epistles falsely attributed to Ignatius*, being those alleged to have passed between the Saint and Maria Cassabolita, from the Medicean MS., with the Letters to the Tarsians, Antiochians, Hero, and the Philippians, from the former editions, and the Three Latin Epistles. III. *The Interpolated Epistles*, comprising the Longer Recension of the six Epistles of the first class, that to the Romans, of course, not being repeated. The missing Greek original of the Shorter Latin text of the last named Epistle, was not printed till 1689, when Ruinart found it in a Colbertine MS. of the *Martyrium Ignatii*, which he inserted in his *Acta primorum Martyrum Sincera et Selecta*, published in that year. The Shorter Greek, or Medicean Recension of the Eusebian Seven Epistles thus became complete, and, until the Syriac discoveries in our own day, no new documents were brought to light. All that was done by succeeding editors down to Mr. Cureton, was to work up the materials provided by their predecessors. For bibliographical notices of the publications posterior to that of Vossius, including Ussher's *Appendix Ignatiana*, which appeared in the next year, and the splendid folio edition of the *Patres Apostolici*, by Cotelierius, printed in 1672, and again in an augmented and improved shape by Clericus, in 1698, we must refer to the *Corpus Ignatianum*, and other available sources of information. Indeed, we may as well say at once that there are few books which so honestly answer to their title as this of the accomplished Canon of Westminster. He who shall possess himself of it, will require only to add that of Professor Petermann (whose somewhat loudly trumpeted ancient Armenian version of the Epistles is no new discovery, having been already printed at

Constantinople in 1783, as Mr. Cureton was not unaware*), and he will have in his hands all that antiquity has to say about Ignatius, together with the substance of nearly all that has been advanced by the moderns, friends and foes alike. Not every Episcopalian pen would have given so fair an outline of the Ignatian controversy as we here gladly transcribe, although compelled, alas ! for want of space, to omit the well selected illustrative passages with which our author's margin is filled, enumerating with rare impartiality the principal arguments both for and against, advanced by the several disputants.

‘ From the first appearance of the Greek Epistles bearing the name of Ignatius down to the middle of the seventeenth century, when the publication of the editions of Ussher and Vossius formed a new epoch in their history, a great variety of opinion respecting the genuineness and authenticity of the whole or part of those letters prevailed. Some, with the Cardinal Baronius, and the Jesuit Halloix, received them all as the genuine and unadulterated writings of the disciple of St. John : while others, with J. Calvin, did not scruple to denounce the whole as a barefaced and stupid forgery. The Magdeburg Centuriators spoke doubtfully of the whole. The opinion, however, which seems most generally to have prevailed among moderate and reflecting persons was, that Ignatius did indeed write Epistles ; but that those which then bore his name had been much corrupted and interpolated by later hands. Scultetus sums up the arguments respecting them thus : ‘ Rationibus his in omnem partem probe diligenterque excussis, in tertiam nonnulli secesserunt sententiam, statueruntque esse quidem epistolas hasce Ignatii : sed adulteratas, sed interpolatas. Quorum in judicio et nos acquiescimus.’

‘ At the period of the publication of the *Shorter Recension*, by Ussher, and of the corresponding Greek text of some of the Epistles by Vossius, and, indeed, even before that time, party feeling with respect to Church government had begun to operate greatly upon men's minds ; and so far to influence their judgment as to cast a great impediment in the way of candid and impartial criticism respecting the Ignatian Epistles. The strong hierarchical tendency of these letters, their frequent exaltation of the episcopal office, and the positive declaration contained herein :—*Without these* (that is, the bishop, the presbyters, and the deacons) *there is no Church*, with other sentences such as the following :—*Let no man do anything of what belongs to the Church without the bishop.—Wheresoever the bishop shall appear, there let the people also be.—It is not lawful without the bishop, either to baptize, or to celebrate the Holy Communion*—while they necessarily caused great offence to such as had adopted the Presbyterian form of ecclesiastical government, both on the Continent and in Great Britain, gave, on the other hand, a value to these Epistles in

* See *Corp. Ignat.* Introduction, p. xvi.

the eyes of their opponents far beyond any other intrinsic merit which they might possess. If these writings were indeed, as they professed to be, the genuine production of the disciple and companion of one of the holy apostles, their authority, although not so imperative upon Christians as that of the Sacred Scriptures themselves, would undoubtedly carry very great weight; nor could it be rejected without much presumption and consequent spiritual danger. The positive and distinct manner, therefore, in which the method of Church government, and of the administration of the holy sacraments by bishop, presbyters, and deacons, is laid down and insisted upon in these letters, would be decisive at once as to the question at issue between the two parties. We find, therefore, as we might naturally expect, the one party exerting itself to the utmost to disprove the genuineness of the Ignatian Epistles, and the other not less zealous and strenuous in endeavouring to establish it. Each, in the eagerness to secure its own object, caught at only such points as were favourable to its own views, and thus heedlessly, if not intentionally, overlooking all those which had the contrary aspect, was carried away beyond the bounds of that sober and cautious criticism which is essentially necessary in all our inquiries after truth.

The attacks made upon these Epistles by the celebrated Claude de Sannaise, under the assumed name of Walo Messalinus,* and by David Blondel,† of the Presbyterian party, were answered by Dr. Hammond,‡ the very learned and zealous supporter of the cause of the Church of England against the Puritans. This provoked a rejoinder from the London ministers in their *Jus Divinum Ministerii Evangelici* (1654), and from Dr. John Owen in the preface to his work, entitled, *The Saints' Perseverance* (1654), dedicated to the Protector Cromwell. To the former of these Dr. Hammond replied in his '*Vindication of the Dissertations concerning Episcopacy, from the answers or exceptions offered against them by the London Ministers in their 'Jus Divinum Ministerii Evangelici';*' and to the latter in *An Answer to the Animadversions on the Dissertations touching Ignatius's Epistles, and the Episcopacy in them asserted.*'

But a far more able and elaborate attack upon the Ignatian Epistles than any which had yet appeared was published by the very learned Frenchman, J. Daillé, in 1666 § and England has the honour of having furnished an antagonist, equally learned and not less dexterous, in John Pearson, then a Presbyter, and afterwards a Bishop of the Church of England, whose celebrated rejoinder appeared in 1672.||

* *Walonis Messalini de Episcopis et Presbyteris contra D. Petarium Lololitam Dissertatio Prima.* Lugd. Bat. 1641.

† *Apologia pro sententia Hieronymi de Episcopis et Presbyteris.* Amstel. 1646.

‡ *Dissertationes quatuor, quibus Episcopatus Jura ex S. Scriptura, et Primæ Antiquitate adstruuntur, contra sententiam D. Blondelli et aliorum.* Lond. 1651.

§ *Joannis Dallæ de Scriptis quæ sub Dionysii Areopagitæ et Ignatii Antiocheni nominibus circumferuntur Libri duo.* Genevæ. 1666.

|| *Vindiciæ Epistolarum S. Ignatii. Autore Joanne Pearson Presbytero. Accesserunt Isaacii Vossii Epistolæ duæ adversus David Blondellum.* Cantabrigiæ. 1672.

This provoked a counter reply, published anonymously in 1674* by Mat. de Larroque : and with this the controversy ceased.—*Corp. Ignat.* Introd. pp. xvi—xxi.

Hammond, in reward for his services, was designed after the Restoration for the See of Worcester, but died on his way to London in 1660, before the confirmation of the appointment. Pearson, for his book, was raised to that of Chester, although since the deluge which had swept away the prelates' thrones was already over when he wrote, his erudite labours contributed only to consolidate the power of the resuscitated hierarchy. And well had it earned for him a place amongst its princes. That its mountain now stands so strong, as certain Acts passed during the last session of Parliament show to be the case, it has in no slight measure to thank the author of that masterpiece of special pleading. Thousands of theological writers belonging to his own church, as well as to that of Rome, have, without reading a line of his work, received his conclusion on the strength of his great name. Mr. Cureton, indeed, cites the authority of a living ornament of the episcopal bench for a *dictum* of Pearson, to the effect, that having perused it he had found it 'very unsatisfactory,' and there were not wanting other English scholars, quite orthodox in other respects, whose stomachs turned against such very strong meat. But superhuman virtue of this sort was left in its solitary grandeur. Those amongst even learned Episcopalians who could afford to doubt were few and far between, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, and the crowd of clerical apologists for the mitre continued to shout 'Great is Ignatius, and Pearson is his Prophet!' How next to impossible it is to break the spell, even since the Syriac discoveries, Archdeacon Churton's reprint of the *Vindiciæ* affords curious proof.

Of these discoveries it is now time to speak a little more at large. We have seen that Archbishop Ussher already had an inkling of the existence of a Syriac version of Ignatius. He had observed that amongst the MSS. belonging to a former patriarch of Antioch, also named Ignatius, who had been present at the promulgation of the Reformed Calendar by Pope Gregory XIII., and had died at Rome, mention was made of such a version of the Epistles of the oriental dignitary's venerable predecessor. Ebed Jesu, moreover, in his catalogue of Syriac works, had also enumerated the writings of St. Ignatius. A Latin translation of this list was published in 1653, when the controversy was at its height, and thus the attention of the learned was recalled to the

* *Observationes in Ignatianas Pearsoni Vindicias. Et in Annotationes Beveregii in Canonicis Sanctorum Apostolorum.* Rothomagi. 1674.

subject. Hence we are the less surprised at finding that Bishop Fell, when Dean of Christchurch, endeavoured through Robert Huntington, chaplain to the British merchants at Aleppo, and afterwards Bishop of Raphoe, to procure a copy of this Syriac *Ignatius*. Huntington zealously entered into the views of his friend, corresponded with the Maronite patriarch of Antioch and the Archbishop of Mount Sinai on the subject, and when this proved ineffectual, travelled twice into Egypt, and actually visited the very convent, viz., the Syriac monastery of St. Mary Deipara, in whose library two copies of *Ignatius*, together with a third of the *Epistle to Polycarp*, must at that time have lain. The monks, however, even at that period, as afterwards, seem to have been very chary of showing their splendid collection of MSS., and Huntington never saw the treasure of which he was in search. It was not without the greatest difficulty that Elias Assemani, in 1707, about thirty years after the visit of Huntington, although provided with letters from the Pope to the Coptic patriarch, succeeded in inducing the monks not only to show him their library, but even to part with about forty volumes, so greatly did they stand in awe of the anathemas inscribed in almost all against any who should alienate them. In the course of their passage down the Nile the boat was upset by a gust of wind, a monk from the convent who had accompanied the traveller was drowned, and the books went to the bottom. They were afterwards fished up again, and reached Rome the same year, although much damaged. They excited such interest there that Joseph Simon Assemani, the cousin of the other, was despatched to Egypt a few years afterwards (1715) to secure, if possible, the remainder, but his expedition was crowned with but very trifling success. The last attempt, previous to Archdeacon Tattam's, to overcome the virtue of these monastic Cerberuses was made by the Hon. Robert Curzon in 1837. He was not, like the Assemani, armed with missives from the great patriarch of the West to his Eastern brethren, but he seems to have formed a tolerably shrewd idea of the sort of sop to throw to these dogs in the manger. His account is so graphic that we can no more resist the temptation to transcribe it than his Nitrian friends could withstand the sparkling rhetoric with which he plied and softened their stony hearts—although, by-the-by, he does not seem to have made the most of the amiable temper to which he brought them. He was engaged, he tells us, during his travels in Egypt, in a brisk chase after old books, especially two which he had heard of,—one a Coptic History of Egypt, and the other a Coptic and Arabic Lexicon, said to be the completest known, and having failed in discovering what he was in search of at two of the other monas-

teries in the Nitrian Desert, he departed for that of St. Mary Deipara, or of the Syrians, as it is otherwise styled, where he arrived in a short time, and with whose inmates he thus makes us acquainted:—

‘Here was a congregation of black Abyssinian monks, dressed in wash-leather and tallow, who were howling in honour of some Abyssinian saint, in a strange little room at the end of a garden, which was surrounded by the high fortified wall of the monastery. They had a library, where the manuscripts hung upon pegs by long straps, in a peculiar manner, different from the arrangement of any other library I have ever seen. Besides these black brethren there were ten or twelve Copts. The superior was blind, and very old, with a long white venerable beard, but very dirty. When I inquired for books he showed me the library in a high tower, in a little strong room, with stone niches in the wall. There were some very remarkable Coptic manuscripts—the finest I have ever seen. Two on vellum were lying on the top of an open pot or jar, of which they had formed the lid. There had been jam or preserve of some sort in the pot, which the books had been used to protect; but they had been there so long that the jam had evaporated, leaving some dubious-looking lumps of dirt at the bottom. I was allowed to take all the manuscripts on vellum, as they were too old to read, and of no use as covers for the vases of preserves. Among a heap of dusty volumes on the floor I found the manuscript Dictionary of which I was in search, but this they would not sell, but they sold me two other imperfect ones, so I put it in one of the niches in the wall, where it remained about two years, when it was purchased and brought away for me by a gentleman at Cairo. Lord Prudhoe fed the monks, and so found the way to their hearts. Now I have found, from much practice, that the two species of Eastern and Western monks may be divided logically into the drinking and the eating kind. A Benedictine, or even a Capuchin, is a famous hand at a capon, and an oyster pâté or so has great charms for him on a fast-day—*probatum est*; but the monks of St. Basil are ascetics; they know nothing of cookery beyond garlic and red pepper, and such like strong condiments, howbeit they have a leaning to strong drink, and consider rosoglio as a merchandize adapted to their peculiar wants.

‘The old blind abbot had solemnly declared that there were no more books in the monastery besides those I had seen; but I had been told by Mr. Linant, the Pacha’s engineer, who had accompanied Lord Prudhoe, that there were some ancient manuscripts in the oil-cellar. Nevertheless the abbot denied the fact; but I got him into my room, with another father who always went about with him, and there I gave them some rosoglio which I had brought on purpose. It was very soft stuff, I remember, pink, and tasted as sweet and pleasant as if there was no strength in it. They liked it much, and sat sipping fingians—that is, coffee-cups—of it with a happy and contented air. When I saw that the face of the blind man waxed unsuspecting, and

wore a bland expression which he took no pains to conceal—for he could not see, and did not remember that those who could might read his countenance—I entered again upon the subject of the oil-cellar. ‘There is no oil there,’ said the old man. ‘I am curious about the architecture,’ said I: ‘I hear yours is a famous oil-cellar.’ ‘It is a famous cellar,’ said the other elder; ‘and I remember the days when it overflowed with oil. Then there were I do not know how many brethren here, but now we are few and poor; bad times are come over us; we are not what we used to be.’ This monk having become sentimental, and the abbot unsuspicious, ‘Well, let us go,’ said I, ‘and see this famous cellar, and we will have another bottle when we come back.’ This last argument prevailed. We went to the oil-cellar, which was under the great tower, and there were some prodigious pots which once held the oil of gladness, but which now sounded hollow and empty to the touch. There was nothing else here; but taking the candle from the hands of one of the brethren—for they had all followed us into this hole like sheep—I found a low door, and passed into a little vaulted room, which was full of loose leaves of Syriac manuscripts, more than knee-deep. These are the famous volumes now deposited in the British Museum. Here I fumbled about a long time, and after a good deal of digging I pulled out four books; and two monks, struggling together, pulled out the great manuscript Evangelistarium. It was tied up with a string. ‘Here is a box,’ shouted the two monks, who were nearly choked with the dust. ‘A box!’ echoed the blind abbot. ‘Bring it out—make haste—where is the box? Heaven be praised, it is a treasure.’ ‘Yes,’ screamed all the monks, ‘a treasure. Allah Akbar!—a box—out with it—bring out the box.’ Out they all rushed with the treasure, and I issued forth into the dark (for they had run away with the candle in their anxiety about the box), with three octavos under one arm, and a quarto under the other. I found no more, except fragments. These I took to my room, and the abbot and the other brother soon came after me for the promised bottle of rosoglio, which they now much wanted to keep up their spirits, when they found the box of treasure to be only a great book. They mumbled and murmured to themselves between their cups; and when they were gradually getting comforted again, I began to say, ‘You found no box of treasure in the vault; but, behold, I am a lover of old books. Give them to me, and I will give you a certain number of piastres in exchange: and so you will have found a treasure, and I will go my way in gladness.’ ‘Ah!’ said they, ‘how much will you give?’ ‘How much do you want?’ said I. And so we settled it over the rosoglio, which smoothed many difficulties. The Coptic manuscripts on vellum were ensconced in one side of a great pair of camel-bags. ‘Now,’ said I, ‘I will put these into the other side, and you shall take it out, and help to load the camels.’ All we could do, we could not put all the books in; and the two monks would not let me have any extra parcel lest the other brethren should see it and smell a rat, and claim their share of the spoil—at least I suppose that was the reason. In this extremity I looked

at each of the three octavos and the quarto, not knowing which to leave behind. At last, the quarto being imperfect, I left that, and great is my sorrow that I did so, for on looking at the manuscript again, I believe that very quarto is the famous book dated A.D. 411, now the great pride and treasure of the British Museum. However, I am glad that establishment is now possessed of it, and I hope it will be duly made use of.'

The big MS. written in the year in which the last Roman ruler of Britain, Constantine, died, and a full generation before the arrival of the Saxons in this island, was brought to this country with forty-eight other Syriac MSS. of great antiquity by Dr. Tattam, as already mentioned, in 1839. It contained along with other works the lost treatise of Eusebius *On the Theophany*, the Syriac text of which was edited by Professor Lee, in 1842, who also added an English translation in the following year. The British Museum purchased the whole of Dr. Tattam's MSS., which were deemed so valuable, that no hesitation was felt by the Trustees in despatching that gentleman into Egypt a second time, in 1842, for the purpose of securing the whole of the remaining contents of the famous 'oil-cellar.' This object he believed he had actually accomplished, when on the 1st of March, 1843, his cases, containing nearly two hundred additional volumes, arrived at the national library. Very few, however, were in a perfect state, the quires and loose leaves being jumbled together in the most chaotic manner. Mr. Cureton, who had already detected the Epistle of Ignatius to Polycarp amongst the former importation, now eagerly searched for more, and was rewarded by the discovery of a MS. of the entire Syriac Collection, which, to his great surprise, he found to consist of only the Three Epistles, viz., to Polycarp, to the Ephesians, and to the Romans, instead of the Seven. The text, moreover, at once revealed the extensive interpolations of even the Shorter Greek or Medicæan text. We give from Professor Chevallier's work the Epistle to the Ephesians in English, according to both recensions. The translation from the Syriac in our right-hand column is by Mr. Cureton, who generously responded to the former gentleman's conscientious wish to present his readers with a comparative view of the two texts, by placing it at his disposal:—

'IGNATIUS, who is also called Theophorus, to the Church which is at Ephesus in Asia, deservedly accounted most happy, being blessed through the greatness and fulness of God the Father, and

'IGNATIUS, who is Theophorus, to the Church which is blessed in the greatness of God the Father, and perfected: to her who was separated from eternity to be at all times for glory that abideth

predestinated before the world began, that she should be always unto an enduring and unchangeable glory, being united and chosen through his true passion, according to the will of the Father, and of Jesus Christ our God, all happiness in Jesus Christ, and in undefiled grace.'

'1. I have heard of your name, which is much beloved in God, that which ye have attained by a habit of righteousness, according to the faith and love which is in Jesus Christ our Saviour, that being followers of God, and stirring up yourselves by the blood of God, ye have perfectly accomplished the work which was agreeable to your nature. For hearing that I came bound from Syria, for the name and hope, that are common to us all, trusting through your prayers to fight with beasts at Rome, that so by suffering martyrdom I may become indeed the disciple of Him who gave Himself to God, an offering and sacrifice for us (ye hastened to see me).^{*} I received, therefore, in the name of God, your whole multitude in (the person of) Onesimus, who for his love hath no word by which he can be described, but according to the flesh is your bishop: whom I beseech you in Jesus Christ to love, and that ye would all strive to be like unto him. And blessed be God, who hath granted unto you, who are worthy of him, to possess such a bishop.'

'2. But with regard to my fellow-servant Burrhus, your deacon, in the service of God, blessed in all things, I entreat you that he may remain to the honour both of you and of your bishop. And Crocus, also, worthy both of God and of you, whom I have received as a pattern of your love, hath in all things refreshed me, as (I pray)

and changeth not, and is perfected and chosen in the purpose of truth, by the will of the Father of Jesus Christ our God; to her who is worthy of happiness; to her who is at Ephesus in Jesus Christ in joy unblameable, much peace.'

'Forasmuch as your well-beloved name is acceptable to me in God, which ye have acquired by nature by a just and right will, and also by faith and love of Jesus Christ our Saviour, and ye are imitators of God and fervent in the blood of God, and have speedily accomplished a work congenial to you; for when ye heard that I was bound from actions for the sake of the common name and hope—and I hope through your prayers to be devoured of beasts at Rome, that by means of this of which I am accounted worthy I may be empowered with strength to be a disciple of God—ye were diligent to come and see me. Forasmuch, therefore, as we have received your abundance in the name of God by Onesimus, who is your bishop in love unutterable, whom I pray that ye love in Jesus Christ our Lord, and that all of you be like him; for blessed is He who hath given you such a bishop as ye deserve;'

^{*} This passage is defective in the Greek. Words of this import are given in the Latin and in the Syriac.

the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ may refresh him, together with Onesimus and Burrhus, and Euplus, and Fronto, in whom I have, as to charity, seen you all. May I always have joy of you, if I shall be worthy of it. It is, therefore, fitting that ye should by all means glorify Jesus Christ, who hath glorified you: that by an uniform obedience ye may be perfectly joined together (in the same mind and in the same judgment, and may all speak alike concerning every thing); and that being subject to the bishop and the presbytery, ye may be altogether sanctified.'

'3. These things I command you not, as if I were any one. For although I am even bound for His name, I am not yet perfect in Jesus Christ. But now I begin to learn; and I speak to you, as my fellow-disciples. For I ought to have been stirred up by you, in faith, in admonition, in patience, in long-suffering.

But forasmuch as charity suffers me not to be silent towards you, I have therefore first taken upon me to exhort you, that ye would all run together according to the will of God.'

'but forasmuch as love suffereth me not to be silent respecting you, on this account I have been forward to entreat you to be diligent in the will of God;'

'For Jesus Christ, our inseparable life, He is by the will of the Father; as also the bishops, appointed unto the utmost bounds of the earth, are by the will of Jesus Christ.'

'4. Wherefore it becomes you to run together according to the will of your bishop, even as also ye do. For your renowned presbytery, worthy of God, is fitted as exactly to the bishop, as the strings are to an harp. Wherefore, in your concord and harmonious love, Jesus Christ is sung. And every single person among you makes up the chorus; that all being harmonious in concord, taking up the song of God in perfect unity, ye may sing with one voice to the Father, through Jesus Christ; to the end that He may both hear you, and perceive by your good works that ye are members of his Son. Wherefore it is profitable for you to live in an unblameable unity, that ye may always have fellowship with God.'

'5. But if I, in this little time, have had such a familiarity with your bishop (whom I have known), not in the flesh, but in the spirit, how much more must I think you happy, who are so joined to him as the Church is to Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ to the Father, that all things may agree together in unity. Let no man deceive himself. Except a man be within the altar he is deprived of the bread of God. For if the prayer of one or two be of such avail, how much more shall that of the bishop and the whole Church be! He therefore that comes not together into the same place with it, he is proud already, and hath condemned himself. For it is written, 'God resisteth the proud.' Let us take heed, therefore, that we set not ourselves against the bishop, that we may be subject to God.'

'6. The more any one sees his bishop silent, the more let him revere him. For whomsoever the master of the house sends to be over his own household, we ought to receive him, even as we would him that

sent him. It is evident, therefore, that we ought to respect the bishop, even as the Lord himself. And, indeed, Onesimus himself greatly commends your good order in God; in that ye all live according to the truth, and no heresy dwells among you; neither do ye hearken to any one more than to Jesus Christ, speaking to you in truth.'

'7. For some there are who are wont to carry about the name (of Christ) in deceitfulness, but do things unworthy of God; whom ye must avoid, as ye would wild beasts. For they are ravening dogs, which bite secretly; of whom ye must beware, as of men hardly to be cured. There is one physician, both carnal and spiritual; create and uncreate; God, manifest in the flesh; true life, in death; both of Mary, and of God: first capable of suffering, and then liable to suffer no more (even Jesus Christ our Lord).'

'8. Wherefore let no man deceive you: as indeed ye are not deceived, being wholly (the servants) of God.

'For when there is no contention nor strife among you, doubtless ye live according to God's will. May my life be for yours, and may I be an expiation for your Church of Ephesus, so famous to all ages. They that are of the flesh cannot do the works of the Spirit; neither they that are of the Spirit the works of the flesh. As also faith cannot do the works of unfaithfulness, nor unfaithfulness the works of faith. But even those things which ye do according to the flesh are spiritual; for ye do all things in Jesus Christ.'

'for so long as no one lust is implanted in you which is able to torment you, lo, ye live in God. I rejoice in you, and offer supplication on account of you, Ephesians, a church renowned in all ages. For those who are carnal are not able to do spiritual things, neither the spiritual carnal things; likewise neither faith those things which are foreign to faith, nor lack of faith what is faith's. For those things which ye have done in the flesh even they are spiritual, because ye have done every thing in Jesus Christ.'

'9. Nevertheless, I have heard of some who have passed by you, having perverse doctrine; whom ye did not suffer to sow among you; but stopped your ears that ye might not receive those things which were sown by them, as being the stones of the temple of the Father, prepared for the building of God the Father, raised up on high by the engine of Jesus Christ, which is the cross, and using the Holy Ghost as the rope. And your faith is your support: and your charity the way which leads to God.'

'and ye are prepared for the building of God the Father, and are raised up on high by the engine of Jesus Christ, which is the Cross, and ye are drawn by the rope, which is the Holy Ghost; and your pulley is your faith, and your love is the way that leadeth up on high to God.'

'Ye are, therefore, and all your companions, full of God, his (spiritual) temple, full of Christ, full of holiness; adorned in all things with the commands of Christ; in whom also I rejoice that I have

been thought worthy, by this present epistle, to converse, and joy together with you; that, with respect to the other life, ye love nothing but God only.'

'10. Pray also without ceasing for other men. For there is hope of repentance in them, that they may attain unto God. Suffer them, therefore, to receive instruction of you, if it be only from your works. To their anger, be ye meek; to their boastings, be ye humble; to their blasphemies (return) your prayers; to their error (oppose) your firmness in the faith; to their cruelty, be ye gentle; not studying in return to imitate them. Let us be found their brethren in moderation, and study to be followers of the Lord;—for who was ever more unjustly used, more destitute, more despised?—that no herb of the devil may be found in you; but ye may remain in all holiness and sobriety in Christ Jesus, both bodily and spiritually.'

11. The last times are at hand. Let us reverence, let us fear the long-suffering of God, that it be not to us unto condemnation. For let us either fear the wrath to come, or love the grace that we at present enjoy; one of the two; only that we may be found in Christ Jesus unto true life. Let nothing become you, besides Him; for whom also I bear about these bonds, these spiritual jewels, in which I would to God that I might arise, through your prayers; of which I entreat you to make me always partaker, that I may be found in the lot of the Christians of Ephesus, who have always agreed with the Apostles, through the power of Jesus Christ.'

'12. I know who I am; and to whom I write. I, a person condemned; ye, such as have obtained mercy; I, exposed to danger; ye, established. Ye are the passage of those that are killed for God; who have been instructed in the mysteries of the Gospel with Paul, who was sanctified, and bare testimony even unto death, and is deservedly accounted most happy; at whose feet I would that I might be found, when I shall have attained unto God; who throughout all his Epistle makes mention of you in Christ Jesus.'

'13. Let it be your care, therefore, to come more frequently together for the praise and glory of God. For when ye frequently meet together in the same place, the powers of Satan are destroyed, and his mischief is destroyed by the unity of your faith. Nothing is better

'Pray for all men, for there is hope of repentance for them, that they may be accounted worthy of God. By your works rather let them be instructed. Against their harsh words be ye conciliatory in meekness of mind and gentleness: against their blasphemies do ye pray: and against their error be ye armed with faith: and against their fierceness be ye peaceful and quiet; and be ye not astounded by them. Let us then be imitators of our Lord in meekness, and [emulous] as to who shall be injured, and oppressed, and defrauded more [than the rest].'

than peace; by which all war is abolished, whether of heavenly or of earthly things.

'14. Of all which nothing is hid from you, if ye have perfect faith and charity in Christ Jesus, which are the beginning and end of life: the beginning, faith; the end, charity. And these two being in unity, are of God. And all other things which concern a holy life are the consequences of these. No man who professes the true faith, sins: neither doth he who hath charity, hate. The tree is made manifest by its fruit. So they who profess themselves to be Christians shall be made known by their deeds.

'For now (Christianity) is not the work of an outward profession, but (shows itself) in the power of faith, if a man be found (faithful) unto the end.'

'15. It is better to be silent, and be; than to say (a man is a Christian), and not to be.

'It is good to teach, if he who speaks acts. He therefore is the only Master, who spake, and it was done. And even those things which he did in silence are worthy of the Father. He that possesses the word of Jesus is truly able to hear even his silence, that he may be perfect; and may both do according to what he speaks, and be known by those things of which he is silent.

'There is nothing hid from God; but even our secret things are nigh unto him. Let us therefore do all things as becomes those who have God dwelling in them; that we may be his temple; and he may be our God within us; as also he is, and will manifest himself before our faces, by those things for which we justly love him.'

'16. Be not deceived, my brethren. Those who corrupt houses (by adultery) shall not inherit the kingdom of God. If, therefore, they who do this according to the flesh have suffered death, how much more shall he die, who by his wicked doctrine corrupts the faith of God, for which Christ was crucified? He that is thus defiled shall depart into unquenchable fire; and in like manner he that hearkens to him.'

'17. For this cause did the Lord receive ointment upon his head, that he might breathe the breath of immortality into His Church. Be not ye therefore anointed with the ill savour of the doctrine of the Prince of this world. Let him not take you captive from the life that is set before you. And why are ye not all wise, seeing ye have received the knowledge of God, which is Jesus Christ? Why do we

'The work is not of promise, unless a man be found in the power of faith even to the end. It is better that a man be silent when he is something than that he should be speaking when he is not; that by those things which he speaks he should act, and by those things of which he is silent he should be known.'

perish in our folly, ignorant of the gift which the Lord hath truly sent us?

‘May my life be a sacrifice for (the doctrine of) the Cross, which is a stumbling-block to them that believe not, but to us is salvation and life everlasting.’

‘My spirit boweth down to the Cross, which is an offence to those who do not believe, but to you salvation and life eternal.’

‘Where is the wise? Where is the disputer? Where is the boasting of those who are called men of understanding? For our God Jesus Christ was borne in the womb of Mary, according to the dispensation of God, of the seed of David, yet by the Holy Ghost. He was born, and was baptized, that through his passion he might purify water (to the washing away of sin).’

19. And the Prince of this world knew not the virginity of Mary, and him who was born of her, and the death of the Lord; three mysteries everywhere noised abroad, yet done by God in silence.

‘There was concealed from the ruler of the world the virginity of Mary, and the birth of our Lord, and the three mysteries of the shout, which were done in the quietness of God from the star’

‘How, then, was he manifested to the world? A star shone in heaven above all other stars; and its light was inexpressible; and its novelty struck terror. All the rest of the stars, with the sun and moon, were the chorus to this star; and that sent forth its light above all. And there was trouble whence this novelty came, so unlike to all the others.’

‘Hence all magic was dissolved; and every bond of wickedness was destroyed; ignorance was taken away; and the old kingdom was abolished; God being made manifest in the form of man, for the renewal of eternal life. Thence began what God had prepared. From henceforth all things were disturbed, forasmuch as he designed to abolish death.’

‘And here at the manifestation of the Son magic began to be destroyed, and all bonds were loosed, and the ancient kingdom and the error of evil was destroyed. From hence all things were moved together, and the destruction of death was devised, and there was the commencement of that which is perfected in God.’

‘20. But if Jesus Christ shall give me grace through your prayers and it be His will, I purpose in a second Epistle, which I am about to write to you, to declare more fully to you the dispensation of which I have now begun to speak, unto the new man, which is Jesus Christ; both in his faith and charity; in his suffering, and in his resurrection, especially if the Lord shall make it known unto me by revelation; since ye all individually come together in common in one faith, and in one Jesus Christ, who was of the race of David according to the flesh, the Son of man, and the Son of God: obeying your bishop and the presbytery with an entire affection; breaking one bread, which is the medicine of immortality; our antidote, that we should not die, but live for ever in Jesus Christ.’

‘21. My life for yours, and for those whom ye have sent, for the

glory of God, to Smyrna, whence also I write unto you, giving thanks unto the Lord; and loving Polycarp even as I do you. Remember me, even as Jesus Christ doth remember you. Pray for the Church which is in Syria, whence I am carried bound to Rome, being the least of all the faithful that are there, as I have been deemed worthy to be found to the glory of God. Farewell in God the Father, and in Jesus Christ, our common hope.'

Mr. Cureton's publication and defence of the Syriac version in 1845, as the only trustworthy representation of the genuine writings of Ignatius, was bitterly attacked shortly after its appearance by a writer in the *English Review* (No. VIII.), since understood to have been the Rev. Canon Wordsworth, who pooh-poohed this ancient oriental text as 'a miserable epitome made by some Eutychian heretic,' and sneered at Mr. Cureton for allowing himself to be imposed upon by such trash. It was pretty clear, however, that the poor Syriac translator's real offence in the eyes of the angry reviewer, was not so much his heretical pravity as his bad taste in omitting, with a single exception, all the Episcopalian proof-texts. Mr. Cureton's *Vindiciæ Ignatianæ*, published in 1846, and a series of articles in the *British Magazine* (vol. xxx. pp. 667—685; vol. xxxi. pp. 40—49, 279—291) from the pen of that distinguished orientalist, the late Professor Lee, soon disposed of the charge of Eutychianism, which has never since been revived, and at the same time administered to its author a dignified rebuke for the glaring dishonesty and sophistry which marked his blustering apology on behalf of the traditional text. In 1847 the Chevalier Bunsen introduced the Syriac version to the notice of continental scholars, following his edition of *The Three Genuine and the Four Spurious Epistles of Ignatius* by a second work, which came out almost simultaneously, and was designed to furnish an elaborate demonstration of the exclusive claims of the Curetonian text. It was entitled *Ignatius and his Times; Seven Letters to Professor Neander*. The interest of the author's learned countrymen in the critical question had already been re-awakened, before he made them acquainted with the Nitrian discovery. Just as theological eccentricity had prompted William Whiston to maintain the superiority of the Longer Greek Recension of the Ignatius over the Medicæan, on account of the Arianism of the former, so Meier took up with the same opinion as a critical erotehet in the *Studien und Kritiken*, in 1836. Dr. Rothe, perhaps the ablest and most disinterested apologist for Episcopacy that has ever appeared, easily refuted once more this antiquated notion, in an Appendix on the Ignatian Letters, subjoined to his work on *The Beginnings of the Christian Church* (*Die Anfänge der Christl. Kirche*. Wittenberg.

1837), but at the same time startled academic sentiment throughout Germany by a chivalrous vindication, not simply of the relative antiquity, but also of the genuineness of the Shorter Greek text. For since the times of Daillé it had been almost universally given up as indefensible by the foreign Protestant *literati*, even the Lutherans admitting it to be so extensively interpolated as to be useless in any case in which the testimony of the *real* Ignatius is concerned. The latter was the opinion expressed by Neander after Griesbach and others, whilst Dr. Ferdinand Baur, with the whole of the so-called Tuebingen school, deny that a single line from the pen of Ignatius has reached our times. It was in the hope of warding off from our canonical New Testament Scriptures the attacks of the Baurian destructive criticism, by an appeal to the less suspicious, if not so numerous, citations from the apostolic writings to be found in the Syriac Ignatius, that Bunsen hastened to present the newly-discovered text to his beloved Germany. And if Archdeacon Churton somewhat indecently twits him with not having converted Baur, the Chevalier may console himself with the consciousness of having helped to bring about the present powerful reaction against the Negative School, of which Baur is the acknowledged chief. As he himself very properly reminds the Anglican dignitary, he did not write to convince the wrong-headed party-leader, but to disarm him. It was surely enough if Bunsen found Baur *reasons* for retracting his opinion. Even Archdeacon Churton might have found himself at a loss how to stock him with *honesty* sufficient to avow a change. But indeed it is by no means so certain that Bunsen was fairly entitled to summon Baur to retreat. He too precipitately adopted the Syriac text *en bloc*, whereas even within these narrow limits, the knife is imperatively called for. The Chevalier ought to have seen at a glance that the whole of the latter half of the Epistle to Polycarp (cap. iv.—vi.), even as found in the Syriac, is spurious. There is both external and internal evidence of the most decisive kind against its genuineness. I. Not a word of it is to be found in any of the copies of the Ante-Usserian Latin text, which even closes the third chapter with the significant word, ‘Amen.’ II. The very circumstance that it contains the only mention of the Three Orders (cap. vi.) to be found in the Syriac text, ought to have sufficed to put Bunsen on his guard. Throughout his work he shows that the Ignatian interpolations are ascribable to a hierarchical interest, and he is very well aware that in all Christian antiquity, for a century after the martyrdom of Ignatius, not a single enumeration of the Three Orders is to be found, any more than in the New Testament itself. The anachronism, therefore, should not have

escaped his notice. He had already assigned to the mask of Ignatius *seventeen* such passages, and he should not have grudged him the eighteenth. Perhaps it was his lingering affection for Episcopacy which here interfered with the performance of his stern duty as a critic, and tempted him to spare this testimony, albeit—

‘Like the last rose of summer, all blooming alone.’

III. The use of the word ἀγνεια (cap. 5) not in its New Testament sense of ‘purity,’ ‘chastity,’ (1 Tim. iv. 12, v. 2), but in the monkish sense of ‘celibacy,’ is foreign to the times of Ignatius. IV. The barbarous Latinisms δεσέρτωρ, δεποσιτα, ακκεπτα, *desertor, deposita, accepta*), occurring all together in the sixth chapter, to save which most concern will be felt, have always been very properly alleged against the genuineness of the passago. Only in such portions of the text as the Chevalier allows to be interpolations, are any other Latinisms to be met with. Hence, as these *coprolites* show, we have here a superimposed stratum, not the primitive rock. V. The awkward manner in which the exhortation to give heed to the bishop is introduced (cap. vi.), betrays a strange hand. ‘Look YE to the bishop, that God also may look to you.’ Yet the letter is addressed to a *single individual*, Polycarp. Here was surely enough to have made the Chevalier pause before encumbering his defence of the Syriac Recension with this palpable interpolation, even had not Scultetus and Vodelius (who adds several weighty arguments to the above), nay, the Jesuit Halloix himself, long ago sounded the warning note. So wary an antagonist as Baur was not likely to let slip this advantage, and accordingly his reply to Bunsen, published in 1848, turns mainly on the identity of the hierarchical system propounded in these very chapters with that which is everywhere foisted into the Medicean text. Hilgenfeld, who agrees with Baur in rejecting both the Syriac and the Medicean texts, takes advantage of the same weak point in the Chevalier's defence of the former.

The *Corpus Ignatianum* and Dr. Petermann's reprint of the Armenian Version of Ignatius were both published in 1849. It is a pity that, owing to this coincidence, neither editor was able to make use of the work of the other. But even without including the Armenian Epistles, Mr. Cureton's book is the most complete repertory of documents, facts, and opinions upon the whole subject to be found in any language, and gives him rank as one of the most accomplished scholars of whom our country can boast. Its value was greatly enhanced in consequence of the arrival at the British Museum, in 1847, of a fresh batch of Syriac MSS. from the convent of St. Maria Deipara. They were

bought of M. Pacho, a French traveller, who found that the monks had deceived Archdeacon Tattam in professing to sell him the whole of their library, and with great tact contrived really to effect a clearance of the very last leaf. The additional *codices* were more than two hundred in number, and amongst them Mr. Cureton had the good fortune to discover a second complete copy of the Three Ignatian Epistles. Besides making good use of this, he overhauled the entire mass of Syriac MSS. in the British Museum in search of Ignatian fragments and extracts, of which he gleaned a great number,* all of which are printed with English translations in his great work. With the exception of those from John the Monk, a native Syrian author who flourished in the latter half of the fourth century, and quotes exclusively the Curetonian text, these Ignatian citations occur only in translations of works written originally in Greek. It is important to observe this, because an unfair inference has been drawn from these Syriac extracts, as though they bore witness to the existence in that language of a text of the Ignatian Epistles corresponding to the Medicean. We may here mention, also, that to prove the same point is the object of Professor Petermann's book. He tries to show that his Armenian Version, which contains all the Twelve Epistles found in Greek, with the addition of that to Maria Cassabolita, was made from a Syriac copy. But in this attempt he is held by no less competent Oriental scholars than himself to have utterly failed. We may instance Dr. Weiss, of Koenigsberg, the able reviewer of Petermann's work in *Reuter's Repertorium* for 1852 (Vol. LXXVIII.), who not only roundly denies the existence of any other Syriac Version than Cureton's, but also powerfully champions its claims as against the Shorter Greek. But even should the fact in question be demonstrated, it would only prove the wide diffusion of the interpolated text, and would establish nothing against the priority and originality of the Curetonian. That the latter was in the Syrian church the Received Text of its own Apostolic Father, is now rendered certain by a recent discovery made by Sir Henry Rawlinson. He has found at Bagdad a *third* copy of the *Three Epistles*, according to that Recension, appended to a MS. of the New Testament in Syriac, exactly as the *Codex Alexandrinus* has the *Epistles of Clement of Rome* written at the end.

* Through the kindness of a friend, the Rev. B. H. Cowper, of Poplar, who has been indefatigable in his researches amongst the Nitrian MSS., we are enabled to state that, in Addit. MS. No. 14,533, fol. 33, are to be found three Ignatian fragments, which have escaped Mr. Cureton's eagle eye. The first does not name the Epistle whence it is taken; the second is cited from a hitherto unknown Epistle to Anastasia, a Deaconess; the last is from the Epistle to the Magnesians.

The appearance of Cureton's new Syriac researches, and of Petermann's Armenian contributions, could not fail to heighten the interest of the controversy. The combat had already begun to thicken. Dr. Hefele, in 1847, published a third edition of his *Patres Apostolici*, in which he adopted Dr. Wordsworth's notion of the Syriac being an 'epitome,' dropping, however, the absurd and exploded idea of its having been made with a view of upholding Monophysitism, or any other heresy, instead of which he maintains that it was put together 'for a pious or ascetical use.' Professor Jacobson, of Oxford, in his new edition of the same collection, took up the watchword, which has since become that of the entire party of the defenders of the Medicean Ignatius. Denzinger,* Professor Hussey, of Oxford,† the *Quarterly* reviewer of the *Corpus Ignatianum* (*Quarterly Review*, No. 179), and Uhlhorn (in *Niedner's Zeitschrift*, Parts I. and II., 1851), all take the same line, as did the late Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, in a posthumous volume on the *Church of the First Three Centuries*. Archdeacon Churton of course chimes in with his brethren. Yet, what an extraordinary notion of piety this for *Episcopalians*, of all others, to hold. Certainly we have no reason to quarrel with it. So primitive must have been that piety which out of eighteen testimonies to a full-blown hierarchy, with scores of other passages exalting the bishops to a place only next to that of Christ, could stop to cull only a single flower, that we may be pardoned for believing it must have grazed closely on Apostolic times, especially should the solitary exception prove to be but a weed after all. But let us hear the arguments for deeming the Syriac an abridgment, as summed up by Professor Chevallier from the *Quarterly* reviewer and others: 'Such abridgments were made even of the Scriptures, as in Tatian's *Diatessaron*, in the second century. Other works were epitomized in a similar manner; and many of these abridgments are known to have existed in the East, at the very time when the Syriac manuscripts were made.' To this, we answer that Tatian's *Diatessaron* is lost; that scarcely anything is known about it, certainly not that it was an abridgment. Of other epitomes referred to, such as those of Chrysostom's *Commentaries*, like Theophylact's, none are in point. We desiderate epitomes of *Letters*, and we doubt whether an instance of the kind can be produced from all Chris-

* *Ueber die Aechtheit des bisherigen Textes der Ignatianischen Briefe*. Wuerzburg. 1849.

† *Sermons, mostly Academicall; with a Preface, containing a Refutation of the Theory founded upon the Syrian Fragments of the Epistles of St. Ignatius*. Oxford. 1849.

tian antiquity. But stay; we must not be too confident. The reviewer cites an exactly apposite case from the *Corpus Ignatianum* itself: 'One of the manuscripts printed by Mr. Cureton 'referred to the eleventh or twelfth century, and consisting of 'passages from the Epistles to the Romans, Ephesians, Magnesians, Smyrneans, and to Hero, is itself an abridgment of the 'Epistles of Ignatius, made from a Syriac version differing from 'that of the three Epistles.' We eagerly turn to the passage (*Corp. Ign.*, p. 235), and the first words that meet our eyes are those of the Superscription, translated from the Syriac, as follows: 'From the Book of the Holy Ignatius, the God-clad, Bishop of Antioch.' The passages, therefore, are *announced* as extracts, and are no more an abridgment than any random half-column of Cruden's *Concordance* is an abridgment of the Bible, or than our own excerpts from Mr. Chevallier are an abridgment of his book. Let the reader, moreover, conceive if he can of the sanity, to say nothing of the piety, of the man who could epitomize the dying letters of a martyr, which might all be put into a sixteen-paged tract. An abridgment of the Lord's Prayer would be scarcely less absurd.

It is no wonder, therefore, that this 'fiction of the garbling monk,' as Bunsen contemptuously styles it, has met with determined resistance. Beside, Mr. Cureton, the late Professor Lee, Dr. Weiss, and the Chevalier himself—who in both editions of his *Hippolytus* (1852 and 1854) has returned vigorously to the charge against the epitomists, the Syriac version has found able champions in the *Edinburgh* reviewer of the *Corpus Ignatianum* (No. 181), Dr. James Murdock, of America, the learned translator of Mosheim (*New Englander*, November, 1849), Professor Ritschl,* of Bonn, Mr. Cureton's accomplished critic (? Dr. Tregelles), in the *Journal of Sacred Literature* (April, 1850), Luebkert (in *Niedner's Zeitschrift*, part iv., 1854), and others. The most important appearance of late on the same side, is that of Dr. Richard Lipsius, of Leipzig (not to be confounded with Dr. Richard Lepsius, the Egyptologist), who, in an elaborate article, occupying the whole of the First Part of the last-named scientific journal for the present year, claims to have set the question fairly at rest. Whether he has really done so remains to be seen. His arguments are certainly very forcible, though we regret that they are, for the most part, of such a nature as scarcely to admit of presentation here, even had we space left us for the attempt. As it is, all that we can do is simply to bespeak for them that attention from our more erudite readers which they so well deserve.

* *Die Entstehung der Altkatholischen Kirche.* Bonn. 1850.

Our own decided impression is, that the question needs very little argument at all, and that the best way of showing the infinite superiority of the Syriac recension, is simply to place it side by side with the Medicean, as has been done above in the instance of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The interpolations then reveal themselves as such, and no less the hierarchical and anti-heretical purpose for which they were foisted into the text. Moreover, since these patches are undeniably all of a piece with the four, or rather nine, Greek Epistles unrecognised by the Syriac, these, too, are forgeries, and the correctness of the subscriptions found at the end of the Curetonian MSS.—viz., in the one case, ‘Here end the three Epistles of Ignatius, bishop and martyr;’ and in the other, ‘Here endeth what is of Ignatius,’ is fairly established. This result is strikingly confirmed by a slight, but important difference in the form of the addresses in the Medicean text itself, which the writers on both sides of the controversy have hitherto neglected to notice. The three Epistles all prefix to the names in the accusative of the parties addressed the preposition $\Pi\text{Π}\text{O}\Sigma$, whilst the rest all put the names in the dative case, without any preposition. This difference could not have proceeded from the pen of Ignatius, nor from that of any *single* subsequent pen, since it is equivalent to a difference in handwriting. The want of uniformity in this simple, but none the less significant matter, points palpably to a mixture of two different elements in the collection of Ignatian letters, to a severance of them into two classes—one comprising precisely the same three Epistles as the Syriac, and the other consisting of the remainder. The evidence furnished by the patristic citations is, every tittle of it, to the same effect. That seven Epistles, attributed to Ignatius, existed in the time of Eusebius, is admitted on all hands. It is, therefore, from the period anterior to that father, that the only testimonies available in the case must be drawn. There are three undisputed quotations of the kind (viz., one in Irenæus, and two in Origen), and they are all found in the Syriac. Yet the Syriac contains only about 1860 words, whilst the Medicean text of the seven Epistles has 7750, or more than four times as many. How is this? Had Irenæus and Origen the same likes and dislikes as the ‘pious epitomist?’ To ordinary apprehensions, it would seem that the chances are here 3×4 , or 12 to 1 against any acquaintance, on the part of these early fathers, with the larger text. We suppose the Medicean party will scarcely adopt the Hibernian sort of answer to this argument which Professor Chevallier has formulated for them. ‘It is urged,’ he says, ‘that, while the Syriac version ‘agrees with the references made by Christian writers no further

‘than the first three centuries, the Greek text agrees equally well with those more extended citations which are found in the following centuries.’ The Syriac may well rest content with having Christian antiquity to itself ‘no further than the first three centuries.’ By the way, we may as well here remark, that that is just about the period by which its youngest MS. exceeds in age the Medicean. Its oldest was written full half a millenary before the Florentine *codex*. The Syriac, moreover, possesses a further advantage, which will not fail to weigh much with truly candid inquirers. Paradoxical as the assertion may sound, yet any reader who has followed attentively our slight historical sketch, will easily convince himself of its truth—the Curetonian recension is, after all, the *only one* handed down to us, by which a single man of learning of the present day is willing to abide. There is no recension of the seven Epistles mentioned by Eusebius in existence. Epistles allowed by everybody to be forgeries poison the streams of the rival tradition. The opposing witnesses come into court proved and convicted liars. Had our space permitted, we should also have liked to point out how all the arguments which have been employed in favour of the seven as against the twelve Greek Epistles (not to speak of those extant in Latin only), and for the shorter in preference to the longer text, apply *mutatis mutandis*, and with still greater force, to the case in behalf of the Syriac three as against the seven, with the additions found in the Medicean and Colbert MSS. When the defenders of the latter are asked why they do not receive the round dozen Epistles found in their MS. authorities, they plead that Eusebius knew of seven only. In like manner, Cureton and Bunsen allege the authority of the Church to which Ignatius belonged for admitting three only, and hold up the *codex* containing that number, *and no more*. If the Pearsonians urge against Baronius, Whiston, and Meier external MS. evidence for extruding as interpolations the surplus matter of the ante-Medicean text, they have surely no right to complain of the Curetonians for summoning them in deference to MS. witnesses, from three to five centuries more venerable than their own, to purify the text still further by the very means which, two centuries ago, the sagacity of Ussher pointed out as the likeliest and best. If, again, they employ, as internal proof of the interpolations of the longer Greek text, the objections learned men had already raised against such passages long before the discovery of the Medicean MS., this is just the line of reasoning adopted by the advocates of the Syrian Ignatius against themselves, only that it tells with tenfold power in the latter case. Professor Chevallier thus succinctly, and with tolerable fairness,

sums up this branch of the argument for the Syriac, as compared with even the Shorter Greek recension :—

‘ Passages in the Epistles have at various times been objected to as referring to opinions and heresies which are supposed not to have been known in the time of Ignatius. Other passages have been pointed out as containing a superfluity of compound epithets, apparently inconsistent with the style which Ignatius, on his journey towards the place of his martyrdom, was likely to employ ; and others, again, giving a greater prominence, dignity, and authority to the hierarchy, than that ascribed to it by contemporaneous ecclesiastical writers. *Almost all these passages are omitted in the Syriac* ; and it is argued that it is more probable that they did not form a part of the Epistles when first written, than that a Syriac abbreviator should have anticipated the result of the criticism of subsequent centuries by *omitting precisely those passages to which objections have since been raised*. The style of the Epistle to Polycarp had long appeared different from that of the other Epistles of Ignatius ; and some had, from this cause, even doubted the genuineness of that Epistle. A similar difference of style and matter had been noticed in the Epistle to the Romans ; and, still more particularly, the two chapters in the Epistle to the Trallians, found, in the Syriac, in the Epistle to the Romans, had also been noticed by Vedula, more than 220 years before the discovery of the Syriac version, as differing in style from the rest of that Epistle. It is alleged that this difference, already detected by critical acuteness, is explained by the supposition that the parts retained in the Syriac are genuine, and the other parts have been interpolated ; and that this coincidence is a strong argument in proof of the fact.’

We may add that even the notion of an ‘ epitome ’ is not Canon Wordsworth’s own (any more than some other pieces of literary property for which he has been highly complimented,)* but is borrowed from Meier, and was originally employed against the *Medicean* text. Should like success attend these old weapons in the new war which is now raging, Mr. Cureton’s confident prediction will be fulfilled. Scarcely a longer period than intervened between the publication of the first Three Latin Epistles attributed to Ignatius, and the universal recognition of their spuriousness, will elapse, before the Three Syriac Epistles will be generally acknowledged and received as the only true and genuine letters of the venerable Bishop of Antioch, that have either come down to our times, or were even known in the earliest ages of the Christian Church.

It may possibly contribute to bring about a consummation so

* See Preface to Bunsen’s *Hippolytus and his Age*. Second Edition, p. xviii. ; and compare *Monthly Christian Spectator*, vol. iii. p. 16, note.

devoutly to be wished, if, before quitting the subject on which we fear we have already detained our readers too long, we venture to direct attention to a passage on which we have lighted in the recently recovered treatise of Hippolytus, *Against all Heresies* (Ed. Miller, p. 268), in which that father seems to us to refer to the Medicean text of Ignatius, and to speak of it in such a way as can be explained only on the supposition that he knew it to be spurious. It occurs at the close of his section upon the Docetæ, whose founder, as Clement of Alexandria (*Strom.* iii. 13) informs us, was Julius Cassianus, a scholar of the heresiarch Valentinus, as Clement further tells us. Valentinus flourished not earlier than A.D. 140, *i. e.* a whole generation after the martyrdom of Ignatius. Of course Julius Cassianus and the Docetæ must have appeared later still, as being a younger branch of the Valentinians, in common with whom they held to the Thirty Æons or Divine Emanations, as Hippolytus expressly testifies, and very much besides of that parent Gnostic system. But the followers of Julius Cassianus laid particular stress upon a tenet, towards which, indeed, all the Gnostic sects tended, but which they held with such distinctive emphasis, that they gave themselves the name Docetæ in consequence. This was the doctrine, that our Lord possessed only in *seeming* (δοκῆσει) a human body, and not in reality. Now it has always been alleged by the opponents of the Medicean text, that in its numerous anti-heretical passages (all of which, be it observed, are wanting in the Syriac), Valentinianism, and, in particular, the Docetic tendency of that school, are attacked, which of course could not have been done by Ignatius. Worst of all, a couple of Æons longing to the Valentinian emanation-system—viz., Sige (silence), and Logos (word), with a polemical allusion to the emanation of the latter from the former—have inadvertently slipped from the anachronistic pen. Strenuous attempts have been made to explain away these awkward appearances, and of late even with the help of a *verbatim* citation in Hippolytus from Simon Magus (!), who, however, owns to acquaintance with only one of the two Æons, and knows nothing about the other. The polemical allusions to a Docetic Christology are admitted, but are referred to the Gnosticising system of Cerinthus, who taught in the first century, which, however, as Lipsius has lately again satisfactorily demonstrated, was of a totally different kind from that so vehemently and repeatedly impugned in the Medicean Ignatius. Cerinthus fully admitted the perfect human personality of the man Jesus, which was precisely what Docetism proper denied. But we think Hippolytus will decide whether the latter be or be not the system combated in the Epistles. His whole section on

the Docetæ deserves to be most carefully compared with the anti-heretical passages with which these abound. At present, however, we must content ourselves with quoting from the page indicated above only the following words, which we give in the original, as the book is not in every one's hands: Δοκίτας ἑαυτοὺς προσηγόρευσαν. Ὡν οὐ ΤΟ ΔΟΚΕΙΝ ΕΙΝΑΙ (τινὰς καταννοῦμεν ματαίζοντας)* ἀλλὰ τὴν ἐκ τοσαύτης ὕλης δοκὸν ἐν ὀφθαλμῷ φερομένην διελέγχομεν κ.τ.λ. Hippolytus is here playing upon the name of the sect, and must be acknowledged to be guilty of a most egregious pun. It is of course difficult to convey its point in English, but we must throw ourselves on the indulgence of our readers, and even make the attempt. 'They styled themselves Dokētæ,' he says. This they clearly did, from their attributing nothing but *semblance* or *seeming* (in Greek, *dokēsis*) to the human life of Christ upon earth, and especially to his sufferings. But Hippolytus is determined to fasten upon them a punning allusion to the 'beam' (in Greek, *dokon*), in Matt. vii. 3, and is so pleased with this conceit of his, that he steps out of his way to reject with contempt a rival witticism on the appellation which the sect gave themselves. 'They styled themselves Doketæ' (men who held to the *dokēsis*). Of whom, not the SEEMING (DOKEIN) TO EXIST do we twit them with—we have in view certain 'vain babblers—but the *beam* (*dokon*) carried in their eye, consisting of such a mass of wood.' Now who are the 'vain babblers' meant in this passage? That Hippolytus could not speak thus of the martyr Ignatius, is self-evident. And yet it so happens that there are two passages in the Medicean text of Ignatius, which are precisely those most pointed in their polemical tone against the very sect on whose name Hippolytus is punning, and which exactly illustrate his allusion. The first occurs in the second chapter of the Epistle to the Smyrnæans, which chapter Hefele himself heads with the following summary: *Christus vere in carne passus est. Contra Docetas*. 'Christ suffered in reality in the flesh. Against the Docetæ.' It will not be necessary to give the Greek of the chapter. The translation runs thus. 'All these things he (Christ) suffered for our sakes that we might be saved. And he really suffered, as also he really raised himself from the dead; not as certain unbelieving persons say that he *seemed* (*dokein*) to suffer, THEMSELVES EXISTING ONLY IN SEEMING (DOKEIN); and according as they think will it happen also to them, as to men 'incorporeal and mere ghosts.' The twin passage is found in the tenth chapter of the Epistle to the Trallians. The chapter

consists of only four lines, and is closely connected with the following one, which Hefele heads, *Fugite mortiferas Docetarum plantationes*, i.e., 'Shun the deadly plantings of the Docetæ.' The tenth chapter may be translated thus: 'But if, as certain 'godless, i.e., unbelieving persons say, he (Christ) *seemed* ' (*dokein*) to suffer, THEMSELVES EXISTING ONLY IN SEEMING ' (*DOKEIN*), why am I bound, and why do I wish to fight with ' the wild beasts? Do I die, then, in vain? Nay, do I not ' bear false witness against the Lord.' It is, we think, pretty clear from these passages who were the rival punsters upon the name of the Docetæ whom Hippolytus had in his eye, and whom he pronounces to be 'vain babblers.' The reader will observe that Hippolytus furnishes two quite distinct arguments against the Medicean text. Through him we become better acquainted with the existence of a separate sect of Docetæ, who gave themselves that name not till some time after the middle of the century* in the first decennium of which Ignatius suffered martyrdom, and thus the palpable pun upon their name in the Epistles to the Smyrneans and Trallians is seen to be as palpable an anachronism. Secondly, he brands the authors of this pun as 'vain babblers'—language which he could not have applied to Ignatius. This testimony to the fact of the forgery from one who wrote a century before Eusebius, makes the case against the Medicean text as complete as it could well be.

But if these things be indeed so, the importance of Mr. Cureton's discovery is overwhelming. The days of hierarchy, even in its most elementary form, are numbered, and its chiefs may ere long be warned, by a more commanding voice than even that of the Keeper of a Queen's conscience 'to set their houses in order.' Should the 'Ignatian Way' from the Eastern birthplace of our religion to Rome and other high places of spiritual domination be closed, those most concerned are best aware how much the loss involves. 'Give us but Ignatius,' said Dr. Newman in the *British Critic*, in the eventful year (1839) of the discovery of the first Syriac MS. of that father, of which fact he was of course unaware, 'and we want nothing more to prove the substantial truth of the Catholic system: the proof of the genuineness and apostolicity of the Bible is not stronger. He who 'rejects the one, ought in consistency to reject the other.' High-flown language this, and, so far at least as concerns the comparison with the Scriptures, abhorrent to every Christian mind. No, happily for the Church and for mankind, the proofs of the so-called 'Catholic system' are not 'strong as Holy Writ.'

* Cave makes Julius Cassianus, their founder, flourish A.D. 172.

A house built on the rock may possibly stand long after one based on a less stable foundation shall have toppled to the ground. 'Give us but Ignatius, and we want nothing more.' Well, but suppose a patient though not slumbering Providence respond to the cry from beneath the throne, 'How long, O Lord?' by refusing to allow the name of the martyr to be any further abused as it has been, what, then, of the 'Catholic system' and 'its central institution?' Why, in that case no name becomes so terrible to hierarchy as the long-cherished, nay, worshipped, name of Ignatius. The mine of ecclesiastical imposture, out of which so much treasure has been dug, explodes when the candle of truth is let down into all that 'sulphur,' as the pitmen call the foul air. For, let the reader mark, it is not merely that the first two Christian centuries are swept clear of a single mention of the three fundamental orders of the hierarchy, but the demonstration is now complete that no fair documentary proofs of the system could possibly have existed thus early. Neither the now lost but then extant Christian literature (more than nine-tenths of the whole) belonging to the period, nor the *diptychs* or registers of the Apostolic Churches, could have furnished such, nor could the Christian conscience of the epoch discover any such in the New Testament. Three hierarchical fabrications, long since universally acknowledged to be such, have heretofore pointed to this fatal conclusion, viz., the Apostolical Constitutions, the Clementines, and the writings ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite. The plausible authority of Ignatius has been the slender thread which alone kept the sword of Damocles from falling. What will ultimately come of this nibbling at it by the Nitrian church-mice, we leave our readers to judge.

ART. VII.—*Circular No. I.—Exhibition of Art Treasures of the United Kingdom, to be opened in Manchester in May, 1857.*

THE prospectus at the head of this article exhibits Manchester as intent upon connecting the beautiful with the useful. Its men of wealth are about to furnish evidence of their sympathy with the past, as well as with the present; with the higher principles of art, as well as with the maxims of a sound commercial policy. It is high time that some effort to do this piece of justice to themselves in the sight of their country and of Christendom should be made. But before we proceed to our say about the Manchester Exhibition, our memory reminds us that there has been a movement of this description in Lancashire dating from the summer of 1854, which should not be passed over in silence.

The people of this country who do not go far from home, and whose home happens to be considerably distant from the Irwell or the Mersey, have often strange notions about the people who *produce* so much near the one stream, and *freight* so much upon the other. The whole district and the whole people seem to loom in the imaginations of not a few at a distance as something very unlike the rest of the world. So loud, and in some respects so effective, has been the noise made by the men who boast of Manchester as their metropolis, that we can imagine the district, in which not only the peasant or the artisan, but even the clergyman or the esquire would be ready to go considerably out of their way to see a live Lancashireman. For it is more than suspected, we think, that the natural history of this sort of animal must be something very curious. And a difference in this respect there is between Lancashire men and some other men. These northerners are not characterized by the symmetry of feature, the fair complexion, the blue eyes, and the light hair, so common among the men and women of the more purely Saxon population of the south—Alfred's old kingdom of Wessex. The men of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Durham, have a strong infusion of Danish and Norwegian blood among them. This has given to the physical nature of the population of Lancashire that greater breadth and vigour, speaking generally, as compared with the south; and their mental qualities harmonise, for the most part, with what the outer man seems to indicate—rougher, but stronger. Their dialect, too, is a very outlandish affair to a stranger. But when once understood, there is a tendency to abbreviation, a smartness, and decision about it, which we greatly prefer to the lazy drawl running through most of the .

dialects of the south. These ethnological causes have contributed in part, though only in part, towards making the north what it is, compared with the milder region; and they have had something to do, we think, not only in giving existence to the impressions which exist in distant provinces concerning Lancashire, but in generating much local prejudice within the limits of that county. Fleeting as the population of Lancashire may seem to be—shifting, like the sand, with every tide—this is by no means the case generally. There are districts in that county where local attachments and local prejudices are very deeply rooted. We could point to many a nook and valley, and to many a hill-side, where families have nestled for generations, and where the new comer has to submit to a considerable interval of probation before finding a genial home. Hence we know of no county in the kingdom possessing so many names that may be said to be native to it, or where names of this sort occur so frequently. The feeling allied with these names, in some places, amounts to a feeling of clanship, and reaches very far. There are many districts in Lancashire where the old inhabitants pride themselves on their intelligence, their orderliness, and much beside, rating themselves as far in advance, in these respects, of certain of their neighbour communities.

One of the places which for a time stood low in this scale of comparative advancement was the town of Oldham. We must not venture to relate the stories afloat in Lancashire about the Oldham ‘roughheads,’ as they were called. Great change for the better has been going on in Oldham for some years past. The township covers a large area, and the population, we believe, is not less than 70,000. Oldham is situated on a rising ground, about six miles from Manchester. Its inhabitants, as they rise in the morning, see the smoke of Manchester to the westward, or sometimes a dense fog overspreads the valley, concealing both smoke and city, leaving Oldham itself clear, it may be in sunshine. There are many public-spirited men in Oldham, and conspicuous among these are the Brothers Messrs. John and James Platt. These gentlemen have done honour to their country by the position they have gained as machine exhibitors in the Exhibitions of London and Paris. We are right, we believe, in saying that to the zeal of the latter gentleman, Mr. James Platt, Oldham was indebted for the Exhibition in that town in 1854.

The Exhibition was opened in the Working Man’s Hall, adjoining which two temporary buildings were erected, one for machinery, and the other for the reception of middle-age furniture, costume, and implements,—designated the Baronial Hall. The main building measured ninety feet by sixty. It included a

spacious platform at one end, with a gallery at the other and along the two sides. The general exhibition consisted of works of art, specimens of manufacture, and natural curiosities. The building prepared for machinery measured sixty feet by forty-eight, and was constructed chiefly of iron. Much of the material and apparatus in this department was generously given or lent by various contributors. Mr. Fairbairn, the civil engineer, spoke of this department as transcending anything he had seen in the provinces—thanks to Messrs. Serills and Woolstenhulme, and to Messrs. Platt, Brothers, and Co. The Baronial Hall was rich in middle-age ornament and antiquities, which were arranged by Mr. G. Shaw of Saddleworth. Mr. Henry Wilson of Manchester superintended the decorative department in the general exhibition, and Mr. Agnew of Manchester evinced much taste in the arrangements of the fine arts department.

The Exhibition was opened on the 17th of July, 1854, by the Right Honourable the Earl of Wilton. His Lordship left the Town Hall that day preceded by a band of music, attended by the Lord Bishop of Manchester, followed by ministers of religion of various denominations, by the mayor and corporation of the town, and by magistrates and gentlemen from the neighbourhood. The distance from the Town Hall to the Exhibition was about the third of a mile, and over that space every available inch of ground, whether in the streets, or from the roofs and windows of the houses, was occupied by the living mass of people, a large proportion consisting of the youth of the town of both sexes. It was a capital occasion for seeing what Lancashire faces are like—for true Lancashire faces they were, and on that day at least they betrayed no lack of intelligence, of vivacity, or of happiness. It was a pleasant thing to see the ‘roughhead’ old town suspending its labours, and put all astir in this way for such a purpose. For all this holiday humour had come over these myriads of people because their rich neighbours had determined that they should have the opportunity of seeing what nineteen-twentieths of them never had seen,—beautiful pictures, fine statuary, the rarest specimens from the loom, many a marvellous product of nature besides these products of art, together with old helmets and armour, such as their ancestors in bygone centuries were used to wear on the day of battle; chairs of the sort they were wont to rest in when weary, and such tables, too, as they were wont to sit around when they fed upon the venison which their own true eye and strong arm had brought down in the neighbouring forest. For this it was that the bells of Oldham rang so merrily on that day; that the band gave forth its stirring notes, and seemed to chase all sadness from all faces; and that the rich

men, as they passed, were greeted with the shouts of thousands who were not rich, and never expected to be rich.

But did this interest continue? It did. Several hundred season tickets were taken. The admissions on the days when the higher charge was made continued to be large to the last. The working classes crowded the buildings at the times convenient to them. Through facilities afforded by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, there was a frequent influx by excursion trains from places within twenty miles round. On one Saturday afternoon some 1700 people came from various distances to spend their weekly half holiday at the Oldham Exhibition. More than 12,000 catalogues were sold, and not an article of value was lost or injured. Among these thousands, very few we think could have left the Exhibition without some new ideas or impressions. In the case of the more observant and thoughtful, it is impossible to say what the suggestive and educating influence of such a sight may have been.

The result was, that when all expenses incurred were defrayed, and property insured at more than twenty thousand pounds was safely restored to its owners, a surplusage of more than two thousand pounds remained. This sum has formed the basis of a fund for building the Oldham Lyceum, a first-class Mechanics' Institute. The foundation-stone of this structure was laid—as was most fitting—by Mr. James Platt. This ceremony took place in the early part of 1855, when the gloom of our struggle in the Crimea had deepened to its deepest. In that dread hour—to its honour be it spoken—Oldham was among the foremost of our towns in affirming there must be no retreat—no surrender, pledging herself at once to a vigorous prosecution of the war, and to as vigorous a prosecution of the arts of peace. Such is the mettle of which true Lancashire men are made. The old Northman blood is still fresh in them. Lord Stanley did himself honour by presiding at the dinner when the foundation-stone of the Oldham Lyceum was laid; and on the 22nd of September his lordship again gratified the men of Oldham by being present at the opening of this edifice, now the finest building in the town. The day is not distant, we trust, when Mr. James Platt, who has rendered such substantial and memorable service to Oldham, will be called to represent interests like hers in the High Court of Parliament. He is a man of an order to do the state some service. But it is time we should pass from Oldham to the doings in Manchester.

Hitherto these Exhibitions have been chiefly devoted to the useful arts, but in the spring of this year, some of the most influential gentlemen in Manchester projected an Exhibition

which should be solely directed to the fine arts—using that term in its widest extent,—and in consequence, a meeting was held in the Town Hall of Manchester on the 26th of May, when an executive committee, consisting of seven gentlemen, were chosen from the general committee of upwards of a hundred members, and a guarantee fund was raised, which has reached the large amount of between 70,000*l.* and 80,000*l.*, chiefly by subscriptions of the members of 500*l.* and 1000*l.* each. The object contemplated will be best explained in the following extract from Circular No. 1 :—

‘Art in the United Kingdom may be said to have derived all its encouragement from private persons. Its greatest treasures have passed into the hands of those whose wealth has enabled them to foster and gratify their tastes. Thus the pictures of our best modern artists,—the choicest specimens of foreign schools,—the works of the best sculptors, together with the numerous objects which come under the denomination of fine arts, are distributed in private houses throughout the country, instead of being found, as on the Continent, in national collections, accessible to the public. Doctor Waagen, in his valuable work on the Art Treasures of Great Britain, fully bears out the fact that there are to be found in this kingdom specimens of art, of all kinds, which exceed in interest and value those of any other country in the world.

‘Influenced by these considerations, the City of Manchester has been induced to entertain a proposition to hold in the month of May, 1857, an EXHIBITION OF THE ART TREASURES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

‘By the term ‘Art Treasures’ it is meant to include not only oil paintings, water-colour drawings, engravings, and photographs, but the thousand other objects of which sculpture, in stone, marble, alabaster, plaster, wood, ivory, terra cotta, and bronze,—decorative furniture,—works in gold and other precious metals,—armour,—implements of chase,—musical instruments,—glass, Venetian, German, French, and English,—china, delft,—tapestry,—antiquities, costume, may be given as leading examples. Those who have had an opportunity of walking through the *Hotel de Cluny*, in Paris, and examining the treasures of art which it contains, chiefly those of the middle ages, can easily understand that a collection of a somewhat similar kind, which it is quite possible to make in this country, would be extremely interesting.

‘In the proposed Exhibition it is intended to illustrate, in as effective and instructive a manner as possible, English life in bygone times. Thus there may be rooms hung with pictures of the worthies of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne, while in the same apartments may be shown to those who live in the reign of Queen Victoria whatever will explain the manners and customs of those important periods of English history. It is in contemplation also to make a collection of portraits of persons eminent in British history; and in

another section of the Exhibition to collect portraits of the more prominent men of the time. An attempt, too, will be made to give a chronological history of British painting.'

It will be seen from this foregoing extract, how extremely interesting an Exhibition this promises to be, while it also shows how largely the committee must depend upon the liberal exertions of all friends of art throughout the country. The warm interest evinced by Lord Ellesmere, who at once consented to become President of the General Council, the very gratifying intimation of the patronage of the Queen and Prince Albert, and his even more gratifying letter, in which, as our readers are aware, he enters so fully and so heartily into the plan, together with the many offers of support received from the neighbouring nobility and gentry, determined the executive committee to proceed at once to purchase an eligible site for the intended building, and to obtain a suitable plan. The site chosen is adjoining the Botanic Gardens, most favourably placed in respect to railway conveyance, and, as it is more than two miles distant from the Royal Manchester Exchange, it is at a safe distance from the 'tall chimneys.' The plan chosen is that sent by Mr. Young, and in its adoption the committee state that they have been guided 'by its combination 'of the three indispensable requisites of convenience of distribution 'of space, facility of execution, and cheapness of construction,' and that on all these grounds they came to the unanimous conclusion that Mr. Young's plan was best adapted to the purpose. 'A provisional contract has been therefore made with the 'architect for its completion by the 1st of January next, for 'the sum of 24,500*l*.' At the same time Mr. J. C. Deane, whose connexion with, and management of that portion of the Exhibition in Dublin in 1853, which was devoted to the collection of works of art, affords evidence of his competence for the task, was appointed 'general commissioner to the executive committee,' and is now travelling about to procure those valuable, or remarkable works of art which are to form the great 'Exhibition of the Art Treasures of the United Kingdom.' Circulars have also been sent to all patrons of the fine arts, and collectors of works of art or antiquities, and also to all British painters and sculptors, requesting their assistance.

On Wednesday, August 13th, the base for the first pillar of the building was laid by Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, chairman of the executive committee, and already its wide proportions are visible. The length is 704 feet, the breadth 200 feet, and the height to the spring of the arches 33. It will be divided longitudinally into a central hall 104 feet wide, and two side halls each 48 feet wide, the offices and refreshment-rooms being arranged at the ends.

Like its predecessors, this will be a palace of glass and iron, and every precaution will be taken against injuries from damp and from fire. All the light will be admitted from above, the glass forming nearly one-third of the semicircular roof; the bricks used for the front are fire-bricks, the ground-work red, upon which pilasters, string courses, and ornamental borders are formed by stone-coloured brickwork, and it will present a total frontage of about 600 feet.

Meanwhile the appeal of the committee to the numerous possessors of 'art treasures' has received a most favourable response. Up to the time of our writing, the mere names of contributors would fill two of our pages, while a list of their promised 'treasures' would form a considerable pamphlet. Among the earliest contributors Lord Ellesmere must be placed, who has offered ten of his finest pictures from the Bridgewater Gallery, including the beautiful 'Assumption,' by Guido. The Duke of Manchester has placed his collection of pictures at the Committee's disposal; the Dukes of Bedford, Richmond, and Newcastle, the Earls of Carlisle and Burlington, with many other noblemen, have also responded willingly; while Lord Talbot de Malahide has not only offered his pictures, but, as president of the 'Archæological Institute,' has suggested, that for next year, instead of a temporary local museum at Chester, the Institute should give its aid to this Exhibition. Cardinal Wiseman has promised assistance too, and we anticipate much from his exertions in the departments of mediæval art and art manufactures. Requests we find, too, are being made to the old London Companies for some of the valuable portraits that adorn their halls. From some knowledge of their stores of fine old plate and needle-work—in one or two instances of richly illuminated record books also—we trust these requests will be liberally acceded to, and that not only portraits, but many relics, valuable alike for their beauty and antiquity, will take their place in this great collection of 'art treasures.' Among the later contributions, the liberal offer of pictures from Prince Albert's collection at Kensington Palace must be noted. By the assistance of Dr. Waagen a selection of thirty-nine paintings, beginning at a period as early as the thirteenth century, has been made, which will most admirably illustrate the early art of the Italian, German, and Flemish schools. From the *Times*, September 10, we also learn that the Queen has promised some of the finest pictures from her collections at Buckingham Palace and Windsor, comprising thirty-eight choice specimens of the Italian and Flemish masters, and each day is still bringing accounts of the additional treasures which may be expected to find a place there.

Now, in prospect of this most important Exhibition, and contemplating the various manifestations of an increasing interest in the fine arts among us, the question naturally arises,—what are the conditions most favourable to art development? Is it best that art and the artist should be left unaided and unpatronized, or that they both should be tenderly fostered beneath the smile of royal favour. Now, in regard to the former, as Mr. Leslie truly remarks, if an artist could be self-taught, Captain Cook might have found a Rubens in Otaheite; and those advocates of ‘unassisted genius,’ who denounce every kind of patronage as hurtful to originality, are strangely forgetful of the fact that, unlike the young poet, who at the plough, at the loom, even in the busy workshop, may meditate his song; or the incipient philosopher who, with commonest materials around him, may become self-taught to no mean extent—the young painter, soon surmounting the temporary aids of chalk and charcoal, demands specific instruction, and leisure to avail himself of it; requires materials, too, which the painting-room only will supply; and, therefore, say the advocates of patronage, let the State give all encouragement to art; let kings smile upon it, and princes applaud, and the age of Pericles, of Leo X., of the highest art, will of necessity revive again. Now let us look to facts, and we shall find that somewhat more important than mere patronage is needed. Had the mightiest Italian noble, the wealthiest Florentine merchant taken Giotto by the hand as he sat sketching, little had been done for the future great painter and architect of Italy. Cimabue must lead Giotto from his solitude to Florence, there to gaze upon those works of early art which the wondering boy was, ere long, to surpass, there to study and to labour—to labour hard, but to find in his hardest strivings a joy far greater than any pastime could give. Nor is the smile of the solitary patron the highest guerdon the great artist toils for. When Cimabue completed that picture of the Madonna, which gave a new name to a whole district of Florence,—a name how expressive of the joy and pride of the citizens, ‘Borgo Allegri,’—he saw in the crowding multitude,—friends, neighbours, fellow-townsmen, even peasants, his patrons; and, when decked with flowers, it was borne in solemn procession to the church, while the painter, laurel-crowned, followed, more welcome were the shouts of that joyful, admiring crowd, than the ‘good red gold’ of the proudest monarch in Christendom, or the smile of the Pontiff himself.

It is scarcely surprising, however, that superficial writers on art—and superficial the majority have been—should point with so much emphasis to those periods when art has been especially under the protection of the great and the noble. They are well-

known periods of history, and *Pinnock's Catechism* will supply data sufficient to enable an amateur to prattle to his heart's content about Phidias, or about Raphael and Michael Angelo, or about the picture galleries of Versailles; and they are attractive periods too, to those who care only to pass along the highways of history and mark the crowd and the bustle; but to those who would seriously endeavour to ascertain what were the influences under which art has most flourished, the whole history of art must be looked at—we will attempt to do so, although but very cursorily.

If we turn to art in the ancient world, and inquire under what conditions it arose and flourished in those great empires, Egypt and Assyria, we certainly cannot, with our present limited knowledge, learn much. That their mighty structures were raised by command of their monarchs, we know; but still, when we observe the strongly marked difference in these remains—the calm contemplative character, the deep expression of repose of the Egyptian sculpture, and the energetic activity so graphically brought out alike in man and beast of the Nineveh marbles, we cannot but believe that there was a national difference of character which moulded each, and left its indelible impress on each school. The Pharaohs or Sennacheribs of the age might indeed command the work to be executed; but the national character presided over the spirit in which that work was done, and, notwithstanding all that has been said about Greek art, and the patronage to which it is said to have owed its highest development, it must be remembered that art had attained a high degree of perfection ere the palmy days of Athens. Greek art was well able to walk alone, ere Pericles offered his helping hand; indeed, by many, the age of Pericles is viewed as the period of its incipient decline. In ancient Rome—how unlike Christian Rome—the arts were never cultivated. They were patronized as a luxury, as a costly exotic; and the painting or the statue was viewed as a thing to boast of, not a ‘thing of beauty,’ which, as Kents so profoundly says, ‘is a joy for ever.’ Patronage alone kept Greek art—but it was debased art—from utterly sinking; and when the seat of empire was transferred to Byzantium, the feeble, spiritless thing, into which even Christianity could not infuse a new life, lingered on through centuries as Byzantine art, fostered alike by imperial and ecclesiastical favour, but repeating its feeble inanities from generation to generation, and emphatically bequeathing us the lesson, that imperial patronage alone can do little for true art.

When we approach modern times, the influence of the popular feeling upon art becomes very apparent. In the earliest days of Italian art there was patronage, and liberal patronage of the

noble and wealthy ; but the people, as we have seen in the case of Cimabue, were the patrons to whom the artist looked for his chief reward. It was for no private gallery that Giotto executed those noble frescoes at Padua, or Orcagna those solemn pictures in the Campo Santo of Pisa, his 'Triumph of Death,' and 'The Last Judgment;' or Fra Angelico, his 'Paradise.' All these were for the multitude, who should flock thither on pilgrimage to behold them ; for the generations which, long after the painter was dust, should gaze upon them, and bless his memory. This desire to paint for his fellow-townsmen, his countrymen, is less apparent in the Italian painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and to the exclusive and selfish spirit of the Renaissance we may assign the change. The artist was now summoned to decorate the cardinal's banqueting-hall, or the prince's chamber ; he no longer worked so much under the eye of the people—perhaps it would have been to the religious and moral advantage of that age if he had—still artistic knowledge was generally diffused, and the people, still taking an interest in all that belonged to art, cheered on the great painters and sculptors in their work ; and, while the patron lavished gold, *they* bestowed what was far more valued by the true artist—heartfelt praise. In Italy popular feeling ever went along with the artist, and in Italy art made her longest stay, and maintained the highest place.

In Germany, during the later portion of the middle ages, art, although owing much to wealthy prelates (naturally enough, for all middle-age art had its nurture in the convent school), took up her chief abode in cities, among mercantile and manufacturing men. Not in the palace fortresses of the Rhine, but in Cologne, and Strasburg, and Nuremberg—

'Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,'

did the Van Eycks and the Albert Durers dwell, for only while the free-burgher spirit existed, did German art flourish. It was extinct ere the close of the sixteenth century, and from that time until as yesterday, Germany could put in no claim whatever to a school of painting.

Flanders bears the same testimony to the influence of popular feeling upon art. It was among the wealthy burghers of Bruges and Ghent that early Flemish art took up her abode ; and in later times the Flemish painters looked to the same class for their patrons. And how strongly marked is the popular character in the homely scenes these painters delight to pourtray ; and yet more perhaps in the matter-of-fact, coarse, and utterly unimaginative treatment of scenes from Holy Writ or classic fable. How emphatically suggestive of a people among whom a real poet has

never yet appeared. The Dutch painters, too; how completely are their works of the people and for the people. We think we can even perceive the minuter peculiarities of their national condition in that elaborate finish bestowed on the cow who so dreamingly lies in full enjoyment of that Dutch paradise of level fields and stunted poplars; in the careful, loving touches multiplied upon that strip of grass land, upon those weeds beside the sluggish canal; for all these were not the gifts of lavish nature to the Hollander, but the reward of unwearied toil. His fathers reclaimed that landscape, not from the barren waste, but from the whelming sea—is it surprising then that the Dutch painter bestows his carefullest finish on it? And the breezy sea—how do the Vanderveldes revel among its waves, and the fishing-boats and the shipping, or in the calm expanse with the heavily freighted vessel sailing slowly in—that sea, at once the source of their country's wealth, and her safety from foreign invasion.

When we turn to France we meet with art developing itself, certainly under widely different conditions. After having early in the middle ages attained a very high station alike in painting, sculpture, and architecture, we find the arts declining—indeed, almost lost sight of, until the reign of Francis the First. Then, raised into life by that sunshine of royal favour, which, like premature spring weather, calls forth the bud and blossom though but to die—a host of artists, Goujon, Cousin, Jean Juste, and many more arose; but ere the close of the century, art again sunk, for they left no successors. During the earlier part of the seventeenth century, Flemish and Italian artists supplied the place of native; Rubens painted the Luxembourg Gallery, and Bernini 'did' the sculpture. Ere long the patronage of Louis Quatorze called into existence what is emphatically the French school. This certainly was the nursling of royal favour—summoned especially to cover acres of wall and ceiling with the triumphs of 'le Grand Monarque' all the deities of Olympus joining in the apotheosis: while resplendent in his well-known periwig, Louis 'shakes his ambrosial curls' with a dignity that might awe Versailles, but scarcely move, save to laughter, ordinary mortals. But even this school, originated and fostered, so far as we can ascertain, exclusively by royal patronage, exhibits a characteristic nationality. The formal, rigid classicality of Poussin, does it not partake of the same type as the French literature of that day, altogether ignoring feeling, altogether a thing of rules? Very correct indeed, exactly *comme il faut*, but therefore incapable, just like French poetry, of high excellence. And the intensely theatrical style of Le Brun—is not that equally a transcript of the national character? St. Theresa attitudinizing as she swoons

before the high altar, like a very court lady overcome by the heat and fatigue of a reception-day; and Mary Magdalene *moitié galante, moitié dévote*, looking up to heaven with a graceful penitence that is far indeed from renouncing earthly admiration.

With the death of Louis, the school called into being by his patronage swiftly declined. The deities of Olympus were ignored by the Regent, as well as the saints, and then the court found delight in Watteau's pleasant groups of satin-vested gentlemen playing the flute under aristocratic-looking trees, and ladies in brocade, with lamb or lapdog, smilingly listening. Lancret and Pater, and still later Greuze, followed in the same line, for with battle-pieces, and with allegories, the public taste, no longer ruled by 'le Grand Monarque,' had little sympathy. So the fashion settled down upon 'conversation pieces;' how illustrative of the *carpe diem* spirit of that people, who thronged the stately gardens of Versailles in holiday groups, down to the wild outburst of their Revolution, and crowded the boulevards and the theatres of Paris, even while the cannon of the Allied armies roared in the distance. But although the art fostered into life by royal patronage scarcely survived that patronage, it is important to bear in mind, that the schools of Design founded by Louis conferred great and lasting benefit on France. No historical painters worthy the name succeeded Poussin and Le Brun, but manufacturing France, ruined by the wars and dragonades of the great patron of art, revived under the feebler sway of his successors; for the drawing schools trained and regulated the unformed taste of the designer; and the jeweller, watchmaker, and cabinet-maker of Paris, and the silk manufacturer of Lyons, found a ready mart for their produce throughout all Europe, for France gave laws to decorative art during the whole of the last century. This is very suggestive; it points to the great importance of our Government Schools of Design,—the most available kind of patronage a state can bestow, affording the means of a sound artistic education,—providing the implements, as it were, which the pupil may use hereafter as he will, as artist or as art-workman, as a Raphael or a Cellini.

Turning to Spain, last in the field of art, and first to quit it; we are struck with the number of painters she produced during little more than a century, for up to the middle of the sixteenth, Spain had not boasted a single native artist. We should feel greatly inclined to assign this to the Oriental element, so widely diffused throughout the Peninsula, and which in her middle-age architecture and illuminated manuscripts is very prominent,—dwelling upon intricate, but meaningless ornamentation, most sparing in imitation of flowers or foliage, and abstaining with

almost Mohammedan scrupulosity from introducing the human figure. To Charles the Fifth Spain doubtless owed her first acquaintance with Italian and Flemish art, and from both the Spanish school seems to have derived some portion of its peculiarities. But this school was not the offspring of imperial patronage alone; the church took the rising artist under her especial care, and when we find that she gave him 'a code of sacro-pictorial laws,' prescribing not only the subjects he was to take, and the manner in which he was to treat them, but which extended to the number of angels to be admitted into any given picture, and even gravely determined, as Mr. Stirling remarks, 'the right of the devil to his prescriptive horns and tail,' we are not surprised that the genius of the Spanish painter did not range very far. Still within the orthodox boundary the artist received most lavish encouragement. Kings stood ready with honours, grandees with princely gifts, and church dignitaries with rewards both of this world and that to come, to cheer on the Morales, the Velasquez, and the Murillos in their task of decorating the palace and the convent. It was to this double patronage so munificently bestowed, that the sudden and unexampled rise of this school must, we think, be attributed. But raised solely by patronage, Spanish art only flourished in its smiles. As royal favour declined, and as the convents, now well stored with noble pictures, no longer sought the artist, but found other means of expending their superfluous wealth, so art declined. There was no public taste to encourage the painter, no wealthy middle class to supply the patronage which the church and the court no longer cared to give; there were no schools to teach, no art-manufactures to be benefited by their teaching, and thus, after a brilliant career of scarcely a century, Spanish art utterly sunk. Never did a school of painting rise so rapidly, never did any so swiftly and completely die away.

It is but a very cursory survey that we have been able to take of these continental schools of art; but in tracing the history of art in England, we shall go over the subject more fully, and carefully examine the various and often conflicting influences which have encouraged in earlier days, but unfortunately too often in later days, retarded its development among us. An interesting subject this to the lover of art; but of great importance to all those who watch the present widely diffused art movement, and who would seek by the aids which the experience of the past can supply, to regulate and advance it.

Very early did art take up her abode among us, even from the time when St. Augustine landed with pictured banner and graven cross; and from the seventh century when Benedict Biscop

beautified the abbey church of Wearmouth with 'pictures of the 'Blessed Virgin, of the Twelve Apostles, the history of the 'Gospels, and the vision of St. John,' beside filling the windows with glass, and enriching the library with precious books, and copies of the Scriptures; and when brother Æthelwald laboured for St. Cuthbert upon that priceless manuscript, so elaborately adorned, the Lindisfarne Gospels, down to the tenth century when Dunstan carved the shrine, and painted the altar books, gave the pattern for the lady's robe, and the plan for the church, Saxon skill both in art and art-manufactures was recognised even in far distant lands. When Alcuin repaired to Charlemagne's court, the precious manuscripts he carried with him were illuminated by Saxon monks; and so greatly were they valued that the Saxon style of ornament for church books was adopted, and continued unaltered for ages in the province round Aix-la-Chapelle. In art-manufactures, too, the Saxon very early distinguished himself. Ornaments and brodered robes were the gifts of our Saxon kings, even to pontiffs; and when the rapacious followers of the Conqueror returned with their spoils from the invasion of England, William of Poitou tells us how the beauty of the gold and silver plate, and the vestments adorned by the needle of Saxon workwomen, excited uncontrollable astonishment both for their taste and richness. The Conqueror's queen, indeed, like the mother of Sisera, seems to have dwelt fondly on the charms of 'garments of fine needlework of divers colours;' for among her bequests to the Abbey of the Holy Trinity at Caen, we find 'the tunic worked at Winchester by Alderet's wife, and the mantle embroidered with gold.' She bequeaths also 'cups and covers,' doubtless the work of some Saxon goldsmith, and her 'girdle to suspend the lamp before the high altar.' No plate so ancient is probably now in existence, but judging from contemporary Saxon illuminations, the forms of cup and cover, salver and jug, were very graceful.

During the close of the eleventh century, and the earlier half of the twelfth, we do not find many notices of art. For the buildings in the Norman style, foreign architects, though probably not foreign workmen, seem to have been employed; but from the style of the painted decorations, we should think these were executed by Saxons, the few remaining fragments of painted wall or pillar in Norwich Cathedral and elsewhere, exhibiting the same style of pattern as the manuscript. Meanwhile, the wars of Stephen spread desolation through the land; but, guarded and cherished within the convent bounds, English art was rapidly advancing. It is pleasant to look back upon the convent school of those days, those schools from whence all the

learning, and all the arts, of middle-age Europe came forth ; and very pleasant is it to visit the *scriptorium* where the young scribe or the young painter sat with his snowy vellum and pumice, his fine pencils and colours of dazzling brightness and liquid gold, which challenges modern skill to match its enduring splendour, tracing the intricate pattern, or giving the last touches to the nondescript flower or long-limbed figure,—but who ere long should rise to a far higher style of art. It is pleasant to mark the convent illuminator sitting there, summoned from his task only by the convent bell ; hearing but as echoes from afar the tramp of mail-clad men, the harsh grating of the cross-bow, or the clang of the heavy mangonel. And there in the quiet seclusion of the cloister, many a writer pursued his studies, and many a painter his cherished art, until the first Plantagenet brought peace to the land. From this period our notices both of art and of art manufacture, become far more numerous and specific.

The wealth and state of 'lion-faced' Plantagenet indirectly encouraged art ; for the nobles now summoned to a gorgeous court, vied with each other in expensive array and ornaments ; and no longer compelled to inhabit fortresses, began to seek for luxuries which their fathers had little heeded. From contemporary records we find that domestic architecture advanced ; many houses of stone were built in the cities,—many in London especially,—and these not only for the nobles, but the citizens. That considerable ornament, too, was bestowed on dwelling-houses, we find from some of the Latin poets,—Neckam especially,—who alludes to richly-decorated ceilings, to carvings and paintings on the walls, and to hangings. These last, however, were most probably traverses, used, until a very late period, to divide large apartments, but which seem mostly to have been embroidered. The reader, we think, would be rather surprised at the many allusions to costly luxuries sought after at this period by the higher classes, and less inclined to charge Matthew Paris with exaggeration in his delighted descriptions of the marvellous beautifyings which were undertaken at the close of this century at St. Alban's, and were continued into the next. Here we find that Walter of Colchester not only painted 'the whole history of St. Alban' on the church walls, but adorned both the abbot's apartments and the great hall with paintings, carving, and gilding. Although, judging from the illuminations of the time, figure-painting had not attained the beauty it so soon afterward exhibited, we have no doubt that in the decorative portions both the abbot's apartments and the great hall displayed much merit ; for the transition from the intricate patterns of earlier Saxon

ornament was now complete; and foliage and scroll-work give the first indications of the rapid progress of the English artist toward the graceful adaptations of flowers and leafage of the early Gothic. Indeed, in many of the sculptured remains of the later years of this century, we find the style of ornament approximating very closely to that of the following, while, both in painting and sculpture, a superior freedom of hand is especially observable.

Henry does not seem to have patronized the arts. We have no account of any palace built by him, or any church or convent beautified at his cost; but English art was already able to dispense with royal patronage. It had been nursed in the convent school during the stormy reign of Stephen, and it was now employed in beautifying the abodes where it had been trained and nurtured. Very curious and interesting are the accounts of the rebuildings and beautifyings of the monasteries about this time. Doubtless there was much superstitious feeling in the enthusiasm which led the painter or the sculptor to lavish his utmost skill on the altar-piece or the shrine; but there was also a deep feeling of love toward the convent which had provided him shelter and instruction, and gratitude to the holy men who had watched over his progress. And the artist felt a dignity too in his work; although he might have only to carve a boss in the cloister, or paint a side-panel, or gild a moulding; and thus we never find the pupils of the convent-school keeping exclusively to one department, or considering any decorative work beneath them. The same brother who illuminated the manuscript often bound it; he who sculptured the shrine, cast and chased the altar-plate, or gave the design to the neighbouring goldsmith, and carefully superintended the work. Thus, while art was cultivated, art manufactures improved also; and thus the English goldsmith and the English embroideress held high place too, and were celebrated in distant lands, for they worked from no designs of mere pattern-drawers, but the artist employed on the cathedral thought it no scorn to design for them.*

And many influences combined to cherish a love of art among

* The immense cost and exquisite beauty of the embroidery may be better imagined when we find the Sheriffs of London, in this reign, accounting for 'fourscore pounds for an embroidered robe for the Queen'—a sum equal to more than 1200*l.* present money! From Ailfred of Rievesby we learn that these 'vestments of royal richness were of silk, adorned with gold, and beautified with gems, and figures, and foliage, in various coloured needlework.' He mentions 'a noble matron of London,' as celebrated for this delicate handiwork. The convent, however, still maintained its superiority, for when the Abbot of St. Albans sent rich gifts to Pope Adrian, the sandals and mitres, worked by the Prioress Christina, of Markgate Priory, awakened such admiration at the Papal Court, that they were valued even more than the precious plate and jewels that accompanied them.

the mass of the people, ignorant though they might be. The churches, on which so much cost was lavished, they were opened to all comers. The rustic, on high festivals, feasted his eyes on the gorgeous altar-plate,—the chalice so delicately enamelled, the jewelled pyx, the large salvers chased with scripture subjects,—on the altar hangings embroidered with saintly legends, on the altar books blazing with vermilion, and azure, and gold. The church was to him a very gallery of art, and well fitted to awaken artistic feeling was all this pictured pomp. And then if he felt the longings and eager impulse of genius, there was the convent-school, providing instruction and materials which no where else he could obtain. What were the advantages of the English art-student in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in this respect compared with those of the twelfth and thirteenth! Nor were secular influences wanting. Commerce was already bringing rich manufactures from the farthest East, and Crusaders were returning with wild and wonderful tales from their long pilgrimage; and then there were all the picturesque observances of the middle ages, its popular sports and holidays, and all its stately pageant-tries. The ecclesiastical procession, with chant and taper, and banners sweeping along; or the gorgeous array of the royal progress, when the trumpets startled the quiet wayside village, and men-at-arms, and mail-clad knights, chaplains, heralds, and the scarlet-robed great officers of the court came slowly on; while over-canopied by gleaming banners came the brodered litters of the queen and her attendant damsels, and surrounded by his silken-clad pages the first Plantagenet, his cap encircled with the golden strawberry wreath, rode proudly by, while the heralds waved their pennons aloft, and proclaimed ‘the style’ of the monarch, and flung the silver pennies of the royal largesse among the shouting crowd. A picturesque sight was this to the young artist, though but one among the many picturesque sights of the middle ages.

And thus the thirteenth century drew on, that century so important in our political history; but in relation to the history of English art, the most important of any, for never was architecture so noble, or painting and sculpture so beautiful, as during its whole period. That this was the case is, however, a very late discovery; for exceedingly puzzling is it for theorists who maintain that art-progress depends upon profound tranquillity, to believe that an age which saw monarch and people in hostile array for almost fourscore years out of the hundred, could be characterized by a high cultivation of art. But the fact is so; and the age that witnessed the strife of John with his barons, the papal interdict, the victory of freedom at Runnymede, the almost

fifty years' contest of Henry III. with the people, and the establishment at length of our representative system, witnessed also the building of two of our most celebrated structures, Salisbury and Westminster, and the expensive decorations—almost the rebuilding—of the abbeys of St. Albans, Croyland, Peterborough, and Fountains, with many others; of York, Lichfield, Lincoln, Old St. Paul's, Exeter, Wells,—we might extend the list to full two-thirds of our cathedrals,—while the amount of most delicate sculpture, decorative or sepulchral, of paintings executed on walls and ceilings, most of which have perished, or those more fortunately enshrined in the precious manuscripts, and thus still delighting our eyes with their exquisite beauty, cannot be estimated.

Now whence arose this widely-spread patronage of art, that in the midst of political excitement, and even civil war, still steadily pursued its onward career, welcoming the beautiful Gothic when first it appeared among us, and sparing no cost until, throughout the length and breadth of the land, glorious structures arose, crowded with stately imagery, and resplendent with gorgeous mural decorations? Whence was this? Simply because, fostered by the influences to which we have referred, the whole people became lovers of art. It was pardonable enough in Horace Walpole, at a time when so little was really known of the middle ages, to conclude from a few precepts to the sheriffs that Henry III. was the great art-patron of the age; but we now know that many of the noble works which made that age illustrious were begun even while he was in the cradle. The Gothic portions of Croyland and Peterborough date between 1200-15. Before 1220 Bishop Trotman had begun those noble sculptures on the west front of Wells; and while the boy-king was under the guardianship of Hubert de Burgh, the foundations of Westminster Abbey were laid, and Salisbury completely built. Henry certainly in after life patronized art, but the people were its great patrons.

We have pointed to the influences already at work; to these were now added the demand for varied and graceful ornament, consequent upon the rise of the Gothic, and which sent painter and sculptor to the fields and the forest,—schools of art which the student can never visit in vain. And then the demand for the altar-tomb with the sepulchral effigy, encouraged improved drawing of the human figure; while ere long full scope had the sculptor for his genius in that department, when called upon to execute those stately ranges of figures which Peterborough, and Exeter, and Wells still show. We may also remark, that among the favouring influences of that so-favoured age may be placed,

though subordinately, the singularly graceful style of dress that prevailed. Long may the artist of the present day seek among his female friends ere he find one bit of drapery fit to transfer to canvas or marble; but during the thirteenth century every stately lady, as she walked the street, or knelt in the church, might have become his model both in dress and bearing. An almost classical character, indeed, distinguishes the male and female dress of this period. The robe, flowing in ample folds to the feet, the mantle, sometimes fastened by rich ornaments, sometimes flung loosely across the figure, the plainly banded hair, the graceful wimple of the lady, all remind us of classical remains; while the short surcoat of the knight, open at the sides, and its folds confined by the brodered sword-belt, is the very counterpart of the Grecian tunic. Thus a beautiful race,—for even the troubadour, in the midst of his abuse of the English, calls them ‘most fair,’—with every advantage of graceful dress, were before the eyes of the art-student from day to day, and from the models around him he sculptured those stately kings and queens, those exquisite saints and angels, whose calm grace and beauty won a tribute of admiration even from ‘classical Flaxman.’

Nor was the great superiority of English art during the thirteenth century seen in its architecture and sculpture alone. ‘Beautiful exceedingly’ are the illuminated manuscripts—with less enamel-like finish indeed than those of the two following centuries, but unrivalled in grace and spirit,—instinct with the true artist feeling. But painting was in very general requisition during the whole of this century. The numerous precepts of Henry III. describing the paintings to be executed in his various palaces, afford much curious information on this subject, and from the records of religious houses we find that almost every available space in hall, or church, or cloister, was now decorated with painting. Judging from the few specimens still remaining, the mural painting does not seem to have been unworthy of the sculpture with which it was associated, and which, it should be borne in mind, was also painted; and we trust some fragment of wall, some diptych, or some detached page of illuminated manuscript, may find a place in the Exhibition, but to prove that while Giotto was in his boyhood, indeed ere he was born, England could boast a school of art equal to that he founded. The same progress is visible in art-manufactures. The seal-engraving is very beautiful, the brass and iron work too,—the fine Lichfield gates are proof of the latter,—while the goldsmith and embroideress fully maintain their ancient fame. The gorgeous plate and jewels of Henry III. were the work of the London goldsmith; and the embroideress wrought such exquisite gold needlework,

that Innocent III., always eager for gifts, actually declared he would purchase some if he could not obtain it in his usual way,—sure proof, as Matthew Paris remarks, of the high value he set upon this delicate work.

Nor was there lack of encouragement for the goldsmith or embroideress at home. The thirteenth century saw the commencement of England's commercial greatness, and the merchants and traders of the chief cities wore their broided and fur-lined mantles, and their brooches and massive gold rings, and feasted off plate in their 'tall stone houses,' which, especially in London, rivalled those of the nobles. Not the least amusing, and certainly not the least characteristic portions of the chronicles of these times, are those which record the king's mingled rage and wonder at the proud doings of the merchant princes of London. Bitterly did he hate them, and the citizens were not slow in cherishing a reciprocal feeling; but Henry was always needy, and at length was compelled to offer his crown jewels in pledge. Vainly did he offer them to noble, or Lombard merchant, none could pay the price; then the London citizens came forward and purchased them. 'Those churls!' cried Henry, 'if the treasures of the emperor Octavian were offered for sale, they would 'lay down the sum.' It was these wealthy traders, the mercers, drapers, goldsmiths—merchants of old London—who crowded their beautiful city with stately churches, and not less stately halls, who encouraged native art; and English prelates, aided by a willing people, undertook those noble works throughout the land, which the united wealth of monarch, prelates, and nobles, had without their help been inadequate to complete.*

We have lingered over this part of our subject; but the century which boasts such trophies of art as the west front of Wells cathedral, and the angel choir of Lincoln, the chapter-house of York, and those unrivalled sepulchral crosses of Elinor of Castile, could not be dismissed in a few lines. A volume, and a most pleasant one, might be written upon the progress of art in England during the thirteenth century.

English art certainly reached its height at this period; but we cannot allow that its decline is very perceptible until near the close of the fourteenth century. During the earlier part, the beautiful tomb of Aymer de Valence proves that there were still sculptors among us quite equal to those of the thirteenth century;

* As we entered rather largely into the question, whether foreigners or Englishmen executed the fine paintings and sculptures of this century, in the article on 'Fine Arts in the Crystal Palace,' (No. XL.) it was unnecessary here to refer to it again. We may, however, remark, that every additional inquiry proves the truth of our assertion, that Englishmen both superintended and executed them.

and the illuminated manuscripts display, with as much spirit, an even greater delicacy of execution. The beautiful one in the Arundel collection (No. 83), and that in the Royal Library, (17 E. VII.), which, Dr. Waagen remarks, contains figures [fully equal to the now rising Italian school, prove this. In sculptured foliage too, there is no falling off; indeed the rise of the second Gothic school, generally termed 'the decorated,' afforded even additional scope for the sculptor to display his unrivalled taste and freedom of hand, as he absolutely revelled among the countless varieties of gothic leafage. With the exception of the few years of contest during the latter part of Edward II.'s reign, and later, the partial rising of the commons, England was tranquil during the whole of this century, and the brilliant court of Edward III., and the victories of Cressy and Poitiers, together with the rapid extension of trade and commerce, rendered this period certainly one of the most prosperous in our annals.

But it is now that we perceive the first indication of the decline of art, for it became sought after more for luxury than from the simple delight of beholding it. This, however, gave for a time a yet greater impulse to art-manufactures, and in reading the minutely described lists of plate and jewellery—not of royal and noble persons alone, but often of the prosperous 'marchaunte'—we have been struck with the great elegance of the forms. The cups, their covers finished with a flower; the salvers, with chased and open-wrought edges; the spice-dish, sometimes like an escallops-shell, sometimes like a widely-blown flower, sometimes decked with gems, as in one that belonged to Anne of Bohemia, supported by eagles holding pendant pearls in their beaks, and surmounted by another bearing a rich pendant of precious stones. There is very great beauty too in the forms of the jewellery, especially the 'chaplets,' often made in the form of a wreath of flowers, and the brooches, with the 'forget-me-not' in turquoise, or the Plantagenet crest the broom, in emeralds, and later, the broom-pod in gold, with pearls for the seeds. Little flower-bells of gold or silver filigree—veritable bells giving a pleasant tinkle—were also largely used for hawk's bells, bridle bells, and even for mantles. These details are not without their use, in proving the important influence art, even high art, will exercise over art-manufactures. It is very questionable whether any specimens of jewellery of this period, except some ecclesiastical ornaments, remain; but of embroidery—chiefly copes and altar frontals—there are many. We trust some of these will also find a place in the forthcoming Exhibition, for very beautiful are they in design, as well as execution. We have drawings of some of these now before us, and for gracefulness of pattern, and nice adaptation of the various materials

to it, they might well compete with any exhibited in our schools of Design.

It is not improbable that the high perfection of these art-manufactures began ere long to exercise an injurious influence, in their turn, on genuine art. Ornament of every kind was more than ever sought; and as plate-armour, which admitted of great variety of decoration, enamelling, inlaying, and *niello* work, had now superseded chain-mail, and the tight bodice and plaited skirt of the tasteless Flemish dress, the classic drapery of the lady of the thirteenth century, there was more scope than ever for expensive display. Thus the armourer, the jeweller, the worker in enamel, received the rewards which in earlier days had been bestowed on the painter or the sculptor, while much inferior painting was now required in the decorations for the pageant or tournament. Still, art slowly receded from its former high station. The diptych now at Wilton, representing Richard II. in his boyhood, kneeling before his three tutelar saints, has much of the spirit and grace of the former century; and while in Philippa's monument we miss the exquisite dignity and simplicity which so mark the beautiful effigy of Elinor of Castile, and feel that the elaborate details of her son's (the Black Prince) monument, but ill compensate for the stiffness and inartistic character of the figure, the truly regal effigy of Edward III. proves that the spirit and feeling of the thirteenth century found at least one representative late in the fourteenth. But more influential than aught beside, was the change that had passed over the spirit of the people. In the thirteenth century men had laboured and fought for freedom. Great objects were before them, and the national mind had girded itself up for the contest as a strong man. Thus earnestness was impressed upon everything, and the artist 'worked with a will,' a most important fact, however Mr. Ruskin's impugnors may ridicule it. Thus every work of art bore the impress of deep feeling. But the age of Edward III. was an age of enjoyment rather than of strife—the age of tournament and festival, while, more important still, the deep religious feeling which had exercised itself on sacred art, now, disgusted with the rapid advancement of gross superstition, stood ready to withdraw altogether; and soon we shall find on the church walls, and in the altar books, legendary subjects almost superseding those of Holy Writ.

The same influences were at work during the fifteenth century. There was the same love of gorgeous display, and perhaps never did the churches exhibit equal splendour. The priesthood, alarmed at the rapid spread of Wycliffe's doctrines, sought to counteract them—how vainly—by greater pomp and pageantry, and

to attract the people by an even greater display of costly ornament. Then, even more than in Piers Ploughman's time, might be seen—

‘Wide wyndows ywrought, and wals wel hie,
That mote ben portraied, and paint, and pulched ful clere
With gay glyttering glas, glowing as the sun.’

And we cannot, while acknowledging the extremely splendid effect of the huge windows of this period, with their ‘thousand colourings,’ but consider the extensive patronage of painted glass among the additional influences injurious to the arts. Certain is it that from this period we miss, except in very rare instances, the wonderful grace and spirit of the figures. We find a similarity too, in them all, especially in the painted glass, that reminds us of the mere mechanical copyist; and this, toward the close of the century, is obvious in the sculptured figures also, and ere long in the carved and sculptured leafage. We may, perhaps, charge the ‘perpendicular’ school of gothic with much of this, for it rigidly confined both sculptor and painter within very narrow limits. It delighted to deal, too, with strictly geometrical figures, and sternly repressed all that rich play of fancy which in earlier days wreathed in such graceful forms the tracery of arch and window, and hung, as it were, the garland on the clustered pillar, instead of formally carving it.

But we must not overlook here the great increase of heraldic ornament, for heraldry was now advanced to a science, and gave stringent laws; and the green dragons, and red or blue lions which erewhile had merely distinguished the banner or the shield, now displayed their gorgeous ugliness on every gateway, on every piece of furniture, almost on every article of dress. We cannot but acknowledge a degree of partiality for ‘that nobyl scyence of cote armure’ which dame Juliana Berners gravely asserts ‘began in hevyn,’ and allow that heraldic ornament sparingly used has a good effect; but when it bade fair to supersede every other,—when the mantle, even the lady’s kirtle sometimes, was adorned with the family bearings, chevrons, or bendlets, or worse—a lion rampant, or a wyvern in all the heraldic correctness of his gaping beak and double-knotted tail, we at once perceive how injurious to art the partiality for such a class of ornament must have been. And then, while many of those bearings were not ill suited for ornament,—for instance, the falcon, the rose, or the swan and antelope, what could the artist do when the herald insisted that the graceful falcon should be ‘displayed’ like a very kite on a barn door, that the rose should have but four formal leaves, that the swan and the antelope should be tied to a post from whence the one is swimming and the other galloping away as fast as he can.

We are glad to remember that England was not the birthplace

of these tasteless formalities of heraldry ; they came from Germany and Flanders, with the homely illuminated books which ere long chased the more beautiful productions of English art completely out of the market. English art, indeed, was already on the decline ; but still in illuminated manuscripts—its ancient boast—it stood high, as the noble Salisbury ‘*Lectionarium*,’ and that exquisite ‘*Life of St. Edmund*’ presented by Abbot Curteys to the young king in 1433, and the manuscript of religious poetry in the Cotton Library, and ‘*The Office of the Virgin*’ in the King’s—both so highly commended by Dr. Waagen—will prove. But fashion had already determined to frown upon English art, even as it had vainly attempted to frown upon English literature. Thus the Duke of Bedford’s ‘*Missal*’ is the work of Flemish artists ; and thus, when Earl Talbot sought to present a bridal gift to Margaret of Anjou, he repaired to the same source. Flanders, indeed, at this period, boasted of regular manufactories for these costly books, and not improbably their greater cheapness was the reason of the great demand for them. Still, it was not without a struggle that English art sank. Although seldom employed by the noble, the illuminator still found employment among his fellow-citizens ; and the record books of many of our city companies, and of our provincial towns too, display proofs of the marked superiority of native art. And English architects and sculptors were still employed on the fine buildings erected during this century ; and Englishmen supplied the stained glass windows for King’s College Chapel, and for York. When, too, the gorgeous sepulchral Beauchamp Chapel was built, English workmen were alone employed ; and that noble piece of casting, the effigy of the Earl Richard, was executed by ‘*Willyam Austen, citizen of London.*’ Indeed, in casting, our countrymen seem to have greatly distinguished themselves about this time, and later too, for the fine screen of Henry VII.’s tomb is English workmanship.

But the time had now come when English art was wholly to sink. All the depressing influences to which we have before referred were still at work, and to these were added others, more injurious still. The great immigration of Flemings, patronized by the nobility, who, during the wars of the Roses, had sought refuge on the continent, and had there become familiarized with foreign art, the rise of the Renaissance, which was superseding, though slowly, the Gothic ; the substitution of tapestry for wall-paintings, of printed for illuminated books, and, added to all these, the encouragement given by the two first Tudors to foreign artists exclusively, completed its extinction ; and from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the middle almost of the eigh-

teenth, for nearly two hundred and fifty years no sculptor, save one, Gibbons, nor painter, except a few portrait-painters, are to be found among us.

And yet, during these two hundred and fifty years, England stood higher than she ever had stood before; during them her greatest men had flourished, and the great battle of freedom, so like in many respects to that of the thirteenth century, had been fought; and the age of Elizabeth and that of Anne had both enriched our literature with its chief stores. It certainly appears strange, then, that the energy of the English mind should not have won back again that fame for high art, which so many centuries before was its birthright claim. It is worth while, therefore, as we have somewhat at length contemplated English art in its palmy days, to glance at this long period of its depression, and endeavour to ascertain the successive causes which prevented it resuming its former high station.

Now, first, the Reformation was most deeply injurious to art, for it closed the convent schools; and when at length from the enormous spoil, royal parsimony, rather than bounty, flung a pittance for the establishment of grammar schools, the arts were no longer recognised, and throughout the whole land there was not a single school of design. We may judge of the injurious effects of this by their contrary influence in the case of music. That, still formed part of the grammar-schools' teaching; and for more than a century, unmusical England, as she has been called, competed both in church music and secular, in anthem and in madrigal, with Italy herself. Then, more deeply injurious to the popular taste was that crusade—not wholly disinterested—against so-called 'popish ornaments,' and which swept away so many a beautiful remain which might still have cherished a love of art, and afforded many an art-lesson. And then, more injurious still, everything belonging to the Gothic became from henceforth identified with 'Popery'—although at the very time Popery was scorning all alliance with the Gothic, and busying herself with the bran-new Renaissance ornaments of masks and lyres, laurel crowns and lions' heads, grinning satyrs and simpering cherubs, all jumbled together. But this, our forefathers knew not; and when the first wretched imitations of this style found their way to England, they wondered and tried to be pleased, for in their utter blindness they rejoiced that at least it was not 'Gothic.'

It is a triumph to the lover of old English art to point to the clumsy adaptations of 'the classical' which we find in the monuments of the sixteenth century, and in the ceilings and chimney-pieces of the houses; as well as to the heavy, tasteless patterns which the art-manufactures display. And yet, when we con-

template the reign of Elizabeth, that age so surpassing all other in the power, the grasp, the wide range of the national mind; that age so abundantly feasted upon the richest and sweetest poetry—poetry so full of painting, that the printed page becomes an illuminated manuscript to us, and when we mark the marvellous power of vivid perception, of vivid delineation, the keen enjoyment of all natural beauty, the strong pictorial tendency of the popular mind, delighting in masque, and picturesque procession, and gorgeous pageant, we feel surprised that the deep love of art did not break through every obstacle. But, then, how could it, for where, save in the sign-carver's or painter-stainer's shop, or in the stone-mason's yard, could even the commonest instruction be obtained? And then, even had some energetic young artist toilsomely surmounted the difficulties of his early path, where could he find employment? None but foreigners were honoured to paint Elizabeth and her court, and foreigners carved the huge blocks of marble into the clumsy shapes required either for monument or chimney-piece—there was not much difference between them; and so completely was English art frowned upon, that when that true Englishman, Sir Thomas Gresham, proffered to build the Exchange, he actually stipulated that architect, workmen, and materials, the statues of the kings, even the royal arms, should be brought from Flanders! We can scarcely imagine anything more crushing to the English artist than this. The great work—the only great public work of Elizabeth's reign—a work for the people, undertaken so munificently by one of the people—by one of that very class which had before-times most liberally patronized English art—given, from the foundation-stone even to the grasshopper at the top of the homely-looking tower, into the hands of Flemings. We can imagine Inigo Jones, some fifty years after, looking contemptuously enough at the 'old Exchange,' and feeling how easily he could have built a far better; but to the rising architect of that day, the young painter or sculptor, how thoroughly disheartening must this have been; and for the imaginative artist to be thoroughly disheartened, is to be crushed.

In James's day, things were much the same, although the close of his reign saw one English architect employed; but Flemish painters still were patronized for the only painting then in demand—portraits—not only by the king and the nobility, but by wealthy traders; and the monuments of Elizabeth and Mary of Scotland were both the work of Flemish sculptors. Charles certainly patronized art, but it was exclusively foreign art; indeed, with his un-English taste and feelings, it was probably more acceptable on that very account. We may remind his

advocates too, that, solely for his own private enjoyment, he purchased the Cartoons and the Duke of Milan's choice cabinet, and welcomed Rubens, and pensioned Vandyke. Unlike Louis XIV., who opened Versailles to the people, Charles kept all his stores to himself. It was not a public gallery, or even an altar-piece, that Rubens was commissioned to paint, but the ceiling of a private banqueting-room, and Vandyke was employed solely on 'family' portraits. But to little advantage, however, would a more liberal patronage have then availed. England was on the eve of a mighty conflict; the strong man was about to burst his bonds, and ere long, in the stern strife of king and people, all thoughts of art were banished.

We often think that if the great Protector's life had been spared longer, English art, and a true English literature, might have had a far earlier revival. It is during the Commonwealth that we again meet with names of English painters, and to Cooper and Dobson we owe the portraits of its greatest men. Both these were liberally patronized by Cromwell; and we cannot but think that the great ruler who re-purchased the Cartoons, and under whose auspices the first die-engraver of the age, Thomas Simon, executed a coinage unrivalled for beauty, would—had longer and more tranquil days been allotted him—have been anxious for 'the name of Englishman to become famous' in art, even as it had already become in arms.

With the Restoration, a double influx of foreign artists came in; there were the Dutch, with Lely at their head, for portraits, and the Italian, with trashy Verrio foremost among them, who was employed in the appropriate task, as it has been well said, of 'filling Windsor Castle with every scoundrel of mythology,' in honour of that 'most religious king,' Charles II. Again was English art thrust aside, nor is it surprising that, during the most un-English period of our history, it should have known no revival. We cannot but think that, among other causes of the low state of art, and literature too, the fire of London may be placed. Up to this time, London was a venerable and picturesque city, abounding with specimens of the beautiful Gothic; but when all these were swept away, and the modern city arose, 'like a phoenix from her ashes,'—though a very unpoetical one,—the long rows of red brick houses, with their clumsy square windows,—those hundreds of dwellings all alike, and all equally ugly, all the interest that clustered around the old London streets was lost. It was no longer the fair city on which the recollections of the old man dwelt; all was new, prosaic, common-place. Then came the Revolution, and England, in its detestation of all that was French, in its eager welcome of him

who had humbled Louis, and driven away the Stuarts, seemed almost inclined to fraternize with Holland. Now was the era of ponderous buildings and Dutch gardens; and the citizen built his formal country-house, with the square summer-house perched on the garden-wall, and laid out his garden with its St. Georges of box, and dragons of ground-ivy, and 'the boar of quickset' shot up into a porcupine by its being forgotten a week in 'rainy weather.' No wonder the arts were still in a dead slumber. And then, just as though every 'thing of beauty' should be banished from inside the house, as well as outside, the rage for 'delightful china' was beginning to turn all the ladies' heads. Truly, china has something to answer for, when jars and teacups, adorned with impossible birds, and grim dragons, and mandarins grimmer than they, were the sole ornaments of 'my lady's chamber.'

We need scarcely seek for a stronger proof how completely art was ignored in the Augustan age of Queen Anne, than the popular literature of that day supplies. Addison had visited Italy, studied the antique, and had written measured heroics about it; but throughout all his delightful essays upon almost everything, not a word is said about painting or sculpture. Nor do his colleagues in the *Tatler* and *Spectator* ever take up the subject. Steele, however, in one of his plays, gives a curious illustration of the general ignorance of art, when he introduces a young man in disguise as a painter to take the full-length portrait of a lady before the one o'clock dinner on her wedding-day, the aunt remarking that her mother was taken in the like manner, 'with an orange in her hand.' Now, as photography was certainly unknown, it is curious to imagine what kind of a portrait Steele thought could be painted in an hour or two; and we are reminded of the travelling artist, somewhat later, who is said to have offered for five shillings a-head to put all the squire's ancestors into bran-new suits of the latest fashion, and to add the indispensable wig for half-a-crown more.

And yet at this very time every county could boast its 'travelled gentlemen,' and the 'grand tour' always included Florence, Rome, Venice. But what of that? Florence was visited for its singers, and Rome for its pageantry—ecclesiastical and secular—and Venice, the great Vanity Fair of Europe, for her Carnival. A nobleman like Lord Burlington, who really loved art, might be found, and even a lady, filling her rooms with antique marbles instead of japanned cabinets and tea-pots, like Lady Pomfret; but few were they and unimportant. So the people, disgusted with 'travelled gentlemen' who had

'Sauntered Europe round,
And gathered every vice on Christian ground,'

came to enlarge the sphere of their national antipathies, and most heartily to include Italy also. It is amusing to observe the workings of this feeling in the political writers of the days of the first two Georges. How contemptuously is the painter placed in the same category with the dancing-master and the hair-dresser; how heartily do the Publicolas and Sydneys congratulate their countrymen that the 'true Briton' is intended for nobler things than 'fiddling and painting,' and exultingly remark, that for Versailles and her picture-galleries England can show Portsmouth and her men-of-war; while educated men, addressing their constituents, apostrophize their country in the well-known lines of Virgil, and bid her despise the meaner empire of art, since hers is the dominion of sea and land.

What period seemed less fitted for the revival of English art? There was no royal patronage, scarcely any noble patronage; the merchants were smoking their pipes and toasting 'Liberty and Property,' or squabbling about Whig and Tory; and none but mere daubers occupied the field of art. But, then, there was at length what the energetic Englishman always demands, 'a clear stage and no favour'; and then a truly English painter arose, and slowly worked his way into fame. Need we name Hogarth, 'the only master whose works, taken altogether, in invention and expression,' says Leslie, 'I would compare with Raphael.' Now, if we look at this great painter, we shall find how admirably suited he was to be the reviver of English art. At a time when the sturdy patriotism of John Bull was almost at fever heat, a painter, thoroughly English, arose. A more classical, a more refined, even a more poetical artist, might have failed; but Hogarth, rough, uncompromising, scorning affectation and all prettinesses as much as the most vehement 'beef-eating Briton,' but keenly alive to the beautiful—as all who study his works must perceive—was the man of all others to fight the battle of truth and nature against the fopperies of the 'lay-figure school,' and to put to utter rout professors and pupils of that St. Martin's-lane Academy, which was compelled to make way for the school which, ere it received the title of 'royal,' numbered among its members Wilson, Gainsborough, and Reynolds. Much does English art owe to Hogarth, to his pen, as well as to his pencil—to the truly English energy and persistence with which he gave himself to the task of combating vice and error wherever they might be found, and for teaching an age wearied with dull conventionalities, and yet believing that nothing save the allegorical, and mythological could be endured in art, the wholesome lesson of what freshness and power may be found in scenes of common life.

From Hogarth we may date the revival of English art; but to trace its progress since that revival would occupy more space than can here be allotted to it. The general details, however—the rivalry of the early Academicians, the hearty, though not very enlightened patronage of old King George, the beneficial influence of the Society of Arts, the gradual diffusion of juster art principles among the people, the improvements in our art-manufactures consequent upon the more general cultivation of taste—are far more familiar to our readers than those of the earlier period along which we have travelled; and therefore here we may conclude. English art has now taken a high place, and, encouraged by that widely-spreading love of it which has characterized the last ten years, will, we trust, ere long, take a far higher. As one of the most important means toward this end, as well as an unexampled proof of enlightened liberality, we heartily welcome the great Exhibition of Art Treasures of the United Kingdom.

The sum, then, is this: we deem the patronage of art which springs from the natural and permanent sympathy of a nation, greatly preferable to the artificial and fluctuating patronage which proceeds from a monarch or a court. Sceptres soon pass from the hands of the wise to the unwise, and court fashions change accordingly; but in the character of nations we have something that endures. If such tastes have value at all, the more they are diffused the better, and the more certainly they are guaranteed for the future as well as the present the better. In national sympathy with art we see the sign of national culture; while, to the artist, the field thus opened for the play of his genius is both wide and safe.

The effect of the Manchester Exhibition as an educating influence will be great among the people of our northern counties. It is indeed the tendency just now to expect a great deal more than is reasonable from such influences. Art is good, as all the forms of genius are good—but only as underlaid by sound morals and religious principle. Social refinements are only so many elements of social intoxication and ruin when not allied with social virtue. We do not undervalue the canvas of the ship, when we say that the uses or the mischiefs of unfurling it must depend on the ballast you have below. But to expect from a taste for pictures and virtù what can come only from moral and religious training is a dilettante blunder into which the people of England are not likely to fall. Englishmen well know how to look to Exhibitions like those of Sydenham and Manchester as tending to awaken new and better tastes in the popular mind, without regarding them as a panacea for our popular vices or our

popular ignorance. The Manchester Exhibition will be a memorable event in the history of Lancashire and of the north. We anticipate from it a large amount of good influences, and no influences that are not good. Many a gifted mind in humble life will derive inspiration from it; and many a common-sense brain will get material for wholesome talk out of it for many a year to come. It will not only cause many a holiday, but the holidays in this case will leave many pleasant and useful memories behind them.

- ART. VIII.—(1.) *A Bill to make further Provision for the Government and Extension of the University of Cambridge, &c.* Prepared and brought in by the Lord Chancellor. 1855.
 (2.) *A Bill to make further Provision for the Government and Extension of the University of Cambridge, &c.* Prepared and brought in by Mr. Bouverie and Viscount Palmerston. 1856.

THE creation of a Parliamentary Commission, charged with distinct legislative powers over the University and Colleges of Cambridge, has now brought into action a scheme of educational reform which had been contested, from different quarters, during nearly every stage of its development. This policy, it will be remembered, first received a definite shape in the Royal Commission of Inquiry which issued under the Government of Lord John Russell on the 31st of August, 1850, and expired with the presentation of its Report on the 30th of August, 1852. On the question of the legality of that original measure, the conflict of forensic opinion nominally neutralized its force; but the interpretation of a visitatorial claim, arbitrarily placed upon a doubtful passage in the Royal Letter, could not trench on the obvious prerogative of the Crown to issue a Commission of Inquiry, which alone was then in contemplation of the State. In 1855, a Bill—immediately founded, in all but matters of detail, on the Report of the Royal Commission—was introduced by the Lord Chancellor into the House of Lords, with a view of applying to Cambridge the principle of reform already applied to Oxford. The salient provisions of that measure were then assailed by four of the five Royal Commissioners in a letter, the merits of which we shall hereinafter discuss. The Bill in question, postponed under a pressure of business from the Session of 1855, finally became law, with no greater variation in its provisions than is commonly incident to Parliamentary legisla-

tion in questions involving controversial politics, on the last day of the Session of 1856.

It will not be our aim, in reference to this question, to enter upon any discussion of first principles, which chiefly involve either arguments that have been already exhausted by controversy, or positions that have been abandoned as untenable by their advocates. We shall here chiefly consider the objects which this measure has proposed directly to attain, in reference to the relation of external legislation to the whole contemplated policy of reform, on which a general misapprehension appears to exist, and point out the principal questions which now demand the attention of the Parliamentary Commissioners. But it may be well to show at the outset, without touching upon disputed topics of political morality and constitutional law, how the objections, based originally upon those first principles, to a policy of reform, have been gradually dissipated by the concessions of the University itself.

The objections in question, assailing *in limine* the whole scheme of external interference, resolved themselves into deductions, first, from legal rights chiefly academical, and secondly, from moral rights chiefly collegial, in their application. In regard to the University as distinguished from the Colleges, it happens that the question of the moral and legal jurisdiction of the State has been virtually settled by two admissions on the part of that body. For inasmuch, in the first place, as the University is a corporation founded by the Crown and Parliament, and the alleged supremacy of the will of the founder has formed the only ground on which the right of interference in the Colleges has been withstood by the University, the very argument of the University to shield the Colleges from the Civil Power, involves an admission of the moral authority of the Crown and Parliament over itself. And inasmuch, in the second, as the University has adopted the opinion of its legal advisers, pronouncing it to be a Lay Civil Corporation, it has placed itself on the basis of municipalities, and virtually authorized its being dealt with on the analogy of our recent municipal reforms.

In regard to the Colleges as distinguished from the University, two corresponding admissions have similarly determined the fundamental principle at issue between those corporations and the State. On the one hand, they have themselves, in some instances, both sanctioned in practice the broadest divergence from the existing statutes of their founders, and have in others replaced those statutes by fresh enactments modifying the original conditions of their existence. On the other hand, they have themselves adopted the principle of a wider alienation in the

application of property than any that the Commissioners are empowered to enforce, in the proposal of a syndicate composed wholly of their members, and in which they have presumptively acquiesced, to sequester in the interest of the University a large share of the property of the cathedral church of Ely. If, therefore, these statutes were morally revocable by the authority of those who lay under at least a titular obligation to maintain them, much more were they revocable by a higher authority, qualified by no such obligation; and if it were right to divert the application of ecclesiastical foundations to alien purposes, *à multo fortiori* was it right to divert the application of collegial foundations to cognate purposes.

The double aim which the legislature professed in the principle of collegial and academical reform rested—first, in a revival both of the constitutional and educational action of the University, which a policy of modern innovation had gradually suppressed; and secondly, in a provision for existing interests, in as close a relation as possible with the spirit of the founders' wills, which the corruptions or the necessities of collegial government had frequently ignored. As applied to the academical system, this policy was restorative; as applied to the collegial, it was reconstructive. It provided, on the one hand, for the action of the Legislative, the Aulary, and the Professorial attributes of the University, which constituted in fact the essential elements of its existence: it provided, on the other, for just such a modification in the terms of eleemosynary endowments as should associate the principle of public policy with the rights of private bequest. Therefore, *à priori*, the interference of the State was just, since it was its aim, first, to bring facts into conformity with acknowledged rights; and secondly, to establish existing endowments on the only conditions upon which our Constitution could recognise their moral claims: and therefore also, *à posteriori*, it was not contestible by the corporations to which it was applied, inasmuch as they had already conceded the whole question in dispute.

The legitimate relation of the specific enactments of Parliament to the whole scheme of reformation, is a question which has gained an attributive importance from the fact that its misconception has originated much of the false criticism that has been directed against the recent legislation of the State. The University Bill has been censured, in each stage of its progress, for omissions which it was designedly reserved for other authorities to provide for, and which it was obviously impossible for Parliament to supply. A triple distinction may thus be taken in the character of the changes which it was designed finally to introduce. *First*,

there were those which could legally be made by authority of Parliament alone; *secondly*, there were those with which it was competent, either to the State or to the corporations, both legally and morally to deal; and *thirdly*, there were those which could morally be effected by the corporations only, or by the Commissioners in their stead. It was thus the general object of either Bill to do little more than to establish the necessary bases of reform. The legislature consequently provided for the former class of changes in exclusion of the corporations; the corporations (or the Commissioners in their stead), were charged with the latter class in exclusion of the legislature; and the changes of the intervening grade were either anticipated by the legislature or were surrendered to the corporations, according to special expediency. If we apply to this test many of the charges of insufficiency advanced against the Bill from different quarters, we shall find that they simply confounded the distinctive functions of central and local legislation. Thus the absence of any provision constituting a Board of General Studies has been absurdly adduced among these charges. If the University were not more capable than the State of dealing with questions of detail, why restore its legislative rights? If it had been necessary for Parliament to anticipate subordinate reforms, why constitute a Commission at all?

A Bill, clearly founded upon a general recognition of these principles, was accordingly introduced by the Government into the House of Lords before the close of March, 1855. This measure was vehemently assailed from several quarters before it was a month old; but the significance of all other attacks was lost in that of a memorable protest, presented by four of the Whig Commissioners to a Whig Government, analogous to that by which the Commission had been itself created. This circumstance led to a general presumption that the Commissioners were at least mainly in the right, and the framers of the Bill at least mainly in the wrong. We shall presently see upon what justice that conviction was founded. And, to complete the confusion, while the Commissioners, in the supposed interest of the University, were urging an adoption of the precedents supplied by the Oxford Act, the University itself, in an independent protest, firmly repudiated the force of any such precedents, so far as the admission of Dissenters was concerned.

It was then commonly urged that the Bill, being adjudged by the Commissioners extremely faulty, ought to have been submitted to them before its presentation to Parliament. There can be no doubt that this Bill, like most other Bills, was not without its shortcomings on a few minor questions; and it was fair to pre-

sume that the opinion of the Commissioners, on all those points on which it had not already been expressed, would not have been without its value. But it happened that, on all the main questions which were involved, the Commissioners had already pronounced in their Report. The Bill was studiously framed in exact conformity with the opinions therein enunciated by those authorities. Consequently, the only points on which the opinion of the Commissioners could now have been demanded were subordinate points. If, therefore, the Commissioners were to be the arbiters of the question, and their Report were to be taken as the exponent of their views, it followed that the Bill could be wrong in such subordinate matters only. And if the ultimate voice of Parliament were taken as decisive on the minor questions with which the Report of the Commissioners had omitted to deal, it followed that the shortcomings of the original measure did not exceed the average of shortcomings in similar Bills, inasmuch as the amendments finally introduced did not exceed the average of amendments introduced into Bills involving similar questions of controversial politics.

That the opinions of the Commissioners should have been again demanded on questions upon which they had been already so fully expressed, would have been quite unmeaning. The Report had been then nearly three years before the country; it represented, apparently, a stupendous labour, and had occupied two years in composition. Those who differed from its opinions scarcely presumed to give expression to their dissent. The Government, we have no doubt, handled that document with sincere respect. The Lord Chancellor undoubtedly *might* have said to the Commissioners, 'Gentlemen, here is your Report, the result of two years of careful reflection; have you since totally changed all the fundamental opinions which you therein expressed?' We say, the Lord Chancellor *might* have said this; but we think he would have offered the Commissioners as gross an indignity as could well have been conceived. Yet scarcely had this Bill been introduced, when it drew down from these very Commissioners a Protest—which the Bishop of Chester consistently refused to sign—assailing the measure in nearly all its provisions, but especially in those of the greatest prominence, which the University had itself initiated, and which the Commissioners, as we shall see, had emphatically confirmed in their own Report!

It has been said, indeed, in defence of the Commissioners, that the Oxford Bill, which had passed in the interim, proved to be a better Bill than they had ventured to expect, and that this had caused them to become dissatisfied with their own Report. But from the nature of the complaints urged by the Commissioners,

it will be manifest that this plea is in the main inadmissible.

The Government were necessarily placed in a position of some difficulty. The creation of the Royal Commission had implied their conviction of the need of local advice, before they proceeded to actual legislation. The moral authority of that Commission now virtually neutralised itself. By a majority of four to one, the Commissioners distinctly repudiated, in 1855, the principles they had as distinctly sanctioned in 1852. The Lord Chancellor had taken their Report for an unerring guide; and he found the whole basis of his legislation suddenly falling away. In truth, if, in these circumstances, the Lord Chancellor had adopted the Protest of the Commissioners, he must necessarily have rejected their Report as an elaborate blunder. If, again, in this conflict of testimony, the Bill had been withdrawn until a consentient verdict had been obtained from the different parties entitled to an authoritative opinion, the whole question seemed likely to be thrown into sempiternal abeyance.

In this juncture there were, of course, two questions to be considered: first, the general conformity of the Bill with the recommendations of the Commission; and secondly, the abstract expediency of its provisions, independently of that conformity. The Government accordingly reconsidered the measure; they took the same opportunity to rectify the shortcomings in matters of detail which the four Commissioners had pointed out, and for which the Legislature was, no doubt, under an obligation to those Commissioners. But the Government—with every deference to their later views—preferred, on the most essential points, to adhere to the previous convictions of those authorities. Indeed, it is difficult to defend the language of this Protest. It wholly ignored the glaring antagonism between the views which it recorded, and the views expressed by the same men not three years before; and it assumed that the Government had set their labours at nought and their opinions at defiance.

We now proceed directly to this double question. It will be seen that the objections urged by the four Commissioners divided themselves into three principal heads. These involved (1) the jurisdiction of the Heads of Houses, (2) the functions of the new Council of the Senate, and (3) the composition of the electorate, or constituency, of that Council. There were also raised some other subordinate points, ancillary to these objections.

In now referring to the language of the Report, it will scarcely be needful to demonstrate the obvious proposition, that the Com-

mission was created with a view as well to the expression of its own opinions as to the eliciting of bare facts. The terms of that Commission run (August 31, 1850),—‘And it is further our will ‘and pleasure that you, or any three or more of you, do report ‘to us, *together with your opinions* touching the several matters hereby referred to your consideration.’ Indeed, if the Commissioners had received no such functions, the compilers of the ‘Calendar’ might have taken their place. And, in fact, they freely exercised this right of opinion throughout their Report, which they thus authorised the Government to consider as conclusive of their views.

We deal first with the jurisdiction of the Heads of Houses.

I. The constitution of the University, it is known, independently of single executive offices and of the legislative body of the senate, recognised on the one hand a *Caput Senatus*, in whose unanimous sanction was vested the initiative of the laws, and on the other an aggregate jurisdiction of the Heads of Houses which possessed, in theory or in fact, two judicial and one elective attribute. These Heads were at once the interpreters of the Elizabethan statutes, the assessors of the Vice-Chancellor in the maintenance of the discipline of the University, and the virtual electors of the Vice-Chancellor himself. The question here at issue was this,—that whereas the Bill proposed to retain their triple jurisdiction as it stood, the Commissioners in their Protest wished entirely to suppress or transfer it, and to abolish the aggregate existence of the Heads of Houses. In this controversy three answers might be returned on behalf of the Bill:—first, that the maintenance of this jurisdiction was clearly sanctioned in the Commissioners’ Report, upon which the Bill was immediately framed; secondly, that independently of this neutralization of the Commissioners’ opinion, there were certain functions attached to this body which could not with equal advantage be discharged by any other; and thirdly, that its existence could at any rate be afterwards determined by the University itself (once restored to its legislative rights), in conjunction with the Crown, or by the Parliamentary Commission, on the insertion of a clause empowering them to deal with the Elizabethan statutes.

The Commissioners in their Protest here raise a double question:—Why is not the jurisdiction of the Heads suppressed? Why is not the precedent supplied by the Oxford Act, suppressing a similar jurisdiction, here observed? ‘If such a measure (they ‘demand) is proper and expedient at Oxford, why is it not equally ‘so at Cambridge?’ The answer is very simple and very conclusive. The Commissioners for Oxford recommended the suppression of this jurisdiction, and the Commissioners for Cambridge

themselves recommended its retention. The question is obviously thrown back upon the authors of the Protest. 'If you disproved this divergence, why did you originally recommend it?' 'If the Government were not prepared to adhere to your Report, would they have invited you to prepare it?' Nothing can be more clear than that the Cambridge Commissioners in their Report desired the maintenance of this authority in the Heads, and never so much as hinted at its abolition. That Report contains several pages devoted to an approving review of this authority; and it goes so far as to defend the exercise of its judicial powers against an adverse Memorial of the Borough of Cambridge, with the single reservation that its proceedings ought to be more open. And although the election of the Vice-Chancellor by this body is adverted to, it is passed over without a word of adverse comment.

The second question, then, here arises—on which side did the preponderance of reason lie in this discrepant advice? In the first place, the analogy between the Hebdomadal Board at Oxford and the Heads of Houses at Cambridge altogether fails. The former were a legislative body, which the latter were not; and they exercised the authority of the obnoxious Caput at Cambridge. The Oxford Commissioners indirectly appreciate the force of this distinction. 'Into any plan,' they observe, 'of University reform, must enter some modification of the academical constitution, as regards the *legislative powers* almost exclusively confided to the Hebdomadal Board.' (*Oxf. Rep.*, p. 12). In this legislative power—that is, in the function corresponding to that of the Caput, and not to that of the Cambridge Heads, lay the whole gravamen. Moreover, the distinctiveness was reciprocal in the powers of the Heads at the two Universities. The Heads at Cambridge were the interpreters of the Elizabethan statutes; and although their authority in this respect had not been exercised for a quarter of a century, the anticipated code of new statutes, already in preparation by the University, might yet call for interpretation. 'This power,' as the Lord Chancellor observed, 'must be lodged somewhere: an elective and temporary body, like the new Council, would be of all others the most unfit to discharge it.' And no other alternative than between the Heads and the Council ever was suggested.

Again, in regard to the second and most important function of the Heads of Houses in the maintenance of the discipline of the University, the question was wholly distinct from the ordinary one of collegial usurpation. It was forgotten that while academical education might differ widely from collegial, academical and collegial discipline must be necessarily one and the same. Who, then, were more fitted to maintain the discipline of the colleges in the

aggregate than those Heads who presided over that discipline singly?

The question of the election of the Vice-Chancellor (involving the third attribute of the Heads) demands special notice. The Protest runs—‘the Heads of Colleges will still retain the power of nominating to the Vice-Chancellorship, and the other statutable offices of the University. . . . In short, the Heads of Colleges will continue to possess, under the present Bill, all those powers and privileges which, under the statutes of Queen Elizabeth, have enabled them to become the actual governors of the University.’ Although the silence of the Report, in touching upon the question of the election of this officer, bespoke its presumptive acquiescence in the existing system, we think it a fair question, upon other grounds, whether it were not desirable to throw the election more open to the University at large, than was contemplated by the Bill. But it is clear that the grounds on which such an alteration was demanded in the Protest were in themselves conclusive against it. The whole argument, in truth, is characterised by an obliquity of logical perception beyond all parallel. The manner in which the Heads thus ‘became the actual governors of the University,’ was simply through the legislative absolutism of the Vice-Chancellor over the Caput. The necessity of unanimity in that body to the transmission of any proposed enactment to the Senate, gave to the Vice-Chancellor—the nominee of the Heads—an absolute veto over all legislation. How stands the case now? The Council, which has replaced the Caput, decides by simple majorities, and consists of seventeen votes, of which the Vice-Chancellor has one only. As, moreover, our legislation for Oxford has been appealed to by the Cambridge Commissioners, and as that legislation was immediately founded on the Oxford Report, it may not be inapt to observe that that Report directly sanctioned the then existing mode of electing the Vice-Chancellor at Oxford, with the single reservation, that the Heads of the existing Halls ought also to be admissible to election. And although the method of election at Oxford may have some titular difference, it happens that the person elected must not only be a Head of a College as at Cambridge, but that the appointment must pass in a prescribed rotation, thus virtually identifying the two systems of election. And so far, in point of fact, from the Heads at Cambridge being the electors to the other offices of their University, as is asserted in the Protest, it is notorious that the nominations to all the leading appointments vest in the Colleges according to a regular cycle.*

* The Colleges nominate the proctors, the taxors, and the scrutators. The offices in the gift of the Vice-Chancellor are not of an authoritative character.

Thirdly, there existed, of course, the alternative, as we have already implied, that the question of this jurisdiction should be referred to the University or to the Parliamentary Commission. It is true that the original Bill failed to make any provision for a reform of the University statutes, and consequently gave no such powers to the latter authority. The omission was probably caused by the absence of any mention of the subject in the Report, except in respect to the revision already prepared by the University itself. The insertion of the present clause gives ample power to the existing Commission to suppress any jurisdiction that arises out of the Elizabethan statutes; and we cannot but think that, even if there were graver reasons for the suppression of this authority than have yet been shown, the question would be more fitly handled by the Commission than by Parliament.

Even, however, if no such clause had been introduced, the restoration of the legislative rights of the University would have enabled it to have proposed to the Crown the abolition of the collective power of the Heads, and the sanction of the Crown would have been given, as of course. Some misapprehension on this head may have been caused by the absurd statement in the *Cambridge University Calendar*, that 'the Elizabethan statutes were confirmed by Parliament.' 'The validity of these new charters,'—said Lord Coke of these statutes in the case of *Rex v. Univ. Camb.*, 3 Bur. 1647,—'must turn entirely upon the acceptance of the University.' The assertion in the *Calendar* is a strange commentary on this judgment. But the fact remains that ample means now exist for the suppression of this jurisdiction if—which we doubt—it should be deemed expedient.

II. The question raised in reference to the powers of the new Council of the Senate is of course directly associated with the previous controversy. The Protest complains that its functions will be legislative only, and not also administrative; that it will not form a consultative body for the Vice-Chancellor; and, further, that 'it will not have a single power or privilege that is now exercised by the Heads of Colleges.' The former of these points is of course involved in the question just discussed. The latter illustrates the extraordinary want of consideration with which this Protest was drawn up: for it happens that the one really oppressive power possessed by the Heads, and by which they governed the University—resting, as we have said, in the legislative veto of their nominee—was not only taken from their hands by the original Bill, but was transferred to a simple majority of the Council itself, in which the Heads must always be in a minority.

But, independently of these facts, this very scheme was autho-

rised by the Report in terms far more conclusive than any that have been yet referred to. There is, indeed, one discrepancy. 'Why,' continues the Protest, 'should we leave two bodies [the Heads and the Council] in the University with corporate rights and distinct powers of government, thus sowing the seeds of intrigue and divided counsels?' The answer to this question is, that the Commissioners themselves recommended the existence, not of two bodies only, but of *three*. It had been proposed by a Syndicate of the University to create two legislative bodies, to be termed respectively the 'Caput' and the 'Council.' Of these, the one was designed 'to consider Supplicants and Graces for Degrees;' the other, 'to consider all other Graces.' No other than legislative functions were assigned to either; and the administrative, or rather judicial, jurisdiction of the Heads was left standing. The Commissioners unequivocally adopted this proposal. 'We cannot hesitate,' they observe, 'to express our pleasure to find such a proposal emanating from the University itself. It evidently has been framed with careful deliberation. . . . The suggested scheme has received the unanimous approval of the Syndicate; and we hope it may in due time receive the sanction of the Senate.'—(*Camb. Rep.*, p. 15.) This passage is duly registered in the table of contents, as the Commissioners' 'approval of those recommendations.'—The Bishop of Chester might well remark that he 'did not agree in the language of the Protest.'

III. The third question, involving the electoral body of the Council, had an especial importance, as virtually determining whether the University should be restored to a legislative existence independently of the Colleges. Here we think the views enunciated in the Protest were essentially right. But this conviction involves the deduction that the views enunciated in the Report were essentially wrong, inasmuch as they were in direct antagonism the one with the other. The proposed constitution of the new Council recommended in that Report, runs as follows:—'1. The Heads shall appoint three members. 2. The Doctors in the three Faculties shall appoint three. 3. The Professors (not being Heads or Doctors) shall appoint three. 4. The Colleges shall appoint three non-Regents, and three Regents.' That the appointment by Colleges was designed to be sectional is clear from the definition, that 'it should rest with those Colleges whose turn it may be to nominate the scrutators.'—*Rep.*, p. 15. Hence it appears—1. That the Commissioners distinctly recognised a principle of sectional election in a scheme which divided the constituency into *twenty* parts (*i.e.*, the seventeen Colleges, the Heads, Doctors, and Professors). 2. That they proposed that resident mem-

bers of the University should be deprived, as such, of the right of free election. 3. That the distinction of Regents and non-Regents was distinctly sanctioned. 4. That the mode of appointment prescribed by them was not by a Congregation, but by Colleges.

Yet, in the face of this recommendation, made in August, 1852, we read in May, 1855—after (1) a condemnation of the proposed division of the electoral body into *nineteen* parts, or one less than was proposed by themselves, as ‘an aggravated form of sectional legislation’—(2) ‘We would respectfully ask ‘why are the resident members of Cambridge to be deprived of ‘the privileges of free election which are conceded at Oxford?’ (3) Why embarrass the constitution of the Council of the ‘Senate with the obsolete and inconvenient mediæval distinction ‘of Regents and non-Regents?’ (4) Why not resort to a Congregation, as at Oxford, instead of a mode of appointment by ‘Colleges, singularly complicated and inconvenient?’—And this was the criticism of the Master of the Rolls—of one of the most eminent astronomers of Europe—of him with whose name our geological researches are at this hour most conspicuously associated—and of a venerable dignitary of the Church, who, beyond all others, has studied the constitutional history of the University itself!

The remaining argument, that the Cambridge legislation ought to have been based upon the Oxford Act, was obviously untenable. It simply implied that the amenders of the Oxford Bill were better judges of the special requirements of Cambridge than the Cambridge Commission itself. Moreover, it was wholly impossible even to take the decision of Parliament, in respect of Oxford, as presumptive of their decision in respect of Cambridge, for the simple reason that the divergent recommendations of the two Commissions indicated the existence of broad distinctions in the requirements of the two Universities, which would have destroyed the application of the precedent, even if the Cambridge Report had been set aside. Thus, while the Oxford Report recommended three divisions in the electorate of the Council, the Cambridge Report recommended twenty; and while the one advised the fusion of Regents and non-Regents, the other advised their continued separation. That this portion of the Bill underwent a certain rectification must be satisfactory to all who desire the revival of the academical constitution; whether or not they may be able to justify the language of the Protest, and the inconsistency of its authors. There are also a few minor points—though involving rather the functions of the present Commission than those of Parliament—which are dealt with in this letter with a succinctness suggestive of further regret that the Commis-

sioners should first have committed themselves and the Government in their Report, to opinions which they afterwards not only repudiated, but tacitly disowned, and finally should have neutralized their labours by the elaboration of this hostile criticism on—the Commissioners themselves.

The question having now passed from the immediate supervision of the State into the hands jointly of the Parliamentary Commission and the several Corporations, it may be well to indicate the principal subjects which demand the attention of the former body. Both that tribunal and the University itself, by the 30th and 31st sections of the Act, will now be competent to deal with the question of the authority of the Heads of Houses as a judicial and an elective body; and the Dean of Ely (Dr. Peacock), whose name stands first upon the protest against its continuance, will have every facility for urging his views upon his colleagues in the existing commission. The more general question of the University statutes, as revised in theory by a recent Syndicate, with that of the changes that may be expedient in offices and nominations—the extension of the Professoriate, as an essential element in the revival of academical distinguished from collegial education—the regulation of the latter in as close a relation to the former as the existing honour-system will permit—a modification in much of the present method of collegial government and election—an abolition or commutation of preferential claims to preferment in Colleges undoubtedly less corrupt in that respect than those of Oxford—a general modification in the period of tenure—a more express definition than is afforded by the Act, in the new University statutes, that Masters may demand of right a licence for the opening of private halls—and an abolition of oaths, nearly without exception, both senseless and immoral—will form at least the primary incidents of the new Commission.

The superstructure to be erected upon this basis, in the *method* and the *extent* of future academical study, must mainly be raised by the University itself. That in any modification of its 'method,' the honour-system will be required to give way, few can wish or believe. That system has lately been assailed as inconsistent with a complete Professorial action, as addressing itself with advantage only to the few, as rather enfeebling than developing the mental faculties, and as sustaining the colleges in undue predominance. The truth of this characterisation we shall not dispute. But we cannot thence argue to a revocation of this policy, because these evils are simply ancillary to our social system. It can only be assumed from the general de-

clension into indolence of those who attain to fellowships by means of honours, that their pursuit of literature has been generally not intrinsic but factitious, and that if there were no extrinsic stimulus there would be little learning. If tests of academical distinction were thrown out, tests of collegial distinction would obviously take their place. An establishment of positive tests only in the University, in opposition to relative tests in the colleges, would simply defeat its aim; for since a large proportion, including nearly all the ablest men, enter the Universities with a view either to preferment or to relative distinction, a large proportion, including nearly all the ablest men, would direct themselves to the collegial in prejudice of the academical tests. The successful working of independent tests at Trinity rests simply in the fact that its tests are co-relative with those supplied by existing Triposes. The Moral and Natural Science Triposes have similarly been adduced in evidence of the evil of competitive examinations, with very illogical precipitation. Their failure arises, not from principle, but from detail—from an extent of area incompatible with a union of mental depth and competitive distinction, which simply illustrates the happy saying of Sydney Smith in reference to their chief author. If individual success be dependent upon a superficial acquaintance with several sciences, each the labour of a life—and individual failure the incident of the candidate who contents himself with a comparatively deep knowledge of one only—the system is obviously in fault; but there is here no argument against the competitive cultivation of these subjects singly.

If we pass from the question of 'method' to that of 'extent,' in academical study, the attention of the Commissioners will doubtless be directed, in their extension of the Professoriate, to the fact that successive reconstructions of the University system have ever held in view its adaptation to the dominant requisites of their own age. If international intercourse, in the period in which mathematics took the place of logic, had approached to what it is in this day, it can hardly be doubted that the modern literature of Europe would have found a worthy place in the studies of the University. We trust that the Commissioners will make adequate provision to fill that splendid but neglected theatre of mental education. The intimate connexion of the University with the Inns of Court calls urgently for the development of a legal element in its studies; and it is a disgrace to our educational history that the chief foundation for legal instruction at Cambridge should date from five hundred years ago: its prescribed studies long since obsolete, without an effort having been once made for their modification in the spirit of the

Founder's will : its condition in the last degree unstatutable ; and its Fellows for the most part retaining their offices and stipends on conditions actually illegal. In these and other instances it has been the aim of Parliament to supply that flexibility which shall conform ancient into modern institutions. And in dealing with these corporations, venerable at once from antiquity and from intellectual tradition, but deformed by the changes of time and the corruptions of individual men, it will be the pride of our legislation that we shall secure without violent change those national ends for which national institutions must be designed, and that their adaptation to the requirements of our own age will be achieved, not by a policy of mere utilitarian reform, but by a policy of wise restoration and improvement.

In what we have said on this subject, it will be seen that we have looked at it simply as Englishmen, and not as Protestant Nonconformists. We claim as Englishmen, that Oxford and Cambridge should be truly national establishments ; but in regard to our principles as Nonconformists, we must confess that we reckon upon more harm than good as likely to result at present from the resort of our sons to the banks of the Isis or the Cam for intellectual training. The genius of the place cannot fail to be powerfully adverse to the principles of youth from our families. Dissenters have been so long excluded from our older seats of learning, that they have now other ways of acquiring academic distinction, and we would counsel them in this case to abide by the new paths in preference to the old. So long, indeed, as the separate colleges of Oxford and Cambridge insist on attendance at their chapel services, every consistent Nonconformist is excluded.

ART. IX.—(1.) *The Subalpine Kingdom; or, Experiences and Studies in Savoy, Piedmont, and Genoa.* By BAYLE ST. JOHN. Chapman and Hall. 1856.

(2.) *History of Piedmont.* By ANTONIO GALLENGA. Chapman and Hall. 1855.

It is sometimes very pleasant, in the midst of mountain scenery, to look away for a few moments from the surrounding heights, and to fix the eyes upon the little plot of ground on which we happen to be sitting. After gazing around us on the glacier in the cloven ravine, on the mountain side, shaggy with wood and gleaming with waterfalls, on the far-off quietness of some snowy summit, there is a certain luxury in looking into the little valley brook, brightening its bedded pebbles as it runs—in studying some plume-like fern or sheaf of grass—in examining some fairy garden of moss and lichen, laid out by nature on a bit of rock scarce six inches square, and growing on a film of soil not thicker than a nail. By some mysterious association of contrast, we the more enjoy what is thus exquisitely small in the presence of what is so magnificently great. For we have but to raise our eyes from that ephemeral golden fly on the edge of that short-lived Alpine flower-cup, and lo! we are in the presence of those everlasting hills which the flight of ages cannot touch with change.

Let us do the same thing for awhile with the great landscape of the European continent. Turning from the immeasurable Russian wastes, and the dusty Hungarian levels, and the old Danubian battle-plain of East and West, from Germany, with its romance of thought, and France, with its romance of action, let us examine a little space of plain—Foot o' the Mountain, or Piedmont, they call it—which, nestling under the Alps, seems scarcely to belong to the South, and scarcely to the North of Europe. Thanks to some Pegasus, or hippogriff, or flying-horse of brass, we will suppose ourselves alighted in its centre. When we have recovered from our ride, and rewarded our aerial steed by turning him loose to graze in a rich meadow under the walls of a Capuchin convent, we begin to look about us. It is evening, and the sun is going down at our left. That city at our feet, so regularly built—all its broad streets crossing each other at right angles—is Turin, the metropolis of the kingdom of Sardinia. Before us stretches far away a wealthy plain, dotted with villas and villages. Through its wood and field branch many avenues from Turin, the centre, outwards—like the ribs of an open fan.

The jagged semicircle which bounds the horizon is the chain of the Alps. Far round to the left, behind Mon Viso (which is growing dark as it shuts out the descending sun) lies Southern France. Passing the eye a little way on towards the right, you see the Alps behind which lies Savoy; farther still (looking northward) are the Alps behind which lies Switzerland. Eastward, the plains of Piedmont melt into the plains of Lombardy. At your back, to the south, away beyond the rising Apennines, are Nice and Genoa, with the blue Mediterranean waters.

Such is the circuit embraced by the continental portion of the Sardinian kingdom. The sway of Victor Emmanuel is accordingly acknowledged first of all by that wealthy plain on which the Alps look down from north and west; and next, by two appendages thereto—Savoy, which laps over towards France, on the other side the Alps, like one-half a saddle; and then that narrow maritime strip between the beginnings of the Apennine and the sea, where Genoa dreams of liberty and Doria. Add to these possessions—the one so old, and the other so new—the island of Sardinia, and the total is complete.

If, in travelling towards the south-east, you could take in the whole of Savoy at one view, you would find it a rough and widening inclined plane, rising from the French frontier to the summit of the Alps. Its valleys are full of villages, and fields, and groves. A tide of verdure seems, as it were, to break at the foot of the precipitous barrier of the Alps. Glens of luxuriant green pass into grey gorges, where vegetation grows more scanty, till the snows are absolute. Everywhere surrounded by mountains, the Savoyard has learned to occupy, with his *châlet*, every available grassy ledge or wooded nook. His village spires and white farm-houses are interspersed by hundreds among the valley woodlands, while his mountain-huts people the most inhospitable heights. When Mount Cenis has been crossed, the region surrounding you begins to assume an Italian character. Those streams which dash eastward—not westward, now—glance by sunnier spots, under boughs of a balmy fragrance, sparkle in a more potent sunshine, and reflect gardens and houses of a gayer hue. Already you see the *fresco*—that sure token of the southern air and of the southern taste—adorning with its bright colours many a village wall and cottage. Then again, taking railway from Turin to Genoa, another change delights every sense. To go from Savoy to Piedmont, is to go from sunny to sunnier; to go from Piedmont to Genoa, is to go from sunnier to sunniest. Over dizzy bridges, through thunderous tunnels, shoots the train, right through the ridge of the Apennine, like some sea-bird cleaving the crest of a billow. Behind are wild

scenes of rock and valley, solemn larches, serried firs,—it may be some mountain wind driving its clouds and showers over the distant plains of Piedmont,—but before you, when you seem to leap out of the mountain's heart, the azure bay of Genoa lies basking, while on either side, curving in a sweep of thirty miles about the bay, stretch those matchless environs—snow-white palaces among citron-trees, oranges, and olives.

Such is the physical character of that Subalpine Kingdom which has naturally awakened in us of late so much sympathy and so many hopes. The darkness now broods heavily on the Italian peninsula. Not more forlorn and deadly the mouth of some tropical river when the sun is down, than this stricken Italy whence the glory is so utterly departed. Overhead hang in a heavy cloud those putrid exhalations which are evolved by religious corruption—a visible creeping pestilence; and beneath, as in some fetid ooze, men sink by hundreds into the dungeons of the despot, where the miry blackness closes over them, while tyranny sings praises because the cause of 'order' in Europe seems for a little longer safe. Now, it so happens, that of late a breeze has set in from the sea; a corner at least of the pestiferous fog-curtain has been lifted and rolled up; there have been reforms—there is a constitution in the Kingdom of Sardinia!

A state of things so unlooked-for has started many questions already, and still suggests not a few. It is natural to inquire a little into the general history of this Piedmont. Then, again, we should be glad of the most accurate information accessible concerning the rise and working of its present constitutional system. What, more especially, may be the origin and history of its ecclesiastical reforms? And finally, what is the relation of this kingdom to the European system, and especially to the state and prospects of Italy?

We shall do our best to answer these questions. Very welcome material for a reply to some of them is furnished by Mr. St. John's well-written and entertaining volumes. He writes with an undisguised republican bias, with a very hearty hatred of Louis Napoleon, and with not a little distrust of Count Cavour. But he has been honestly desirous of setting before us the fullest information accessible to him concerning the political condition and prospects of Piedmont.

As we shall avail ourselves of some facts and statistics contributed by Mr. St. John, it is but fair that we should allow him to speak for himself with our readers, who will thus be assured, in the readiest way, that they will find his book very pleasant, as well as instructive, reading. The following passage will agreeably recall to many memories morning walks among the moun-

tains, when the level eastern rays were laid like lustrous wands upon the heads of the misty mountains and of the dew-dropping trees, and when every flower and grass-blade held up so loyally its store of silver drops for the thirsty sun to drink:—

‘There is nothing so lovely as an autumnal warm morning amid the mountains—when golden light gleams on some broad slopes, whilst others are still cold and gloomy; when dew is still trickling from leaf to leaf on its way to the grass, already covered with damp as with a white bloom; when all seems moist, from the blue of the sky fretted with white clouds, to the green of the fields speckled with white pigeons, from the steep roofs of the houses fertile in moss, to the bark of the trees, to the plank on which you cross the stream, the railing on which you put your hand, the dust that will not move as you trudge over the path, to the coats of the cattle that stand drooping their dank tails here and there; even to the eye of the large, fair girl who looks askance at you from under the milk-pail, and the lip of the mother, who drops her kerchief and kisses her infant as a stranger passes by; all deliciously moist, but of a moisture that you know is about to evaporate like breath from a pane of glass; heat and honest labour will dry it all presently. Meanwhile, one would as soon think of Romeo holding up an umbrella lest Juliet’s tears might wet him from her balcony, as of avoiding to steep one’s feet, one’s hands, one’s face in that refreshing bath. I brushed through the bushes purposely, whilst the dew-drops sparkled to the ground, and swarms of birds with hurried wing made semi-circuits on either hand to find a resting-place in the branches again. How transparent were the shadows under the trees! how misty the sunny expanses! The rivulets that sometimes dispersed over the path, sometimes gurgled amidst roots and pebbles, sometimes oozed along amidst moss, caught here and there the rays that slanted in, and glittered like liquid steel in the light of a furnace. Nature wore a dress embroidered with green and gold.’—Vol. i., p. 130.

The panorama of the Alps, as seen from the suburbs of Turin, must be one of those magnificent spectacles which we may truly call ‘crescive in their faculty.’ Not like some views and edifices, overpowering by a first impression which can never be repeated, but slowly self-revealing—growing in grandeur as the eye by repeated surveys learns to realize the magnitude of their dimensions. Such in architecture is the interior of St. Peter’s. Such in landscape is the view of the distant Alps. Says Mr. St. John:—

‘I doubt if, in order to enjoy the grandest panorama of mountains possible to be beheld, it is necessary to go beyond the terrace of the Capuchin’s Convent at Turin. Humboldt, it is true, preferred the view from Moncalieri, a few miles further off; but it is scarcely finer. All the elements I have described are to be seen at all times, but never under the same aspect. Every day, every hour, the landscape puts on new colours and takes new shapes. Sometimes the plain and

the whole range lie basking, and as it were breathless and dizzy beneath the sun. Then the amphitheatre seems to expand. The mountains, vast as they are at ordinary moments, appear to become vaster still, but less solid and real. They rise, but are, as it were, diluted. They take all manner of rich hues, unknown to the palette of painters. They glow, but they tremble. They cannot be of the same solid substance as this moss-stained parapet on which we lean. They are nothing but a picture on the clouds, drawn to allure or sadden us. The breath of evening will dissipate it. The sun sets towards *Mon Viso*. What a wonderful change! Before the great yellow orb has quite gone out of sight, the mists rise all over the wide plain and steal up the base of the mountains—not heavy, murky mists, but as it were a fairy deluge. The sloping rays illuminate them. They are aërial lakes, hanging over the tops of the trees. Meanwhile all the peaks are blushing, from *Iseran* to *Monte Rosa*, in every gradation of pink and rose. In that direction they seem melting into a vapour of colour, whilst in the west the range has become black like the brim of a crater, black and jagged. We think that the shepherds of France on the other side warm themselves in the sun's rays, long after their glow has disappeared everywhere except from the heavens. Lights sparkle in the plain, before we are reminded to descend the spiral way that leads back to the suburb of *Madre di Dio*.

‘At other times, when the sky is overcast, and when clouds mingle with the peaks, the aspect is totally different; and you scarcely recognise a single form. But it is impossible to enumerate all the changes of this wonderful spectacle. A curious thing, as winter comes on, is to notice the snow-line gradually descending towards the plain. The peaks are at first only partially capped with glaciers; a little afterwards they are all covered. Then the white mantle throws its folds over the upper rocks and expanses. Next the forests are buried; presently the lower slopes whiten also; and at last the plain itself. Winter weather begins early in Piedmont. During the first few days of December, the snow fell at *Turin*, and had not melted from the roofs of the houses at the commencement of this year. The cold was terrible during the greater part of that time. On the other hand, the summer is usually hot to excess. Spring is mild and balmy, though changeable. Autumn is the best season, yet it brings fogs that remind one of London. Clouds often escape from the Alps, and alight on the green hills that rise like a screen behind the *Capuchin's Convent* all along the *Po*. I have been at *Superga*—a church and royal burying-place on the uppermost peak—when the sun shone for five minutes, and was succeeded by five minutes of mist, then shone again, and so on, during the whole time. A procession of clouds was passing low down over the plain, and touched the hill-tops on its way to the *Apennines*. From all these points, *Turin* appears at your feet like a little picture lost in the centre of a magnificent frame.’—*Vol. i., p. 168.*

For the general history of Piedmont, the reader may consult

with confidence the pages of M. Gallenga. His history is the result of much patient research. It is written with fulness, clearness, and animation. It marks with distinctness the great periods of alternate exaltation and depression which diversify the story of the subalpino realm through mediæval and modern times. He has rightly addressed himself to the record, not merely of dynastic fortunes, but of national character and life. The only fault we have to find with him is his unfairness to the Vaudois. It is true that several of the Savoy princes did indeed fall short of that exterminating fury against such heroic dissenters which Rome demanded, and obtained, in the case of many other Catholic sovereigns. But even the more moderate demands of rulers who were resolved to acknowledge but one religion in their state, required the violation of conscience. It was only where conscience was concerned that the sufferers dreamed of resistance. Their loyalty to sovereigns who had waded deep in the blood of their martyred brethren, and wives, and children, is an amazing instance of patience and forgiveness. How little did those persecuted ones require—how ready their faith—how freely was their blood poured out in battle for their lords—how easily won their simple-hearted love, their matchless fidelity! Doubly black then the atrocity of princes, who, at the bidding of French leaguers and fiendish monks, hurled back their homage with curses, trampled out their love and life together, and made, with butcheries and torture, a Tophet of every peaceful glen. Those execrable cruelties of Charles Emmanuel II. which drew forth the menacing remonstrances of our Cromwell, have been minutely chronicled by that saintly confessor, Jean Leger. M. Gallenga complains that the poor exile dwells on the grievances of his people ‘with something like a gloating and ferocious relish, and not satisfied with drawing up the most harrowing and revolting narrative of those cannibal scenes, brings up the horrid picture under our eyes by a series of vignettes, of which the repulsiveness amounts to positive obscenity.’ What then! did the Romish Church think it no sin to perpetrate those crimes—to devise and execute, by her Pinerolo monks, those obscene tortures for men, women, and children; and shall that historian be blamed who merely describes the nature of her triumph, and shows how hideous was that Gehenna called her bosom? A strange squeamishness this—a delicacy doubtless most acceptable to Rome, if we are to veil in decent obscurity her gashings, her flayings, her dislocations, her slow burnings, her diabolical prolongations of the most exquisite varieties of anguish, and leave the reader untaught, unangered, unappalled, because, forsooth, it is a shame to *speack* of what Rome thought it no shame to *do*! So long as Rome

retains that principle of persecution which forbids her to disavow such crimes in the past, which makes her lessened power the only limit to their perpetual perpetration in the future, so long should such books as Leger's *Eglises Vaudois* and Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* form a necessary part in the culture of every English youth. It is the too common fault of ordinary histories that they envelop these horrors in a cloud of general terms which cannot detain or impress the mind. To mention persecution and avoid detail, is to bid us kindle fuel at a painted fire.

The House of Savoy traces its origin to a certain Humbert of the White Hands, who emerged into notice on the dissolution of the Burgundian monarchy in the eleventh century. His descendants, a line fertile in brave and sagacious chieftains, held well together, and in spite of many vicissitudes were rising men for the next three centuries and a half. At length, in 1416, we meet with a notable representative of their family, named Amadeus VIII., who was raised from the rank of count to duke, and who swayed with almost royal powers the fairest portions of Burgundy and Switzerland. The Counts of Savoy, elevated on the ridge of the Alps, and retaining in their family territories upon either side, sought to extend themselves, at first, on the north and west. But in that direction the power of the French, and the sturdy independence of the Swiss, barred their progress, and eventually reduced them to narrower limits. It was then that the House directed its energies southward, confirming and extending its footing in Western Lombardy. By degrees this southward movement inverted the relative position of Savoy and Piedmont. Savoy, which had once looked down on Piedmont as a kind of younger brother's portion, became itself an appendage to the sub-alpine territory; till at last, in the sixteenth century, the capital was removed, by Emmanuel Philibert, to Turin. The story of the House of Savoy—whether as Counts, Dukes, or Kings—is comparatively free from those startling acts of perfidy and blood which darken the far briefer annals of the reigning houses in Southern Italy. So long as the power of the D'Estes, the Viscontis, and the degenerate Medicis endured, almost every accession to rule was marked by ruthless crime, and their tyranny could only be maintained by terror. Rebellion and conspiracy were never long inactive. But when the princes of Savoy, abandoning their hopes of aggrandizement in the north, established themselves on the south of the Alps, they were accepted at once by the Piedmontese as their native rulers. To that dynasty, observes M. Gallenga, Piedmont has been ever since 'passively loyal in ordinary times—heroically loyal in days of adversity.'

If, at the middle of the sixteenth century, we imagine a huge

balance resting on the ridge of the Alps, and having in one scale the northern, and in the other the southern states of Europe, we shall see the north, freighted with new weight and influence, triumphantly preponderate; while the south, hollow and impoverished, begins to mount—is weighed, and found wanting. France and Germany, England and the Netherlands, renew their youth; but in Italy, Milan and Naples, Mantua, Parma, Ferrara, and Tuscany, are mere appanages of the great Austro-Spanish power, while Rome, Venice, Genoa, trembling, compromising, fawning, seem to exist but on sufferance. Piedmont, too, was humbled to the dust; but her rulers did not, like those of the rest of Italy, receive their orders from Madrid. She could no longer assert her claim to an independent policy. But it was possible for her to make her influence felt as a valuable auxiliary, could she only gain time for concentration and development. While two irresistible neighbours, France and Spain, planted each a foot within her territory, she might play off one against the other. Gibbon remarks on the controversies between the Aristotelians and the Platonists at the revival of letters, that from the collision of two adverse servitudes a spark of freedom was elicited. In like manner Piedmont, between rival masters, while she lost her independence, escaped enslavement. She would plead her weakness in extenuation of the frequent falsehood and vacillation of her policy. A shrewd observer has laid down the maxim that we should always treat our friends as those who may possibly be one day enemies; and our enemies as those with whom we may hereafter become friends. The princes of Savoy exemplified this principle in its more questionable sense. They would make an alliance, now with France, now with Spain, always with the understanding that their own convenience must determine its duration. Behind all engagements lay the proviso that the ally at any time selected should remain the stronger. Like the bat when the birds and beasts were at war, Savoy called herself bird when the bear was vanquished by the eagle, and beast when the ostrich was overcome by the lion. The party which bid highest for the Piedmontese alliance never expected to retain it after any serious reverse. Sometimes these shiftings were dexterously effected; sometimes, however, inopportunately; and then woe to Piedmont! The Prince de Ligne used to say that geography would scarcely suffer the Savoy dynasty to be honest men. It is said that we owe the word *turn-coat* to one of the Dukes of Savoy, who, being we must suppose of a thrifty turn, had a coat made which was blue on the one side and white on the other. When France was in the ascendant, he wore the white side outwards; when Austria commanded the hour and him, the coat

was turned, and no appeared in blue. • Of course Sardinia, cheating all, was by all in turn cheated with as little scruple. Austria was her most fallacious ally, England her only true one; for when we had once promised a subsidy, it was paid without fail.

In Piedmont, then, alone of all Italy, some elements of national life remained;—an ignoble life, it may be; but still life. And while there is life there is hope. Better days have now come. Happily for Piedmont, she was not (like Lombardy or Florence) under foreign rule, neither was she (like Venice and Genoa) reduced to that snail-like self-withdrawal which must always end in servitude. Her people, almost total strangers to enthusiasm or to enterprise, rallied with a certain dogged loyalty about princes of their own. Only in Piedmont was the tie between governor and governed a vital attachment. Herein lay the secret of her preservation. During the latter half of the sixteenth century, she was fortunate enough to acknowledge, in Emmanuel Philibert, the sway of an intrepid and sagacious despot who economized her resources,*consolidated her strength, and constructed, out of the ruins of feudalism, a monarchy and a nation. The national life of Piedmont began when that of Southern Italy had expired.

Emmanuel Philibert had saved Piedmont by resisting every temptation to engage in war, and so securing for his subjects that repose of which they stood so much in need. His successor, audacious and crafty, yet too shortsighted to discern the true interests of his country, squandered in vain assaults, now on France, and now on Spain, the money and the men collected with so much pains. As M. Gallenga remarks, his father had taken great trouble to patch him up a crown out of frail and ill-connected materials, and like Don Quixote with his pasteboard helmet, the son had no rest till he had put his head-piece to the test of the heaviest blows. As might be expected, the fabric suffered sore damage; and Charles Emmanuel was taught by a succession of defeats that Savoy must be content henceforward with a subordinate place. Next ensued a time of civil disturbances, somewhat akin to those of the French 'Fronde,' but more ruinous; till, at the opening of the eighteenth century, another remarkable prince ascends the throne. With the accession of Victor Amadeus II., in 1706, the discipline of a hundred and twenty years reaches its close, and the character of Piedmont may be said to have received its formation. Incessant wars had converted the nation into an army. Patriotism had become military fidelity. The country was a camp. The sovereign was the hereditary general, whom the people followed, in practical sober fashion, from a soldier's sense of duty, but without any

chivalrous devotion, without any thirst for glory. The laurels of Piedmont were few; but she had at least escaped the shame of neutrality. She had shown herself a sturdy if not a victorious combatant. Accordingly, at the peace of Utrecht, she is not overlooked, as dead, like the rest of Italy, but takes her place—has ‘had losses’—makes claims—and Victor Amadeus, though he must give up Sicily, receives Sardinia, and is enrolled among the kings.

Victor Amadeus found the strength of the nobles much reduced, and was careful to perpetuate their subordination. The throne was no longer the highest among many eminences: it was a solitary mountain in the centre of a great plain. The only power which came in to check the will of the sovereign was that of the Church; and the Church was made to feel that the will of Victor could hold its own against Infallibility itself. A long series of quarrels issued in an edict which deprived the Jesuits of all share in public instruction. Savoy set the example which was followed in the course of that century by France, by Germany, and by Spain. Kings struck heavy but unavailing blows at that Society which was convicted of serving the throne only to become its master. Priest-ridden as Piedmont has ever been, Rome has received repeated checks at the hands of its rulers, from the days of Guelph and Ghibelline downward. But her present resistance to ecclesiastical encroachment is very different from that of her old traditions. In former days she resisted in behalf of the throne; now she resists in behalf of the nation; then, that a prince might be absolute, now that society may be set free.

Absolutism reached its acme in Piedmont during the latter half of the eighteenth century. At Milan, at Naples, and in Tuscany, Bourbon and Austrian princes tempered despotism with philosophic philanthropy. During a protracted peace they revived the life, not indeed of freedom, but of commerce, literature, and art. Paternal centralization mitigated the obscurantism of priests and monks. Italy, like the shattered fabric of a balloon, was sinking and must sink. A strong current in the regions of upper air arrested its descent and wafted it higher for awhile. But there was no amending of its rents, no buoyant gas within to impart a mounting power of its own. Meanwhile, Piedmont scarcely enjoyed any share even of that dubious emancipation which springs rather from the policy of governors than from the progress of the governed. The impoverished noblesse of Piedmont were mere officers under a colonel called king. They were grave and thrifty attendants at an austere court, where every form of culture was despised. In Lombardy, on the con-

trary, and at Naples, the young patricians vied with each other in the accomplishments of art and in the patronage of literature. Even dilettantism was better than that stupid stagnation which earned for the Piedmontese the name of the Macedonians of Italy. While the Savoy princes of this period—call them rather the commandants of the Turin garrison—held aloof from Italian refinement in the south, they barred the Alpine passes with all the jealousy of fear against that sceptical philosophy which was already agitating society in the north. Without commercial or manufacturing activity, isolated still more by policy than by nature, Piedmont was scarcely conscious of its inferiority. The sluggish waters of that Dead Sea were unstirred by any sense of contrast or desire for change. The roll of the drum and the tinkling of the bell made the music of Piedmont. The army-list and the breviary constituted its literature.

In 1789, this Sleepy Hollow was startled into wakefulness by the news of the French Revolution, and the confirmation thereof in the arrival of the Comte d'Artois and a swarm of emigrant priests and nobles. The Savoyards then, as now, more French than Italian, evinced some sympathy with revolution. Not so, supine Piedmont.

At this crisis Southern Italy possessed scarcely an Italian soldier. Venice hired Slavonic mercenaries, and Lombardy was garrisoned by Austrian troops. The hope of his Holiness was in Swiss guards. All these governments distrusted their people. They could not be stirred up to resist the armed propagandists of revolution. Piedmont alone possessed a native army—an army perfect on a parade-ground, where king and officers imitated the wry neck of Frederick II., and thought themselves great commanders; but the oldest veteran in the ranks had not seen fire for five-and-forty years. Victor Amadeus III. joined the alliance against France, to be hectored by his friends and beaten by his foes, till driven by desperation to a foolish and ignominious peace. His successor, a prisoner in his own palace, was exposed to the ribald insults of the guardroom, and signed at last an act whereby he relinquished his government into the hands of France. There is nothing in his fall to deserve compassion. When hunger and the infection of democracy had excited some slight disturbances even in phlegmatic Piedmont, he redoubled all the ordinary cruelties of despotism. Needless carnage suppressed, and barbarous executions avenged, the half-conscious movement of an abject people. Then followed wholesale banishment of the suspected—an invasion by a handful of the exiles—a victory for the king—an act of perfidy—a cold-blooded massacre. And all this infatuated cruelty, when the king was virtually a prisoner in the

hands of Ginguené! This French commander exerted himself, only too late, to deprive Charles Emmanuel of a sceptre so de-testably abused.

Up till 1798, Piedmont had at least maintained a struggle against young Bonaparte and the French Directory. Now the bulwark of Italy was overthrown; the rest of the Peninsula presently in the hands of France; and Piedmont, too, prostrate among the other dead. From this time until Napoleon's fall, Italy was to become a mere battle-ground for great campaigns, fought out by other nations, as on a cleared arena. Her hills were posts of vantage; her rivers lines of defence; her cities dépôts and magazines for the armies of the foreigner.

With the return of the sovereign, on the overthrow of Bonaparte, Piedmont sank back again under the old absolutism. But the slumber was not so profound as before. New ideas had done their work, and the antiquated *régime* of the Restoration did not enjoy a tranquil darkness. It was impossible, even by the most rigorous obscurantism, to recul the blessed blindness and passivity of departed times. At last news came one morning of the flight of Louis Philippe, and a new revolution in France. Then ensued disturbance throughout Italy, and that panic among the sovereigns which led to so many liberal concessions. From this period originate those constitutional reforms in Piedmont whose history and working we proceed to trace.

Every one knows that Charles Albert, after the outbreak of 1848, gave his people a constitution, and placed himself at the head of the Italian movement against Austria. In making such a grant, the King of Sardinia by no means stood alone. The terrors of revolution had already extorted fair promises from the other princes of Italy. These promises were of course broken. Reader, didst ever mark the policy of the street urchin that hath provoked by insulting cries the wrath of some well-dressed school-boy of the better sort. He of the streets, hotly pursued by him of the school, dropping on his knees, or crouching against a wall, cries out piteously for mercy—'O please young gentleman, don't, there's a dear young gentleman.' Whereat the said young gentleman, contemptuously relaxing his grasp, releases the suppliant, who straightway, having run to quite safe distance, repeats more loudly than ever his former taunts. Such was the return made by anointed kings for the too credulous forbearance of their subjects. Where now are any traces of the professed reforms? Where any echo of the solemn promises? In the Subalpine Kingdom only has constitutionalism survived. How came it so? For hitherto the sovereigns of Piedmont had been no more liberal

than the rest ; and the constitution of Charles Albert was a tardy grant of questionable sincerity.

The causes of the superior permanence of liberty in Piedmont are to be found in the fact, that there the movement was at once led and moderated by a constitutional sovereign, in the steadiness and temperance of the Piedmontese character, in the fidelity of Victor Emmanuel to constitutionalism, and, finally, in the support of England and France. Had any one link in the series been wanting, the new-born liberties must have fallen a prey to an absolutist reaction or to the Austrian bayonets.

First of all, we see a king—an authority recognised by the crowned heads of the European political system—conducting the war of Italian liberation. It is unquestionably true that Charles Albert was altogether unequal to a post so arduous. But that any legitimate ruler, supported by a nation, should, in any sort, essay such a work, was a great step gained. Sovereigns could not deal with a brother as they would with the republican leader of a minor state. Charles Albert was incapable, hesitant, selfish. He seemed rather to be swept onward by the great national enthusiasm of 1818, than to share and lead it. He showed but too manifest distrust of that very people who gathered by thousands about his standard. He put a price upon his aid to revolted Milan. He shrunk from an alliance with republican Venice. It was but too evident that he was ready to turn the popular victory into a personal aggrandizement. Italy had risen, not to exalt Piedmont, but to expel Austria. The Italian Courts looked with jealousy on the prospect of Sardinian supremacy. The Italian democrats began to fear that they were called to fight only for one master against another. It was true that Sardinia could not thus take the lead against Austria without acquiring preponderance in Italy. All the more reason, then, was there for the avoidance of that indecent eagerness to make instant profit of his position, which Charles Albert took so little pains to conceal. But he, and a majority in the Chamber of Deputies, were intriguing for the absorption of Lombardy, when they should have been sealing the fate of the Austrian invader. Then followed the war itself—worthy achievements of Italian valour—strategic blunders—victories unused—the fall of Venice—retreat—capitulation. Radetsky paused : he had won back Lombardy and Venice for his master : he did not venture to invade Piedmont.

When the armistice signed by Salasco had sheathed the sword, the diplomatic pen resumed its work. The army of Piedmont was broken ; its king bewildered and dismayed : but all was not yet lost. Rome and Florence were in republican hands. A second effort might be made, wherein the constitutionalism of

Northern Italy should combine with the democracy of the south. Diplomacy, seeking by notes to arrange matters with Austria, and to keep Sardinia quiet, did much more to prevent such a union than either the prejudices of the royalist or the suspicions of the republican. The ascendancy of the liberal party in the Chamber of Deputies (Feb. 1849) was the signal for renewed war with Austria.

And here the liberals of Turin committed a fatal error. No doubt a vigorous war was preferable to the intrigue and compromise of diplomacy. But, on the other hand, a little delay would have been preferable to the premature announcement of a blow which they lacked the strength to strike. They resolved on war with a demoralized army. They resolved on war without waiting for the contingents from Tuscany and Rome. The campaign of four days ended almost as soon as it had begun, in the disaster of Novara.

It is natural to ask, how came the army into such a state? Whence that unwillingness to fight, that distrust between officers and men, which, notwithstanding isolated acts of gallantry, gave to Radetsky such an easy victory? Here Italians differ. The moderates tell us that the republican agents were busy in sowing dissension, in dissuading the common men from fighting under officers whose traitorous leanings to Austria were only too evident. The liberals again maintain that the officers demoralized their men, lest a victory should be won in the name of the popular party. Aristocratic colonels and captains disdained to fight at the bidding of a majority in the Chamber of Deputies. Triumphant liberalism would lower the prestige of their caste. Austria was less odious to them than Italian republicanism. They are charged with having circulated handbills on the very field of Novara, on which was written, 'Soldiers, for whom do you think you are fighting? The king is betrayed. At Turin they have proclaimed the republic!'

To us it appears unnecessary to attribute the disgrace of that defeat exclusively to either party. At the same time, there is more of truth in the latter accusation than in the former. The *morale* of an army which has endured a succession of defeats is seldom high. The beaten relics of the old army and the hasty levies of the new made up a numerous but undisciplined mass of men, whose excitement had cooled down, whose illusions had vanished, who were incapable of self-sacrifice. The officers again were disaffected, not merely from the sympathies of their class with absolutism, but because they were led by men in whom they felt no confidence. The liberals, instead of appointing soldiers like La Marmora to the command, chose, most unfortunately, adventurers or traitors, like Chrzanowsky or Ramorino. Those

officers who were about the person of Charles Albert appear, like the king himself, to have fought bravely. It is to be feared that but too many of the rest dreaded a victory in the cause of the people more than a defeat at the hands of Austria. We do not believe that the republicans on their part were similarly unpatriotic. The republican leaders at Rome and Florence, so far from wishing to see Charles Albert beaten because he was a king and not a republican, were forward in voting him supplies, and saw clearly that, despite all differences, his success was of vital moment to Italian liberty. It was not their interest or their wish to demoralize his army. Even after that fatal day at Novara, Charles Albert would fain have made an effort to retrieve the disaster. But to every movement he proposed, his generals answered, 'It is impossible.' They were only anxious to have done with the war and with him. They thought Victor Emmanuel, the young Duke of Savoy, would introduce a reactionary *régime*, and abolish the constitution. He was not unacquainted with the intrigues already set on foot in behalf of reaction. His sympathies were known to lie in great measure with the absolutist and Austrian party. He was suspected of having allowed the Austrians to defeat him on a recent occasion. Surrounded by leaders who would undertake nothing, and by soldiers who were in haste to be defeated, the poor old king sent to ask an armistice of Radetsky. The Austrian marshal refused to treat with him. Utterly broken in spirit, betrayed on every side, even that last faint hope which sometimes lies in delay snatched from him, he resolved to abdicate. After signing the act of abdication, he departed alone, escaping in obscurity the insult of compassion. He found a hiding-place for his sorrow at Nice, from whence he withdrew to Oporto, where he died in July, 1849. To the last, he declared himself the victim of treachery.

In ships which are built of iron it is found that the needle of the compass is liable to serious deflection from the attraction of the metal near it. It becomes necessary to obviate this incorrectness by setting up aloft a standard compass, beyond the reach of the influence exerted by the iron sides. Such a corrective is high principle and strong conviction, as opposed to the warping influences of present interest and passion. Such a safeguard Charles Albert never possessed. He was certainly no poetical enthusiast, living in some glowing atmosphere of his own, as a bird in the green and yellowish light within the branches of its tree. There are in him no traces of the lofty theorist—of such a man as Schiller's Marquis Posa. Neither, again, was he one of those stronger yet facile natures which,

when suddenly torn by circumstances from their accustomed place, can quickly form new ties, and accept a new position, like rocks which, carried down by some landslip, speedily become part and parcel of the valley, under the creeping plants and the grass. He accepted a part which committed him beyond his convictions against absolutism. Now he was intimidated by the enmity he had provoked; now by the very successes he had looked for. For awhile, a glimpse of glory would inspire him. Presently he found more lasting support in some prospect of aggrandizement. But nowhere could he inspire in others that confidence which was radically wanting in himself. The final abdication was his best course after all. With such an army nothing could be done. It was only to be regretted that he had not thrown aside the sceptre a year before. *Non defensoribus istis!*

After the abdication a treaty is concluded and the young king Victor Emmanuel is proclaimed. It had been whispered that he played the traitor at Novara. Reproaches which dropped from the lips of Charles Albert were understood to point at his son. The new sovereign was hissed in the streets of Turin when he appeared to administer the oath to the army. Anonymous letters poured in upon him, full of menace and reproach. It was said that an illness which then attacked him owed its origin to the tortures of an uneasy conscience. Here assuredly was an ominous aggregate of probabilities against the hope of any liberal policy from Victor Emmanuel. The priests and the young aristocrats of the absolutist party beset him on every side. What had he to gain by popular institutions? The popular voice had spoken the other day. Did it not meet him with insult rather than with homage? Why should his promise stand in the way? Every one knew that the constitution had been granted only for a temporary purpose. What was the use of being king, if he was expected to keep faith with the people? Every other sovereign had taken the earliest opportunity of recalling his humiliating concessions, and had hastened to ignore those oaths which were in themselves invalid from the very fact of their being imposed by subjects on a ruler.

Nevertheless, in spite of all the exhortations of the Jesuits, and all the urgency of the courtiers, Victor Emmanuel kept his word, and the people retained their constitution. Charles Albert had effected some good at least. He had established a precedent. He had led Sardinia the first step forwards in a direction which it was now difficult to abandon. The fact had been established that a people might struggle for liberty *with*, and not *against*, their sovereign. Rome and Tuscany, after a brief freedom—crude, con-

fused, cut off while undeveloped—had fallen under French and Austrian domination. Piedmont, which had not burst so many bonds, was not remanded to such severe imprisonment. France and England evinced their sympathy for the young king, and interfered to prevent Austria from following up her advantage by the occupation of his territories. Thus the kingdom of Sardinia was preserved, after having indicated, if it had not fulfilled its mission as the 'Sword of Italy.' It was imperative, however, that the sword should lie for a time in the scabbard. Yet to sheathe it would look like the abandonment of that great cause in which it had been drawn. The suspicions of the liberal party were grave. The connections of the young king, his education, his recent conduct, all were such as to render those suspicions very natural. They would all be confirmed if he refused to renew the war against Austria. Yet how, on the other hand, was that war to be renewed? It had failed when Rome and Tuscany were free, were in arms, were ready to support Piedmont and to assist in manning that great rampart of their peninsula. How then could success be hoped for when the south was bound hand and foot; when vanquished Piedmont could furnish no adequate force at home; when her allies would certainly refuse her any succour from abroad?

On this question arose the first difference between the king and his parliament. The Chamber was bent on a renewal of hostilities. The Deputies were unquestionably in the wrong. But to maintain against them a pacific policy, Victor Emmanuel was driven to violate the spirit of that constitution which he acknowledged in the letter. The Chamber was repeatedly dissolved. At last an agreement was effected. The king dismissed an obnoxious minister; electors yielded to a royal manifesto which insisted on their acquiescence in a peace. It is to be regretted that the popular opposition should have given so much reason for an undue exercise of royal prerogative. But the error has not been repeated. The moderate party, headed by Cavour, unites all except the extreme retrogradists and the extreme liberals. There does not exist at present any very dangerous point of dispute between the king and the people. He is not determined to carry, and they to resist, some measure that comes directly home to the individual conscience, or pocket, as a grievous wrong. So the people agree to receive that ministry which, on the whole, is satisfactory to the king. Neither party has high expectations, or cherishes an extreme aim. Such a state of things gives the best promise of permanence. One great point has been gained—the constitution has existed for eight years. The present generation of those who work it were trained

in absolutism. The next will find themselves more familiar with constitutional methods. Every year is valuable, since each anniversary takes from the constitution the character of a precarious favour, and stamps it with the impress of a birthright. At present the Piedmontese are anything but adepts in those ingenious processes whereby we in England can apply, when necessary, very respectful, but very effectual, pressure to the royal will. If the crown exerts undue influence—if the ministers under its shelter show themselves too much the creatures of the court, too little the representatives of the people, the liberal party in Piedmont are at a loss. They do not see how they can oppose a vigorous check to the crown without holding out the menace of revolution. They do perceive, however, that revolution would be death to their last hope. A French occupation would instantly ensue. It would be urged (and plausibly) that constitutionalism had been tried, that one sovereign had pursued a liberal policy, and forsaken the traditions of his peers, only to meet with a return which showed the baseness of the popular heart—how craven it was toward the cruel, and toward the generous how thankless. The reforms which have commenced must some day be carried much farther. But those zealous for such progress do wisely to exercise caution and patience, to accept with readiness every instalment of reform, and to make the most of every present privilege. In fact, the Piedmontese ministry, however moderate its liberalism, is too much menaced by the Jesuits and the reactionary party to allow it very seriously to forfeit public opinion. The dangerous neighbourhood of Austria will merge all minor differences in preparation for a struggle in behalf of life itself.

We have spoken of the constitution and the Parliament of the kingdom of Sardinia. Some of our readers will desire more detailed information concerning the nature of this constitution, the mode of election, and procedure of this Parliament.

One of the old palaces, a huge edifice built of brick, has been set apart for the sittings of the Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies. When you see the tricolor flag flying, you know that the house is sitting. The chamber in which the deputies meet is semicircular in form, with raised seats. Behind a long table, on the central floor, as on the stage of an ancient theatre, sit the Ministers. There is a reporters' gallery, and there are also seats apportioned to ladies, with others open to the public. The conduct of the house is described by Mr. St. John as orderly and methodical. There is not much expression of applause, and scarcely any of that heat and vehemence in debate which might be looked for from the southern nature. The French spoken by

the members from Nice and Savoy contrasts to great disadvantage with the sonorous, if not very pure, Italian of the Piedmontese.

There is an upper-house, called the Senate, which answers in a sort to our House of Lords, being composed of what remains of the old noblesse. The number of the senators is not fixed, and they are nominated for life by the king. The lower-house consists of two hundred and four representatives: Savoy sends twenty-two; Sardinia twenty-four; and one hundred and fifty-eight come from the remaining Italian provinces. The money-qualification required of electors is trifling, and no one is precluded from voting by his religious belief.

Let the reader imagine himself a Piedmontese, who wishes to vote. We ask him, 'Are you twenty-five years old? Can you read and write? (which is more than two-thirds of your countrymen can do.) You have never been subject to any criminal punishment—are not insolvent? Do you pay forty francs direct taxation, or belong to one of the liberal professions?' Hearing you answer in the affirmative, we cry, in the name of the electoral law, 'Away with you, then, to the poll—or to the ballot-box, rather,' for the Italians have given a trial to the practice of secret voting. The experiment has been, to a certain extent, successful. But let none suppose that the ballot can really abolish intimidation or corruption. The Sardinian Government has but to post up a proclamation counselling the inhabitants of a certain district to vote for the Government candidate, if they would have their bridges, roads, and general improvement attended to. Such an appeal to self-interest is known to have been made, and with success. Of course, no electioneering arrangements could prevent a subsequent evil—namely, the possible corruption, by the court, of the members actually returned, by flatteries, gifts, or places. Of disappointment on this score, the liberal party in Piedmont has great reason to complain. Houses returned with by no means a majority in favour of the views of the court, have been so dealt with, that they have exhibited ere long a most suspicious subservience. Hence the temporary indifference manifested, in many quarters, by the constituencies. It has repeatedly been found necessary to defer election from lack of electors. Some of the voters do not yet perceive the magnitude of the power with which they are invested. Others are afraid to throw any irritating check in the way of this undue preponderance exercised by the crown, lest Victor Emmanuel might be provoked to attempt a *coup d'état*,—a step in which he might certainly count on the assistance of Louis Napoleon.

The story of the Piedmontese Parliament is soon told. The first chamber held its first sitting on May 8th, 1848. As was natural, the great majority were warmly desirous of constitutional freedom, and were in favour of the war against Austria. Such parties, as afterwards became manifest, were at that time in a kind of unconscious existence, having a mere rudimentary being—like those elementary parts of the butterfly which lie folded within the grub. The spirit of liberalism was there without any precise system of liberal policy. Before very long the existence of a moderatist party made itself felt. These moderates were in continual fear of going too far, eager to avoid the suspicion of any revolutionary sympathies, anxious to retrench, rather than expand, the range of parliamentary action.

After the failure of Charles Albert, the chamber ventured to express its doubts concerning the legality of his abdication. It was evident that they distrusted his successor. So Victor Emmanuel straightway took a step which might be regarded as prophetic of his subsequent conduct in reference to the constitution. In the same day, he at once acknowledged and dismissed his Parliament. He took his oath to observe the constitution, and immediately dissolved the Chamber of Deputies. But the next Parliament returned proved less tractable, rather than more so. Another dissolution was accompanied by a warning from the king, pretty plainly intimating, that if the constitution continued to prove so troublesome in its operation, he might feel himself bound to put an end to it. So, by the wise forbearance of some of the war party, and a dexterous purchase of others, king and people recovered their harmony. The adhesion of Victor Emmanuel to the constitution is felt to be somewhat perfunctory. Yet, what else could be expected? The surrender of power is not pleasant. It is well that the limitations imposed by a constitution on the sovereign will should not at first be rendered too irksome. It is inevitable that the crown, in Sardinia, should still exert an influence which we in England should certainly resist, as incompatible with our just liberties.

We may regret that the constitution of the Subalpine Kingdom does not exist to fuller purpose. But, again,—patience, patience. Have there not been periods in our own constitutional history, when royalty, unable to dispense with parliaments, has resorted to every species of contrivance to secure their subservience? In England, too, there have been times when the king has practically headed a party in the House. Have we forgotten the court party and the country party, in the days of our Charles I.? We, too, have had ministers, like those of Sardinia, who have declared it essential to the maintenance of a

government that the influence of fear or interest should in some way be brought to bear, both on the voters who return representatives, and on the representatives themselves when returned. Yet, with time, we have outgrown such evils, contrived more skilfully adjusted defences for our freedom, and attained a more elevated morality in public affairs. Great praise is due to the more liberal party for their moderation. They have frequently indicated their dissatisfaction by abstinence from voting, or by silence; but they have not agitated, they have organized no factious opposition. Count Cavour may, it is true, have resorted to really unconstitutional means to strengthen his position. He may repress unduly the expression of the true popular feeling. But the liberals must be aware that, if he measures freedom out with some scantness of hand, there are the re-actionists on the watch, who would abolish its last vestige. Wretched would be the issue if, while moderate and liberal were at feud, absolutism should step in and consign both combatants to execution. When we English folk hear of a constitution, we are in the habit of supposing that the monarch of the constitutional state—or his ministers, rather—are always guided by the parliamentary majority. We do not bear in mind that, in repeated instances, the sovereigns of the South who have granted constitutions have paid no attention to the voice of the representatives they have summoned. No one should forget this fact who would duly estimate the difficulties of that dilemma to which the Italian liberal is reduced. He sees the constitution minimized, as it were, yet dare not make an outcry, lest that minimum should vanish before his eyes. It is, perhaps, quite as well that the real magnitude of the change involved, even in the modified existence of a constitution, should not at once appear. A fast-sailing vessel in pursuit of another will sometimes tow a large boom at her stern, that she may appear a slower sailer than she really is, and so lull into fatal confidence the craft she holds in chase. It is not really a loss of way, if liberalism can, in like manner, conceal for a time the real rapidity of her progress, and seem less dangerous to tyranny than she is in fact.

According to Mr. St. John, Count Cavour is by no means so popular among his countrymen as is commonly supposed. Immense wealth, to which he is continually adding, has done much to make him at once a centre of influence and an object of dislike. He is a man of reading and ability, with a vast capability of labour, a fair debater, and proved by experience to be capable of holding the difficult balance between the aristocratic and the democratic parties. Soon after the battle of Novara he formed that middle party which he has ever since continued to lead. He

came into power on the retirement of D'Azeglio. This amiable and accomplished statesman possessed (and yet retains) the just confidence both of king and people; but he lacked the vigour for reforms so extensive as those which Count Cavour has since effected. His influence is still exerted in favour of his more energetic successor. It has been the endeavour of Count Cavour to encroach as far as possible on the monopoly of place and power once accorded to mere birth. In his financial reforms he has to struggle with the great burden of Piedmont—an establishment of functionaries enormously disproportioned to the resources of the state. Some of his commercial schemes have ended in failure. But the new impulse given by his liberal measures to every form of industry has enabled the people to pay even new and unpopular taxes. His manners are somewhat imperious. Indefatigable and versatile, he does the work of many men, loves to surround himself with mere instruments, and in all subordinate appointments gives the preference to *douce* mediocrity. But the army he wisely resigns to the absolute control of La Marmora. The genius of this man has renovated the military institutions of Piedmont. Regardless of birth, of patronage, of routine, he effected a thorough reform in the military colleges. The best judges have pronounced the organization of the Piedmontese army in no respect inferior to that of France and England. In the Crimea, La Marmora was everywhere in person, taking nothing for granted, leaving nothing to chance. One of our engineers was sent for one day by an Italian officer, about a bridge in the neighbourhood of the Sardinian Camp. The interview was long, the questions many, the instructions minute. The Englishman supposed himself in converse with a subaltern despatched to arrange that particular business. Imagine the surprise of our friend when, on parting with this singularly well-informed Italian, he discovered him to be no other than the General La Marmora himself. Austria concentrates her forces and menaces the Sardinian frontier. *Such a commander and such an army will task her strength severely. Under him there will be no second Novara.

The leader of the liberal opposition in the Chamber of Deputies is Lorenzo Valerio. Let it not be supposed, however, that this reputed head of the Left is a furious demagogue, to be satisfied with nothing short of a republic, and *les aristocrates à la lanterne*. He is a loyal subject of the House of Savoy, hopes everything from a constitutional monarchy, and is not disposed by any means to peril the measure of liberty now enjoyed in a chimerical endeavour to realize an ideal of freedom. His *Letture Popolari* (Popular Readings) and *Letture di Famiglia* (Family

Readings) were journals devoted principally to the diffusion of knowledge among the lower classes. Charles Albert at one time tolerated and at another suppressed them, as he oscillated, in his *Tentenna** fashion, between Solaro and Villa Marina—between the patron of the Jesuits and the friend of freedom. To the exertions of Valerio mainly do the Sardinian States owe some of the most humane among their late social improvements. As the editor of the *Concordia* (which existed until 1850), he exerted great influence, and with ready and felicitous utterance he still advocates in the House the popular cause. After the failure of the first campaign against Austria, Valerio was despatched to ask the succour of the newly-established republic of Rome. He made no secret of his attachment to monarchy, was not the less favourably received, and promised cordial aid. But before their messenger could return, the liberal party, but too impatient of diplomatic finesse, had precipitated the war.

Valerio received last year from his constituents a silver statue of Dante, as a token of their esteem. In their letter they say, among other things,—‘We admire you because you have not too much attended to our local affairs (he is member for Costeggio), but have cared rather for the general prosperity of Piedmont and Italy.’ We talk much in England of public spirit; but it is to be feared that the constituencies among us are not many by whom such breadth of policy in a representative would have been selected as the ground of praise. What may we not hope for such a people? Andrew Marvell would have been proud of such constituents as the Costeggians.

Let us now trace the progress of ecclesiastical reform during the same period. We read in one of the old metrical romances of a bridge so constructed that no one could cross it without ringing, in the passing over, some three-score bells, and so setting up the strangest tintinnabulary hubbub in warning of his approach. When the Sardinian Parliament took their first step in ecclesiastical reform, they touched wires that rang the ecclesiastical alarm-bells from one end of Europe to the other. It was as though upon some hundred or so of Don Quixotes a thousand sacksful of cats, with bells to their tails, had been emptied—a feline cataract, terrifying ancient Night with discordant tinklings and unearthly cries. And verily it was time for priestcraft to cry out. It was not to be wondered at that as the rumour of reformation flew to and fro among the priesthood, the fat abbot should have been taken poorly; that the bishop was known to have sent away untouched the most savoury morsels, the most favourite

* The Italians called him *Tentenna*—King See-saw.

wines; and that to the mass of the clergy, in that ill-omened hour, their ices should have lost their coolness and their snuff its titillation. For the stroke was struck, not afar off, as in England, or even Spain, but on the south of the Alps, in a region which the Church regarded as more especially her own. It was a case of what the Scotch law calls *hame-sucken*—when a man is assaulted on his own hearthstone.

Fifteen years of occupation by revolutionary France had rendered Piedmont 'a waste howling wilderness' to the priests, instead of that paradise which they so fondly styled it in the good old time. The French did a world of good, in very unceremonious style, both to governors and governed. The former they consigned to the punishment of the portmanteau—sent into that instructive exile, wherefrom princes, alas! have seldom returned the wiser. As for the governed, they put an end to their frivolity and lounging—awakened in them an unwonted earnestness—substituted for military pedantry the elements of a genuine soldiiership—called out their best energies, and stimulated the very pride which their own victorious insolence had so recently laid low. The state of Piedmont had fallen into the condition of that miserable old man described by Dickens in his *Bleak House*, who keeps sinking down in his arm-chair, like a half-empty bag of bones, and has to request the bystander 'to shake him up.' When Phil, the gunsmith, does him that office, he cries out—his breath nearly shaken out of his body, his teeth down his throat, and his cap over his eyes—'Ugh! ugh! your young man is so prompt—ugh! so very prompt.' So gasped the decrepit monarchy of Piedmont under the vigorous hand of France. After the final overthrow of Napoleon, back came the old man—the *régime* of four-and-twenty years ago, seasoned with all the spite and none of the wisdom of adversity. F'laugh! what a dust! what a resurrection of old clothes, old furniture, old forms! Now is the 'precious ærugo' of Martinus Scriblerus the object of universal worship. Those who carry pigtails behind, carry everything before them; and rust and mildew are the 'mould of fashion' everywhere. Let those who sneer at the nasal tones of the Commonwealth saints be here reminded that all these *rococo* courtiers of the Restoration drawled through their noses the senilities they uttered when they canted about loyalty, and thanked Heaven they were not as other men, or even as those godless French. It would have cured for life many a romanticist admirer of the middle age, could he have witnessed that actual resuscitation of mediæval cruelty and superstition. In a moment the kingdom swarms with inquisitors, priests, and friars, who have abandoned their holes to crawl and swarm and batten in the

blessed sunshine. Fifteen courts of law, entwining their labyrinthine folds with the still darker intricacies of secret ecclesiastical tribunals, open wide their jaws, and prepare to gorge themselves with victims. Every exclusive and galling privilege, whereby the aristocracy and the Church are enabled to do the least possible work and receive the largest possible gain, is revived, and, if possible, enlarged. In the depth of abysmal dungeons, like those we see in the designs of Piranesi, fitted up for tortures like those which Spagnoletto has portrayed, a multitude of sufferers expatiated an unavoidable submission or a fatal wealth. That old three-edged bar of iron which has broken the limbs, one after the other, of so many prisoners condemned to the wheel, has now bathed in new blood its detestable rust. The old racks are repaired, and creak with the straining sinews of fresh victims; while the pulley at the top of the vault shakes once more with that skillful shock which dislocates every joint in the body of the sufferer. Meanwhile, above-ground, in beautiful churches of marble and lapis lazuli and gold, jubilant priests hail the restored religion of the Prince of Peace!

For five years did Piedmont thus groan under the heaviest yoke of the noble and the priest. Then came a slight—a very slight amelioration, welcomed with tears of joy. But still, through every alternation in the degrees of ecclesiastical rigour, the country abounded in forms of abuse which even Austria had begun to put away. The revolutionary movements in 1821 and 1833 were the pretexts for renewed barbarity. The penal code for offences against religion was such as would have made Draco shudder, and would have thrilled with pious joy the heart of Dominic. ‘Heresy and blasphemy,’ says Gallenga,—‘that is, any *direct or indirect* attack against the doctrines of the Church, its miracles, its precepts—any profane expression against the Virgin or the saints—were punishable with hard imprisonment: sacrilege—that is, any voluntary or involuntary disrespect to a consecrated wafer—punishable with death. (*Codice Penale*, Art. 161, 162, 169.) The Jesuits, the priests, and—in their name and interest—the police, exercised the most intolerable control over the consciences of the citizens. Not to conform, at least externally, with the precepts of the Church, was a crime visited by the State with a hundred, legal or illegal, means of punishment; for, harsh and inhuman as the laws were, their severity was greatly aggravated by arbitrariness of application.’ When it is remembered that even now there are in the kingdom of Sardinia twenty-three thousand ecclesiastics (that is, one to every two hundred and fourteen inhabitants), and that a simple denunciation from any one of the thousands of parish priests to the dis-

strict commandant of police was sufficient to throw any honest man into prison, and keep him there as long as was thought desirable, our readers will understand the intolerable nature of the tyranny exercised by the Church,—will wonder that when a day of reform did come, the universal uprising against such a yoke should have been marked by so much moderation. This omnipresent Church, so strong in numbers and unscrupulousness, was scarcely less influential from its enormous wealth. The State was its lavish paymaster, as well as its faithful body-guard, and its convenient hangman. The population of Belgium is nearly equal to that of Piedmont, but the Church revenues in the latter kingdom are four times as great. There are some bishops in Piedmont who alone receive a stipend equal to that of all the Belgian prelates put together. The income of the Piedmontese cathedral and collegiate chapters is greater by nearly one-half than that of the French. Piedmont boasts of 71 monastic orders, 604 religious houses, 8563 monks and nuns, with an acknowledged revenue of 2,282,851 francs.

The year of liberation from the most cruel forms of priestly oppression came with 1848. Then the people rose everywhere against the Jesuits. Those men who, with every advantage, had been allowed to form after their own hearts the mind of the nation, were universally hooted out by their own pupils. A royal decree embodied as law the universal impulse. The Jesuits, and all their creatures—both the sharks themselves and their minor pilot-fish—were expelled the country, and their vast gains appropriated to education. Next came the abolition of those special ecclesiastical courts which once sheltered so adroitly every criminal in a frock, and then the refusal of the State any longer to act as the executioner of the Church. The principle of a Church as by law established was still retained, and the legal toleration was not quite complete. But the laws were subjected to a liberal interpretation. Old persecuting statutes, if unrepealed, were unenforced. The Waldenses, and finally all non-Roman Catholics, were admitted to the full enjoyment of their civil rights. The reaction on the part of Pio Nono did not arrest the reforms in northern Italy. While the Pope was falsifying all the hopes which his early liberalism had awakened, Piedmont finally abolished by the Siccardi law the ecclesiastical courts and immunities, and forbade the ecclesiastical corporations to purchase landed property, or to accept legacies and donations without the consent of the King.

The clergy began to look to their subterranean stores. When one of the ministers who had taken part in the Siccardi law was on his deathbed, the priest refused him absolution unless he

would recant. The dying statesman remained true to his conviction, and departing unabsolved, took refuge from man with God. They would have refused to the 'impenitent' Christian burial, had not the State, coming in upon the tide of popular indignation, put forth its power, and frightened away the clerical ghoules from the body. That obelisk of granite which the traveller now sees in the Piazza Susina at Turin, was erected in honour of the Siccardi law, by a general subscription among the townships of Piedmont.

Such were the first ecclesiastical reforms some six or seven years ago. Since that period more extensive measures have been carried. In spite of the most desperate efforts on the part of the clergy, they were next forced to disgorge some of those revenues the sum of which exceeded by a tenth all the landed property of the kingdom. The five millions which the groaning State contributed was to be divided in a manner more fair to the clergy themselves. M. Gallenga thus describes the measure:—'It was resolved that the Church should at least maintain itself, that it should supply the wants of its poorer pastors: such was the main aim of the Bill presented to the Chambers by the Cavour-Rattazzi ministry on the 28th of November, 1854.

'The object of the law was twofold. Directly, it was meant to tax the wealthier clergy for the support of the more needy. From archbishops, bishops, abbots, canons, and the best-endowed parish priests whose revenue was above a certain specified amount, one-third of the surplus was to be taken yearly; but as the produce of this tax, or *quota*, was deemed insufficient for the exigencies of the Church, Government proposed—it was its indirect object avowedly—the suppression of some of the convents and the confiscation of their goods.

'At the time of the expulsion of the Jesuits in 1818, the question of the general abolition of monastic orders was mooted in Parliament; but at that epoch a breach with the Church was deemed inadvisable, and the idea prevailed that nothing should be done upon the mere impulse of revolutionary passions. Monks were, however, decidedly out of date, and the abolition of their orders was calmly and deliberately discussed. The difficulty arose from the necessity or justice of allowing pensions to the members of the suppressed communities, for even at 500 francs per head it would occasion an outlay of 4,281,500 francs yearly, an expense doubling the present income of all their property.

'The Government, therefore, only contemplated the suppression of 'such convents as were deemed of no practical advantage to the civil society:' they asked for discretionary powers to deal with the monastic body as circumstances permitted. To put an end to the legal existence of a certain number and category of religious

communities, as moral beings (*enti morali*) ; confiscating their property, but, in return, suffering their members to abide in their cloisters, and even to enjoy a pension—average 500 francs—during their lifetime,—was, in short, to bring about their suppression by gradual extinction. Analogous dispositions decreed the abolition of a great number of collegiate chapters and sincere benefices. All the money resulting from the sale of confiscated property, as well as from the tax levied on the opulent clergy, was destined to the formation of a Church-fund, which, under the administration of a mixed board, but decidedly under Government influence, should be applied to the relief of the poorer parish priests, and to other exclusively ecclesiastical purposes.

‘Such is in the main the measure which, under the name of ‘convent-law,’ was finally adopted by the Sardinian Parliament on the 29th of May, 1855. It was granted on strict legality, or at least on well-established legal precedents ; it was very far from giving full satisfaction even to the most moderate liberals, and it was only accepted by the majority of the Chamber of Deputies on account of the principle it settled beyond all future dispute—that the state does possess and exercise the right to extinguish ‘religious communities, as also to lay hands on a part at least of ‘the property of the Church, provided it be done in the interest ‘of the Church itself.’ As yet the State in Piedmont has striven rather for the vindication than for the exercise of its powers. By its successful operation the Government acquired little more than liberty for future action. The struggle nevertheless was severe, and all Europe rang with its din and clamour.’

The Romish See, in its alarm and anger, redoubled the extravagance of its claims, appealed to the vengeance of the skies, and forgetting its professed attachment to order, everywhere incited the clergy to resistance. Such infatuated arrogance proclaimed the Papacy incurable. The friends of reform could not fail to see that a petty warfare with the priesthood was impossible. They perceived that they were as completely cursed from top to toe, in basket and store, in going and coming, in every member and in every function, whether they diminished the sea of priestly wealth by a paltry drop or by a wholesale confiscation. The movement had not been sudden. The seven years which had elapsed between the first stroke of reform and the second had only deepened the general conviction that ecclesiastical corruption was the fatal obstacle to Piedmont—that the Talus of progress, that iron man with his redoubtable flail, must wield his weapon more sweepingly than ever. The measures carried against the clergy were not the fruit of mere passing popular impulse ; they were not the handiwork of a single man—of a reforming

sovereign, whose policy might be reversed by a successor. They marked the onward movement of a whole people. They embodied the growing conviction of all Italy, that the temporal assumptions of the Papacy must be put down. With reason therefore, in spite of her reactionary triumphs elsewhere, does Rome tremble, as she marks the steady advance of this abominable enlightenment within the confines of her own peninsula.

While thus eager to remove religious abuses, the people of Piedmont are still ardently attached to Catholicism. Young men of fashion there (like some young Anglicans among ourselves) discuss with intense interest the details of ecclesiastical gossip. The *ou dits* of the cloister—how the order of St. Skinanbones won their lawsuit; who is going to succeed the Bishop of Cantinopolis; how terrific was Father Brimstonio's sermon last Friday—these are the topics heard upon the lips of ingenuous youth in first-class cafés. For the last two or three years, says Mr. St. John, the placid faith of the worthy Piedmontese has been exasperated almost into fanaticism by the furious preaching of the priestly demagogues. In truth, the fanatic must have misery somewhere. He gives thanks when he has persuaded his penitent to get a heretic burned by way of expiation. When that sweet-smelling sacrifice is unhappily not at hand, it is some satisfaction to inflict mental torture on the said penitent himself—spiritually to flay and roll him in salt and vinegar. 'Catholicism a gentle religion! It is awful now in Turin. No Calvinists talk so much of hell and perdition as do these Romanists. Many even of the young men I thought seemed to be on the verge of religious madness: Law-students passing the night on their knees in an agony of prayer!'

Passing now from Church to State, it remains to inquire into the relation in which this Subalpine Kingdom stands to the prospects of Italy.

Can Piedmont unite and head the Italian States in a great war of liberation? 'Will Victor Emmanuel,' we may ask with Mazzini, 'ever take arms, pass the Ticino and the Magra, command other sovereigns of Italy to give place, and fronting excommunication and the armies of his Imperial ally, desire the Pope to yield up his temporal sovereignty? Can any one suppose that making himself a leader of insurrection, an overthrower of territorial equilibrium and the rights of governmental Europe, he will throw down the gauntlet to the entire league of the kings?' Never! For such a movement the King of Sardinia has neither the power nor the will. He is too seriously menaced by the gathering strength of Austria. He is but too dependent for protection on that very power which holds freedom down at Rome.

But let it be granted that the one constitutional monarch of Italy is not Quixote enough for such an enterprise; it does not by any means follow that the hope held out by the very existence of Piedmont is a mere will-o'-the-wisp and no genuine day-star.

Let us take our stand upon the *fait accompli*. The Piedmontese constitution is a reality. Let that be conserved; developed. Then, should some favourable juncture arise, the Subalpine Kingdom might hopefully unite with Milan and Venice against Austria. Let Turin make liberal concessions to her sister cities, and a vigorous kingdom of North Italy might arise and endure. The presence of the common foe should obliterate differences far more radical than any which can exist between the Italians on the west and the Italians on the east of the Ticino.

The existence of constitutionalism in the north of Italy is a standing proof of the capacity of the Italians for self-government. The Italians can call on Europe to consider the contrast between the concord and prosperity of Piedmont, and the sanguinary oppression of the Austrian, the squalid stagnation of the Papal dominions. He may cry with reason, 'Are we then unable to govern ourselves? Behold, where we govern, peace and plenty: where the foreigner, terror blighting all above the surface, hatred mining all beneath. For the anarchy you prophesied, if we were left alone, there is prosperous order; while the order preserved by foreign domination is in truth the reign of violence, the most disastrous anarchy.'

It is because this Piedmontese example is so precious that we deplore exceedingly the course of late taken by Mazzini. The faith and constancy of that remarkable man deserve our admiration. Let us, who can but faintly imagine his provocations, deal gently with his errors. To us it seems that a little patience would be the truest patriotism. The friends of Italian freedom cannot afford to divide their strength. Let him not distract the efforts which are making to arm Piedmont by counter-schemes to supply weapons for premature insurrection. All success, say we, to that national subscription, advocated by Manin, which is to mount a hundred guns upon the walls of Alessandria. Should war break out, we doubt not that Alessandria will recal the memory of her ancient prowess—will not forget how, when newly founded and filled but with straw-roofed huts, she held at bay the beleaguering host of Frederic Barbarossa, just before that glorious field of Legnano, whereon the valour of Italian citizens scattered to the winds the German chivalry. But Mazzini persists in attributing to popular movements a constancy they cannot possess. He seems to forget that reaction

follows every enthusiastic outbreak, that the popular mind demands always some immediate and tangible gain or alleviation—is incapable of long self-sacrifice for remote advantage. He seems to us, too, to form an exaggerated estimate of what may be achieved by undisciplined valour against the tactics of that formidable military mechanism which usually surrounds the tyrant. His own experience in 1834, when he raised an insurrection in Savoy, should have shaken such a persuasion, if anything could. But he supposes, doubtless, that a like experiment would be assured of better success on a more susceptible soil and at a more favourable juncture.

We do not believe that if Rome could be delivered from foreign intervention, a state of hopeless social confusion would ensue. The recent petitions of the municipal councils of Ancona, Bologna, and Ravenna afford a strong presumption to the contrary. In those instances we see men appointed by the papal bureaucracy, men who would lose all by revolution, urging the adoption of measures for the withdrawal of the stranger as the only means of calming excitement and preserving order.

One of the most prominent and most hopeful characteristics in the recent political history of Piedmont, is the patience, fairness, and forbearance exhibited by the various parties toward each other. Their differences are never allowed to imperil the cordiality of their union against the adversaries of their new-born liberty. There exists nowhere a mere factious opposition, got up to embarrass Government. The public confidence awarded to many leading names, both in the Senate and in the Chamber of Deputies, is founded less on mere brilliancy of parts than on personal character and long-trying moral worth. Even among many of the more retrograde party, a certain chivalrous fidelity to truth and honour is by no means wanting. Only among the Jesuit and the priestly party is falsehood esteemed as piety, and moderation stigmatized as sin.

The more we see of the fatal concord which exists among the agents of despotism, the more vital appears the necessity for union among the friends of liberty. Austria hunts the prey for Rome. But the other day her soldiers shot Ciceroacchio, his sons, his friends, guilty of no crime whatever against Austrian rule. A miserable attempt to deny this atrocity has met with the speedy refutation it deserved. In truth, we know the policy of Austria in Italy to be so barbarous, that when some one of her many cruelties is rumoured abroad, we can seldom be guilty of injustice in receiving it with readiness. Of the wicked we easily credit evil, and the wrongs we hear of are few compared with the wrongs untold. The recent narrative of M. Orsini's imprison-

ment and escape shows us plainly that the Austrian Government is an adept scarcely second to that of Naples, in contrivances for rendering imprisonment fatal by the pestilential locality, by repeated floggings, by hard labour, by scanty and loathsome food—by filth, and stench, and vermin. Can we be surprised at conspiracy under the rigour of a law like that of Lombardy, which compels every one who hears of the presence of a suspected person within the Austrian dominions to give instant information to the court of justice, on pain of five years' imprisonment in chains? What social disorder inflicted by revolution can be comparable to that which must already be the curse of a country so governed? On one spot of ground in that unhappy land Freedom has made good her footing. May the Subalpine Kingdom prove that fulcrum whereby her lever shall overturn the bulk of despotism, and roll that world of abomination into an irrevocable past!

OUR EPILOGUE

ON

AFFAIRS.

THE war of words, and of something more, in the United States is progressing rapidly. For the moment, the strategy of the Slaveocracy has prevailed. A majority of three allows the President to use the forces of the Republic to put down Republicanism. The ascendancy of the slave-power must be its ascendancy with all its cognate maxims. America becomes another Russia. Separation, and probably civil war, may prevent this catastrophe:—we see not what else is to prevent it. We are willing to believe that these troubles at home are designed by Providence to save our cousins from getting into many mischiefs abroad.

Russia has had her great holiday. Her exchequer could ill afford the cost. But the nation which makes itself poor gives hostages to fortune. It is bound to good behaviour. France is said to be in great favour at St. Petersburg, and Britain the nightmare of the Czar and his subjects. If it be so, we are sorry for it. The fault is none of ours.

France and England will, we trust, long continue friends. We are glad to learn that some recent suspicions touching the policy of the Emperor Napoleon do not appear to have been well founded. We should be sorry to see wisdom in that quarter come too late. What has been may be. There *was* a Charles X. There *was* a Louis Philippe. What *deserves* to stand will stand, but the time is coming fast when the rest will fall. France has suffered too much in the cause of freedom to be long content with being marshalled against it.

Spanish affairs do not seem to be well understood in this country. The pride of the Spaniard is still great, but he has lost the virtues necessary to a real greatness. His Majesty of Naples has been presuming in his talk, but is coming under discipline. There are people who will make the rod for their own back.

At home, the fact of greatest interest is the progress made by those social reformers who are aiming to reclaim and save our juvenile offenders.

OUR EPILOGUE

ON

BOOKS.

LITERATURE.

The History of Gustavus Adolphus, and of the Thirty-Years' War. By B. CHAPMAN, M.A., Vicar of Leatherhead. 8vo. Longman.—Gustavus Adolphus was the great soldier of his time. We have now two lives of him by Englishmen, and, singularly enough, both are by clergymen. The history of Gustavus Adolphus by 'the Rev. Walter Harte, M.A., Canon of Windsor,' was published in 1759, and reprinted in 1807. The Continental writers speak contemptuously of this performance, and it does not stand very high among ourselves. But it has its value. Mr. Chapman has availed himself of the best Continental authorities, and of such light as could be brought to his subject from our State-paper Office. The result is a much more full, and accurate, and readable account of the achievements of the great Gustavus than has hitherto appeared in our language. The style of the volume is simple and vigorous, and care is taken to make the movements, and the plans of battles, intelligible to the military, and even to the general, reader. In dealing with conflicting evidence—and a great deal of it arises in the course of his narrative—Mr. Chapman evinces an honourable solicitude to guard against rash and injurious conclusions where character is concerned. Altogether, the volume is a welcome contribution to our biographical literature.

England in Time of War. By SYDNEY DOBELL. Smith, Elder, & Co. pp. 200.—These poems present a striking contrast in many respects to Mr. Dobell's last contribution to our poetical literature—the First Part of *Balder*. That drama exhibited the growth of a morbid and immense ambition, its struggles, its misery, its sin. A most legitimate subject for tragic presentation, this descent of the moral being in proportion to the supposed ascent of the intellectual, and duly fit to 'purge the soul with pity and terror.' But the poet having resolved to depict the inner life of such a nature, rather than its palpable outcome in action, bebarred himself from the interest of various incident and stirring plot. There were—not unnaturally—many minds which could not be persuaded to pardon this defect for the sake of the extraordinary power and beauty of many passages, the pathos of others, and the philosophic insight into mental pathology which was manifest throughout. It was said that the subject was remote from common sympathies, the treatment purely imaginative; it was a work of genius, perhaps, but of genius wasted on the incarnation of metaphysical abstractions. At the very entrance of so long a picture-gallery, an

asthmatic critic would be sure to sit down panting, and revenge himself for the fatigue of mounting the stairs by condemning every piece throughout the vista, after merely scowling down the long perspective from one extremity. Had those episodical pieces which are scattered throughout the volume been published as separate poems, they would have received much fairer estimate. A dexterous distribution of the same pictures, hanging some in the hall, some on the staircases, some in one apartment, some in another, would have given to the coarsest or the laziest critic time to sit down—opportunities for wiping the forehead—some of those interruptions which are diversions, and would probably have won for the author a grunt of approval (*quantum valeat*), instead of a petulant condemnation.

Now Mr. Dobell has given us a volume of poems on those themes with which the war has familiarised (often but too sadly) the thoughts of every Englishman. He has been moved thereto, it is evident, by the strength of his own manly sympathies, rather than by any desire to conciliate the critics. But how hard are some folks to satisfy! If, before, he was too ideal, too philosophic, now that he comes home to what lies in every man's heart, he is puerile, forsooth, and hath cast off the dignity of art, and doth but babble! For our own part, we do not think there is so much first-class poetry now written, that we can afford to dismiss with contempt any man who brings us some, because the vehicle thereof may not just suit our humour, or because, after all his efforts, some flaws and stains are to be seen upon his workmanship. We were enjoying in our simplicity of soul some very fine and some very touching passages in this little book, when lo! we hear how one and another of our critical fraternity have been telling us that we ought not to admire, that we are quite mistaken in supposing that we have enjoyed ourselves. We are ready to say, *Pol, me occidistis amici!* Not so, however. The delusion lies not with those who can anywhere rejoice in a beauty; with those rather from before whose eyes all beauty vanishes, when their scrutiny has discovered any defect. There are some things in these poems which we should have counselled a writer like Mr. Dobell, whose standard is justly set so high, to omit. But these are not the parts on which it is fair to fasten—to extract small jokes from, for the spinning out of an amusing and malicious article, and to judge the book by, as though it were made up of nought better. In some places Mr. Dobell's fault lies in the subtlety and the profusion of his imagery. This is an error into which only affluent minds are likely to fall. What is called severity of taste is often but paucity of ideas. How unjust would it be to the merchant, because his wares in the bezestein are not arranged with all that symmetry we could desire, to declare his gold brocade mere tinsel, his triumphs of the Cashmere loom but gay-coloured cobwebs, his costly jewels a sorry conjunction of filigree and paste! Nevertheless, because Mr. Dobell has been unjustly assailed, it is not our purpose to set extreme against extreme, and to praise him out of measure. There are lessons to be learnt by him, even from ill-natured censure. The high discipline of art has not, cannot yet have had, its perfect work in his case. But the present

volume gives proof that such discipline is in process. It exhibits in prominent action certain poetic qualities which, in his former efforts, either lay dormant, or were obscured by the conspicuous character of another kind of excellence. It may have its faults of redundancy in one place, of obscurity in another—here a questionable phrase, there a hyperbole too bold, or a similitude too involved; but what are these defects of execution against the manysidedness of which the book gives evidence, against the vindication it affords of Mr. Dobell's right, as poet, to a place in our hearts as high as in our admiration? Let him, therefore, hold on his way; not abating the severity of self-criticism, not refusing to learn even from the misconceptions in the criticisms of others; and increasing, at the same ratio, his familiarity with the roughness of actual life, and his acquaintance with the higher walks of thought and imagination. Then, as said one of old, let him do to his utmost the work which is his highest, and leave the rest—let him slay his hecatomb, heedless whether it become the food of demigods or aliment of flies.

An old farmer has lost his favourite son in the war: what with sorrow, and what with old age, everything seems to him to go wrong; and there is deep pathos in the way in which Mr. Dobell represents this last bereavement as at once the cause and climax of all his lamentation. We extract one or two passages:—

TOMMY'S DEAD.

You may give over the plough, boys,
 You may take the gear to the stead;
 All the sweat o' your brow, boys,
 Will never get beer and bread.
 The seed's waste, I know, boys:
 There's not a blade will grow, boys;
 'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys—
 And Tommy's dead.

* * *

There's something not right, boys,
 But I think it's not in my head,
 I've kept my precious sight, boys:—
 The Lord be hallowed!
 Outside and in
 The ground is cold to my tread,
 The hills are wizen and thin,
 The sky is shrivelled and shred;
 The hedges down by the loan
 I can count them, bone by bone;
 The leaves are open and spread;
 But I see the teeth of the land,
 And hands like a dead man's hand,
 And the eyes of a dead man's head.
 There's nothing but cinders and sand—
 The rat and the mouse have fled,
 And the summer's empty and cold;
 Over valley and wall,
 Wherever I turn my head,
 There's a mildew and a mould;
 The sun's going out over head;
 And I'm very old—
 And Tommy's dead.

There is not less of touching simplicity in 'The Little Girl's Song,' whose father has gone long ago to the war, and has not returned. She addresses him who is far away, asking when he will come back—some one else, too (her mother), is weary, like her, because he is away.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S SONG.

Oh, I wish I were grown up wise and tall,
That I might throw my arms round her neck,
And say, 'Dear Mama, oh, what is it all
That I see, and see, and do not see
In your white white face all the livelong day?'
But she hides her grief from a child like me.
When will you come back again,
Papa, papa!

Papa, I like to sit by the fire;
Why does she sit far away in the cold?
If I had but somebody wise and old,
That every day I might cry and say,
Is she changed, do you think, or do I forget?
Was she always as white as she is to-day?
Did she never carry her head up higher?
Papa, papa, if I could but know!
Do you think her voice was always so low?
Did I always see what I seem to see,
When I wake up at night, and her pillow is wet?
You used to say her hair it was gold—
It looks like silver to me.
But still she tells the same tale that she told;
She sings the same songs when I sit on her knee;
And the house goes on as it went long ago,
When we lived together, all three.
Sometimes my heart seems to sink, Papa,
And I feel as if I could be happy no more.
Is she changed, do you think, Papa,
Or did I dream she was brighter before?

We have no space for more criticism or more extracts. These specimens will speak for themselves. Suffice it to mark with especial praise (among many excellences of various degrees and orders) a fine battle-piece in 'The Evening Dream;' and in the piece intitled, 'When the Rain is on the Roof,' a sad yet hopeful wrestling with the mysteries of Providence, which expresses the anguish and the trust of multitudes yet sorrowing.

Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey. Edited by his Son-in-law, JOHN WOOD WARTER, B.D., Vicar of West Tarring, Sussex. 4 vols. Post 8vo. Longman.—These letters come down to the year 1839. To those who have lived through the times to which they relate they will be interesting; and to those who wish to know the character of Robert Southey, his strength and his weakness, they will furnish information hardly to be obtained elsewhere. He was a hard worker all his life long, a man of many good qualities, but a man whose prejudices were often rampant and marvellous. It seemed to have fallen to the lot of Southey, in common with his friend Coleridge, that he should be wholly blind to those personal inconsistencies and

weaknesses which every one else saw at a glance. His prophecies as a politician and a religionist, which come up continually in these pages, are to the men who have survived him simply amusing. He had great facility in writing, and was a man of some genius; but his ideal was low, which allowed him to attempt too much, and to be too easily satisfied. His poetry will have its place in the history of our literature; but we doubt much if any of his prose writings—good as his prose style is—will be read by the next generation. The man who would write for posterity while obliged to write for a living, has a difficult work to do.

Erlesmere; or, Contrasts of Character. By L. S. LAVENU. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.—We have here another 'Tale for the Times.' Stephen Harley, a mystic of the half deist, half pantheist description, becomes tutor and guardian to an invalid orphan, and subsequently teacher and lover of a young lady named Mildred Effingham. The lady is beautiful and accomplished, but possesses capacities and aspirations which the respectable, conventional, and thoroughly worldly people, her parents, do not understand. Miss Effingham's deeper susceptibilities in consequence remain objectless and undisciplined. Stephen Harley is acute and refined, but one-sided, a scorner of men and of their ways. He discourses in Plotinus fashion about the good and the beautiful. But those mysterious abstractions prompt to nothing good or beautiful in action towards living men or the actual world. To this gentleman, the only use of the race of man seems to be to give him an object against which to direct his sneers and sarcasms. His great maxim is that man should be a 'self-sufficing' existence. Nothing external should be necessary to him. The effect of this teaching on the invalid ward Mr. Erle is for a while very mischievous. On Mildred Effingham these philosophizings produce impressions which prepare her for descending from one stage of wretchedness to another, until her brain at length gives way. Erle finds at length in the path of the Christian the rest which he had not found in the pagan mysticisms of his tutor. And Harley himself, appalled by the miseries which his wayward temper had entailed on Mildred, and prostrated by his hard and fruitless struggle towards the 'self-sufficing,' rushes into Romanism, and after his long war against the external, professes himself prepared to believe anything, or to do anything, according to its bidding. In mysticism the self-denying and the self-sufficing are only different words for the same thing. It is self, denying its dependence on the immediate and the sensuous, and declaring that the remote and ideal are sufficient to its happiness. Men with a considerable mystical tendency are often men of energy and action, but they have become such not by means of their mysticism so much as in spite of it. Its effects, as seen in the history of this Stephen Harley, are among its natural results. His bitter cynicism, venting itself in sneers against all that men are, and all they do, has a too faithful reality in certain philosophizers of our time. This affectation of contempt for everybody is a very cheap mode of looking larger than everybody. As to the execution of the work before us, it is on the

whole good. The religious and philosophical elements do not come out, as too often happens in such cases, too prominently. Enough is said about Mr. Harley's speculations to show what they are and what they do, but the interest of the story is not suspended by them. Erlesmere is a story well told, and as instructive as it is interesting.

Bacon's Essays; with Annotations. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. 8vo. J. W. Parker and Son.—An essay, in Bacon's time, says Archbishop Whately, was distinguished from a treatise or a tractate. It denoted a sketch or outline, in which more was supposed to be suggested than expressed. On this ground, it is concluded that a man may annotate essays, even from the pen of Bacon, without presumption. His science sometimes needs correction: many of his terms are obsolete, or obsolete in the sense in which he has used them; and even his speculations on men, and morals, and religion, though almost invariably truthful and weighty, often require something more in the way of expansion and illustration. The strong common-sense tastes of Archbishop Whately qualify him in a high degree for supplementing the *Essays* of Bacon in these particulars. Such of our readers as may wish to bestow some odd half-hours on Bacon's *Essays* with the best advantage, will do well to possess themselves of this volume. One reason with the Archbishop for calling attention in this way to Bacon's writings, is the beautiful clearness and simplicity of his style, so opposed to that 'mystical, dim, half intelligible kind of affected grandeur,' now so much admired in some quarters. An able writer has described this class of authors as the 'magic-lantern school,' their writings having much of 'the startling effect of that toy; children delight in it, and grown-people soon get 'tired of it.' Dr. Whately's observations, in his preface, on this school of writers are characteristic, and worth quoting:—

THE 'MAGIC-LANTHORN SCHOOL.'

'One may often hear writers of this class spoken of as possessing wonderful power, even by those who regret that this power is not better employed. 'It is a pity,' we sometimes hear it said, 'that such and such an author does not express in simple, intelligible, unaffected English such admirable matter as his.' They little think that it is the strangeness and obscurity of the style that make the power displayed seem far greater than it is; and that much of what they now admire as originality and profound wisdom, would appear, if translated into common language, to be mere common-place matter. Many a work of this description may remind one of the supposed ancient shield which had been found by the antiquary, Martinus Scriblerus, and which he highly prized, incrustated as it was with venerable rust. He mused on the splendid appearance it must have had in its bright newness; till, one day, an over-sedulous housemaid having scoured off the rust, it turned out to be merely an old pot-lid.

'It is chiefly in such foggy forms that the metaphysics and theology of Germany, for instance, are exercising a greater influence every day on popular literature. It has been zealously instilled into the minds of many, that Germany has something far more profound to supply than anything hitherto extant in our native literature; though what that profound something is, seems not to be well understood by its admirers. They are, most of them, willing to take it for granted, with an implicit faith, that what seems such *hard* thinking must be very accurate and original thinking also. What is abstruse and recondite they suppose must be abstruse and

recondite wisdom; though, perhaps, it is what, if stated in plain English, they would throw aside as partly trifling truisms, and partly stark folly.

'It is a remark that I have heard highly applauded, that a *clear* idea is generally a *little* idea; for there are not a few persons who estimate the depth of thought as an unskilful eye would estimate the depth of water. Muddy water is apt to be supposed deeper than it is, because you cannot see to the bottom; very clear water, on the contrary, will always seem less deep than it is, both from the well-known law of refraction, and also because it is so thoroughly penetrated by the sight. Men fancy that an idea must have been always obvious to every one, when they find it so plainly presented to the mind that every one can easily take it in. An explanation that is perfectly clear, satisfactory, and simple often causes the unreflecting to forget that they had needed any explanation at all.'

Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose. By MARK NAPIER. Two vols. 8vo. Stevenson.—The following is the dedication of these volumes: 'To his Grace the Duke of Montrose are inscribed these *'Memoirs of the Life of his Great Ancestor, the Most Accomplished 'Cavalier, the Most Humane Victor, the Most Constitutional Statesman, and the Purest Patriot of his Country and Times.'* From this language, every reader may anticipate the sort of narrative which follows. It is a piece of special pleading from beginning to end. A case is to be made out, and no pains are spared that made out it may be. But if the reader is deceived, it will be his own fault. Mr. Napier is as transparent in his hatreds as in his favouritism; and no one can be expected to confide in him, except as the very language of his authorities is given. His passionate bias is such as to preclude the possibility of fairness. He is not in a state of mind to see evidence as a judge. He can only look at it as a partizan. But while we say this, we are far from meaning to say that his volumes are without historical value. He has availed himself of new authorities, and he has hunted through and culled from the older authorities, so as to bring to his purpose the last shred of testimony that can be cited in its favour. Such authorship is not history, but historians know how to make their use of it. Matter to which exception may be taken comes up in every page; but, to reply to it, one would need to write two more volumes scarcely less bulky than the volumes before us.

America by River and Rail; or, Notes by the Way on the Old World and its People. By WILLIAM FERGUSON, F.L.S. 8vo. Nesbit.—This volume gives the jottings of a five months' tour over east and west, north and south, in the United States. It would require great genius to write a book of any value upon transits made so rapidly—and Mr. Ferguson is not a man of great genius. The work is in all respects what the phrase, 'notes by the way,' would suggest. How people talk in America just now about certain topics is a matter of some passing interest, and this circumstance may secure Mr. Ferguson readers; but he must have been very fond of scribbling to have written so much on matters so little worth recording, and have a great fondness for seeing himself in print to have printed it. But Mr. Ferguson's religious sympathies have made him specially observant of religious doings in America; and the chief novelty of his book, if novelty it has, consists in notices of places of worship, preachers, and schools.

Our author was too much occupied elsewhere in Boston to go to hear Theodore Parker, but the following sketch, which he gives us from another pen, will interest some of our readers :—

THEODORE PARKER AND HIS CONGREGATION IN BOSTON.

'We went a little before ten o'clock to the Music Hall to hear Theodore Parker. The hall will seat 2500 persons. By half past ten we suppose there were from 700 to 1000 persons present. They came in as persons ordinarily would go into a concert-room. Not a few had secular newspapers, which they sat and read till the services commenced. There were bows of recognition across the hall, and everybody seemed quite at ease. The sexton set a vase of beautiful fresh flowers on the speaker's desk. The organist came in, and threw open the doors of an instrument of tremendous power. Presently a grave, serious-looking man, of medium size, slightly bald, and sprinkled with grey hairs, came in, ascended the platform, laid his manuscript on the desk, and took the hymn-book or psalm-book, or book of some sort. It was Theodore Parker. He read a psalm of thanksgiving. It was sung by a choir with the organ to an appropriate tune. The deep bass notes of the organ shook the great hall like mighty thunder.

'After the psalm was ended, Mr. Parker offered a deeply impressive and eloquent prayer to the great God, in which there was not the slightest reference to a Mediator. He called God 'our Father and our Mother,' and the strain of thanksgiving for mercies temporal was unsurpassed by anything we have ever heard. His discourse was on Independence. He announced no text. His theme was, 'America and her opportunities.' It was marked by great originality; and many passages in that discourse would compare most favourably with the finest things in the annals of oratory. There was nothing flippant—no attempt at display; but his whole manner was marked by the greatest solemnity, gravity, and earnestness. His feelings were frequently excited—tears came to his eyes—and he trembled with deep, unaffected emotion. But who ever heard such ideas? He thanked God that in Boston all religions, and creeds, and sects were tolerated. He thanked God that a club of atheists could assemble and enjoy the rights of conscience, and none dare to molest them. He thanked God that there was a Mormon temple in Boston. Theodore Parker is a polished Pantheist. He sees God in everything—in the flowers, blushing at their own images, reflected from flowing streams; in the trees, and in the stars, 'the geometry of the Divine mind.'

Memoirs of Frederick Perthes, from the German of Clement Theodore Perthes, Professor of Law in the University of Bonn. 2 vols. 8vo. Constable.—These volumes are written on the life and times plan. They present a picture 'of literary, religious, and political life in Germany from 1789 to 1843.' Mrs. Austin, no mean judge in such matters, says :—'The life of this excellent and distinguished man 'affords a perfect insight not only into the recesses of German life in 'those hard and troublous times, but into the very hearts and minds 'of the actors and sufferers. Nor can we imagine a more touching 'picture of love and faith than that exhibited by Frederick Perthes, 'and his valiant and affectionate wife.'—(*Sketches of German Life from 1760 to 1814.*)

Professor Blackie, too, writes :—'It is a most admirable work in all 'respects, full of a rich experience of life, and inspired by a practical 'wisdom of the most valuable kind. I do not think that any book has 'been published in this country within the last twenty years—not even 'excepting Dr. Arnold's Life—containing a richer display of materials.' This is high praise, but not higher, we think, than is warranted. They are volumes full of interest, and full of instruction—volumes which should not merely be read from a circulating library, but have a perma-

ment place among the treasures of the scholar, the statesman, and the theologian.

Gedichte von Adolf Hain. (Poems by ADOLF HAIN.) Leipsic: Brockhaus. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Edinburgh: Shepherd and Elliot.—'This little volume contains the poetical remains of a young Prussian, of remarkable promise, who was a resident for some time in Glasgow, where he gathered about him a little circle of admirers and friends, who have united with others in his native land in sending forth this memorial of his genius. He died in 1854, at the early age of twenty-nine. A large proportion of the fugative pieces of which the book is composed were written in Switzerland. From the mountains, the glaciers, and the waterfalls, he seems to have drawn a genuine inspiration. Many of his Alpine pieces express very beautifully—now in plaintive, now in hopeful and more lofty strains—the fascination of that land of wonders. The readers of German poetry will find the volume rich in those suggestive touches which endow with such a peculiar charm the lyrical utterances of our Teutonic brethren.

On Foot through Tyrol in the Summer of 1855. By WALTER WHITE. Post 8vo. Chapman and Hall.—In 1854 Mr. White achieved 'A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End,' and published a book about it under that title. In 1855, it seems, his fondness for pedestrianising led him into regions more remote and less frequented by his countrymen. The month of July, it would appear, is Mr. White's annual holiday. On the last day of that month, he writes, 'I journeyed to Dieppe, and recrossed the Channel. I had travelled more than two thousand miles, of which four hundred and twenty were on foot, and at a cost, including everything, of less than fourteen pounds. The dark sun-brown has faded from my face, but not the sunlit scenery from my memory. To travel over the ground again in imagination, with pen in hand, recording impressions and experiences—to recal the outlines of glorious landscapes, the features of chance companions, the tones of friendly voices, has beguiled the hours of winter evenings, and renewed the charm of the first pleasure.' Mr. White's books are, as he describes them, records 'of impressions and experiences.' His object in travel is not political, statistical, nor religious. He goes from home as his holiday comes round to see what may be seen, and to hear what may be heard; and he comes back to give you a lively common-sense account of all that has happened to him in that way. The man who travels 'on foot' sees much, and hears much which the man who travels on wheels is sure to miss. This advantage is often apparent in Mr. White's narrative. It is pleasant reading, but, like the *Walk to the Land's End*, it is a book for the season only.

First Footsteps in East Africa; or, an Exploration of Harar. By RICHARD F. BURTON, Bombay Army. London: Longmans.—The title of this work, *First Footsteps in East Africa*, seemed to us a little too pretentious and somewhat incorrect. 'Eastern Africa' is an extensive tract of country. Many parts of it have been long pretty

well known. The district on which Mr. Burton has been the first to imprint European footsteps is a very limited one indeed. Let the reader turn to the map of Africa and endeavour to settle its precise whereabouts. In the easterly corner he will probably find the country extending from Cape Guardafui to the Straits of Babelmandeb marked 'Somaules,' or some such name. Berbera, or Berberah, is a town in this country on the Gulf of Aden; and still nearer to the Strait close on the borders of Abyssinia is another called Zayla. In a direction south-west from Zayla, distant about one hundred miles, the reader will find the city of Harar or Harur. Now it is to this city, about one hundred miles inland, that Lieutenant Burton has travelled. He proceeded from Zayla to Harar, and returned by a different route to Berbera. His field of exploration was not therefore an extensive one, nor far from well-known lands. The country, or rather the city, is, however, a place of much interest; and we are glad to say the work undertaken by Burton has been well done, if we consider the circumstances under which it was executed. There is reason to believe that Harar had never been visited by an European before. Much has certainly been heard of the city, its people, its trade in coffee and other articles, but little was known that could be relied on. Mr. Burton's *Footsteps* is consequently an acceptable book, as extending our knowledge of one particular spot in Eastern Africa.

In the preface the occasion of the undertaking is fully explained. Lieutenant Burton is evidently a man of enterprize,—fond of adventure and travel. The 'march to and from Harar' is only one part of a general expedition designed to examine the whole of the Somali country. The general expedition was chiefly arranged by Lieutenant Burton, and was to be executed by himself and some other officers of ability and experience. The efforts of the other officers to carry out the general design were not quite successful. Mr. Burton seems to be precisely the man for such an expedition. He is thoroughly conversant with Eastern society,—with the languages, manners, and modes of life of several Oriental peoples. The facts recorded in this book show him to be capable of great physical endurance. He has also considerable scientific and philological knowledge. Although bred to the sword and the camp, he is quite alive to the importance of commerce, and is at home in the nature of commercial operations. Nor are his literary abilities inferior to his spirit of enterprize. He has a singular power of placing before his reader, in striking colours, whatever he observes. His style is easy and manly, yet dashing and graphic and pointed.

On the 29th of October, 1854, our explorer starts from Aden. He crosses the Gulf in a south-easterly direction to Zayla. To an account of his departure from Aden and the sail to Zayla he devotes the first chapter. The second he styles 'Life in Zayla.' Here he spends twenty-six days—'days of sleep, and pipes, and coffee, spent at Zayla, whilst a route was traced out, guides were propitiated, camels were bought, mules sent for, and all the wearisome preliminaries of African travel were gone through.' While here, getting ready for the journey,

he makes 'Excursions near Zayla;' and the account of these, with a history of the town and its people, fill Chapter III. He apprises us that 'towards the end of November four camels were procured, an 'Abban was engaged, we hired two women cooks and a fourth servant; my baggage was reformed, being sewn up in matting and made to fit the camel's sides; sandals were cut out for walking, letters were written, messages of dreary length—too important to be set down in black and white—were solemnly intrusted to us, palavers were held, and affairs began to wear the semblance of departure.' Before narrating the adventures of the journey, Mr. Burton favours us with Chapter IV., entitled, 'The Somal, their origin and peculiarities,' and a valuable chapter it is. Its contents will at once gratify both the merely curious and the scientific reader. In Chapter V., 'From Zayla to the Hills,' delays at Zayla come to an end, and we find Mr. Burton fairly on his way to Harar. He travels as a 'Moslem merchant, a character 'not to be confounded with the notable individuals seen on 'Change,' 'but a character that is anywhere welcomed and respected.'

In Chapters V., VI., and VII., Mr. Burton narrates the events of his journey through the 'plains,' 'hills,' 'mountains,' and 'deserts,' to Harar; and he vividly describes the country and its productions, the natural phenomena, and the people he meets with. His account of the various tribes, their history, peculiarities, and divisions, will be found particularly valuable as contributions to ethnology and the physical history of man. These chapters abound in passages full of beauty and power. We regret our inability to place fuller extracts before our readers. Chapter VIII.—'Ten Days at Harar'—contains a full and minute description and history of the 'walled city with five gates,' the country around it, and our traveller's proceedings while there. He experienced difficulty in obtaining admittance to the Amir, but was at last favourably received. The book itself must, however, be perused would the reader gain anything like an accurate knowledge of the place, its history, peculiar people, government, and language; or of its productions, trade, and capabilities for commerce. Here is a part of his elaborate description of the city:—

THE CITY OF HARAR.

'The present city of Harar is about one mile long by half that breadth. An irregular wall, lately repaired, but ignorant of cannon, is pierced with five large gates, and supported by oval towers of artless construction. The material of the houses and defences are rough stones, the granites and sandstones of the hills cemented, like the ancient Galla cities, with clay. The only large building is the Jami or cathedral, a long barn, of poverty-stricken appearance, with broken-down gates, and two whitewashed minarets of truncated conoid shape. They were built by Turkish architects from Mocha and Hodayday: one of them lately fell, and has been replaced by an inferior effort of Harari art. There are a few trees in the city, but it contains none of those gardens which give to Eastern settlements that pleasant view of town and country combined. The streets are narrow lanes, up hill and down dale, strewn with gigantic rubbish-heaps, upon which repose packs of mangy or one-eyed dogs, and even the best are encumbered with rocks and stones. The habitations are mostly long, flat-roofed sheds, double-storied, with doors composed of a single plank, and holes for windows pierced high above the ground and

decorated with miserable wood-work. The principal houses have separate apartments for the women, and stand at the bottom of large court-yards closed by gates of holcus stalks. The poorest classes inhabit 'Gambisa,' the thatched cottages of the hill-cultivators. The city abounds in mosques, plain buildings without minarets, and in grave-yards stuffed with tombs—oblong troughs formed by long slabs planted edgewise in the ground. I need scarcely say that Harar is proud of her learning, sanctity, and holy dead. The principal saint buried in the city is Shaykh Umar Abadir El Bakri, originally from Jeddah, and now the patron of Harar: he lies under a little dome in the southern quarter of the city, near the Bisiderno gate.'

The ninth chapter is occupied with an account of Mr. Burton's return, or, as he calls it, 'A Ride to Berbera.' In the tenth we have a description of 'Berbera and its Environs.' The Appendices contain very valuable scientific and other information. One of these is devoted to the Harari language. Mr. Burton has actually so far ascertained the grammatical forms and principles of this language, that he has presented us with a grammar of it. Although the work sometimes seems to be executed with too light a spirit for a grave exploration of an unknown city, we deem it one of the most interestingly-written and instructive volumes of adventure and travel that has lately appeared in this country.

Caravan Journeys and Wanderings in Persia, Afghanistan, Turkistan, and Beloochistan; with Historical Notices of the Countries lying between Russia and India. By J. P. FERRIER, formerly of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and late Adjutant-General of the Persian Army. Translated from the original unpublished manuscript by Captain W. M. JESSE. Edited by H. D. SEYMOUR, M.P. London: John Murray.—As set forth in the title of the work, M. Ferrier is a French officer. It appears from the Preface, written by Mr. Seymour, M.P., that Ferrier was sent many years ago, along with other French officers, to drill the Persian army. He was employed several years in this work, and rose to the rank of Adjutant-General in the Army of Persia. Through his known opposition to Russian interests in that country, he at length incurred the displeasure of the Government, and was removed from his post. With the view of obtaining redress from his own Government, he returned to France; but not succeeding in this object, he determined to seek his fortune in the East. He was particularly anxious to go to Lahore, 'where several of his countrymen were serving under Runjeet Singh.' Accordingly he proceeded again into Asia; and having remained a short time at Bagdad, he essayed to prosecute his journey to Lahore through Persia, Afghanistan, and Beloochistan. The work before us is a journal of his travels and adventures through these countries, beginning at Bagdad. In many respects, M. Ferrier was well fitted to make such a journey, and to give an interesting account of it. He had spent many years in the East, was master of the Persian language, accustomed to the deceptive tricks and the duplicity of the Eastern people, understood their gross superstitions, and was well versed in their modes of social life, and could easily adapt himself to them. M. Ferrier did not always travel in his true character. Having forfeited the good opinion of the Persian Government, it would have been dangerous for him to have been found

in that country. He therefore enacted the part of an Armenian or Greek of the lowest class; and he passed through Persia in this assumed character, by joining himself to caravans of pilgrims. This disguise subjected him to numerous insults and much barbarous treatment at the hands of the bigoted pilgrims; but it gave him the means of obtaining such an insight into certain phases of Persian life, into the habits, opinions, and real character of the people, as could not otherwise have been enjoyed. Speaking of the advantages he gained by this humility, he says:—

ADVANTAGE OF POVERTY IN TRAVEL.

‘I could converse freely with every one, and unrestrained by etiquette; and the last, though perhaps not the least advantage, I could go to the bazaar and purchase what I required. Here the wretched figure I cut was a positive benefit; the tradesman looked for small gains from me, and always asked the real price for his goods. . . . To travel under the protection of a royal firman, with a retinue of servants, horses, &c., would have been no doubt more agreeable; but the most observant traveller must not then expect to see thoroughly into Persian character; he cannot hope to understand the people, their idiosyncrasy, and detect the duplicity veiled by their exaggerated politeness and servility. Without, apparently, protection of any kind, far away from the great towns and roads usually visited and travelled by Europeans, and thrown among them on a footing of inferiority, I saw them in their true colours, and my complete knowledge of the language enabled me to comprehend and appreciate the real value of their words, their opinions, and their actions, much better than if I had made my inquiries through the medium of a dragoman, who very often does not even take the trouble simply to translate with accuracy.’

Many of the sketches of characters and scenes, and the account of his own adventures in this assumed character, are of a very interesting nature. Although the information his journal supplies may not always be altogether new, yet the descriptions are so life-like, that one feels satisfied of the truthfulness and accuracy of the picture.

The seventh chapter contains very entertaining notices of the Turkomans—their system of man-stealing, mode of training their horses for this work, and the manner in which they carry out their designs. This chapter is a valuable addition to our scanty knowledge of this singular people. At Nishapoor our author threw off his disguise, and assumed the gentleman, to the astonishment and terror of the contemptible pilgrims who had so often insulted him. He was well received by the Governor, Assaf Doulet, and his son. He says:—

THE SCENE CHANGED.

‘The pilgrims of our caravan, who had hitherto known me only as a miserable Greek or Armenian, were amazed when they saw me leaving the caravansera in the full uniform of a general officer; they were still more so when they heard that I had been received by the Governor-General, and saw the presents which the Mirza brought. Every one was now most anxious to visit the despised *Feringhee*; compliments, flattery, the very lowest adulations were showered upon me in profusion; but I elbowed the vagabonds as they deserved, and, adopting the arrogant tone which is usual in Persia when a superior addresses an inferior, I no longer allowed those who had shown me even the least ill treatment to remain seated in my presence.’

We apprehend, however, that the subsequent part of the narrative will be found more instructive and important than the earlier one.

From this point our General enters upon comparatively unknown ground. The narrative of his journey henceforward brings before us countries and peoples respecting which our information is as incomplete and inaccurate as it is in reference to almost any part of the world. Previous to the expedition of Keane, Sale, and Nott into Afghanistan, our knowledge of the country and people was remarkably scanty. These invasions, disasters, and retreats sufficed to reveal our ignorance; but our experience on these occasions left much to be desired in the way of further knowledge. The part of M. Ferrier's book that relates to the Afghans and Belooches has therefore a peculiar interest for Englishmen. From Herat he attempted to reach Lahore by a northern route—by Balkh and Khoulm—but he found it impossible to pass that way. He then proceeded west, 'by a route' which no African dare travel, and where no European had hitherto set 'foot.' He was obliged to return to Herat by Sirpool and Zerni. Not disheartened by these unsuccessful efforts, he again set out for the same country by a southerly course through Bukwa, by Girishk and Kandahar. The difficulties, obstructions, and hardships were far greater on this road than those he had encountered in the former attempt. He could get no farther than Kandahar. The adventures and hairbreadth escapes he went through in this excursion are truly marvellous. He was deceived, insulted, robbed, imprisoned, and beaten in a most shameful manner. In these latter portions, as in the former, our traveller's journal supplies much information respecting the people, their manners and character. It also contains some historical disquisitions of value on points connected with Alexander's expedition into India, and other geographical and historical questions. In several chapters M. Ferrier dwells at length on the political and military relations of the various tribes of Afghanistan. He also attempts to elucidate the question of Russian and English influence in Persia and Afghanistan. He is quite clear as to the difficulty, if not impossibility, of either the native tribes or the Russians being able to disturb our Indian rule. It is satisfactory to find that the opinion of an intelligent Frenchman is favourable, upon the whole, to the English government of India.

M. Ferrier is a soldier and something of a diplomatist. He looks at things as we might expect such a man to look at them. He is not enough of the civilian or social philosopher to give us all the information we could desire respecting the Afghans and the Belooches. Although he says much about the character of the people, as a people, he does not let us look into the real structure of society among them. M. Ferrier is not a man of scientific attainments and research: his labours will not therefore enlarge our acquaintance with any of the departments of science. Nor has he an eye for the beautiful in nature, or much power as a describer of scenery. His *forte* is as a narrator of his own adventures, and of the doings of the parties with whom he is brought into immediate contact. As a specimen at once of the

treatment he received, and his mode of writing, take the following account of the conduct of his servants, who were constantly robbing and defrauding him :—

ORIENTAL EQUALITY.

‘My compulsory stay at Washur was useful to me as an opportunity of studying Afghan manners ; but I should have been driven mad had it lasted one day longer—my mind being ever on the strain to watch, to converse, diplomatize, and suffer with patience. My servants had evidently come to an understanding with the inhabitants to torment me in every way, and if possible drive me from this war of endurance to some composition of the matters in dispute between us. Ali ate and drank under my very beard the small store of tea, coffee, and sugar I had kept back in case of illness ; and yet it was droll enough to see him doing the honours to the bystanders with my property, without even offering me a share. Sometimes, as I have said, he refused to cook my dinner, and I then performed that important operation myself. When it was ready I had the gratification of seeing this rascal come and plunge his filthy unwashed hand into my pilau, and eat his share. On one occasion, when the meal was over, he took two copper plates of mine, and changed them away for some articles he fancied, and kept for himself. I think I never felt such concentrated rage in my life as when I saw the insolent provocations of these miscreants ; but prudence imposed silence, and I adopted the shortest and only course, namely, to compound with them.’

Gems from the Coral Islands. Western and Eastern Polynesia. By the Rev. WILLIAM GILL, Raratonga. 2 vols. London : Ward and Co.—These volumes will be acceptable to the religious public, and especially to those interested in missions, as presenting the latest intelligence in reference to the progress of missionary effort among the isles of the Southern Ocean. Mr. Gill was sent out by the London Missionary Society some seventeen years ago, and during the time that has elapsed since ‘he has been actively engaged in the Christian instruction, and the consequent civilization, of the barbarous tribes inhabiting those islands.’ Mr. Gill’s own experiences—the results of his observation and inquiries during this long period, are embodied in the work before us. The first volume relates to the islands of Western Polynesia, and the second to those of Eastern Polynesia. In the Introduction, our author tells us that ‘many persons who have heard oral details respecting the advancing improvement going on amongst the islanders, have urged that a narrative of facts, connected with missionary work on those islands during the last sixteen years, should be put through the press, especially illustrating the labours of native teachers.’ It is known that the islands forming the Western Polynesian group have been a remarkable field for the efforts of native teachers. In reference to the purpose of the first volume Mr. Gill says :—‘The present volume contains an account of the introduction of Christianity into the islands of three of the largest groups of Western Polynesia—the formation of native churches—the character of native evangelists—the work they have to do—the manner in which they do it, and the results of their labours ; giving a complete missionary history of each island in those groups to the present time.’ The occasion and intention of the publication of these volumes are clearly set forth in these extracts. The author confines himself mostly to sketches of the efforts and labours of missionaries, particularly of

native teachers, and to accounts of the results that have followed their labours in these islands. To these objects the author's attention has been almost exclusively limited. The volumes can hardly be said to possess much interest for the general reader. Mr. Gill does not give much information respecting the character of these islands, their physical constitution and aspect, climate, productions, or any other kind of natural phenomena connected with them; nor does he say much that can illustrate the physical history or capabilities of the races that inhabit them. But he exhibits, in considerable detail, their moral and religious condition; especially does he portray their vile and cruel superstitions, and their barbarous usages in war. He narrates fully the successes and failures, the triumphs and disasters, the welcome receptions and the cruel persecutions, that attended the missionaries in their labours. Our author dwells on those personal incidents, the trials of faith and zeal, which so abound in the career of these ministers of the new religion. These volumes abundantly set forth the hardships and sufferings these devoted men underwent at the hands of the barbarians whom they were seeking to benefit. But while they abound in facts and incidents of this nature, they also show, in a remarkable manner, the power of Christianity to humanize and elevate degraded humanity. On all these topics Mr. Gill dilates at length. Perhaps he writes too much as he would speak in a missionary meeting or from the pulpit. His soul is evidently full of the great work in which he is engaged, and his books are also full of it. He never forgets his vocation as a missionary. On these accounts the contents of these volumes will be of deep interest to the friends of missions; but they will not, we fear, be so attractive to the mass of readers as they might have been, had Mr. Gill taken a somewhat broader view of the materials with which, we apprehend, his long residence in those islands must have furnished him.

The first volume relates to the three groups of islands—the New Hebrides, the Loyalty, and the New Caledonian. In these groups eleven islands are noticed—Aneiteum, Tana, Eromanga, Fotuna, Fate, Maré, Lifu, Toka, Uca, New Caledonia, Pines. In reference to each of these islands, Mr. Gill first gives a picture of the moral and religious state of the people when first visited by missionaries, and then traces the history of the efforts that have been made to Christianize them. Christianity has been planted in all these islands of Western Polynesia within a comparatively recent date, at a period subsequent to its establishment in Eastern Polynesia. In reference to the Loyalty group, Mr. Gill makes the following remarks in closing his narrative:—

POLYNESIAN EVANGELISTS.

‘Down to the year 1841, the entire inhabitants of these lands had been idolatrous, naked, cannibal savages of the most degraded character—sinking deeper and yet deeper in ignorance, and depravity, and wretchedness, as their generations successively passed into eternity. In that year Christian teachers from Eastern Polynesia first landed on the shores of Maré, and twelve months after on the island of Lifu. A radically new and unwritten language had to be learnt; abominable vices, previously deified as virtues, had to be uprooted; an absurd yet inveterate

system of idolatry had to be abolished ; ferocious cannibal propensities, gratified and increased by cruelties inflicted on them by intercourse with the white man, had to be subdued. This great work had to be done by agents confessedly as feeble as they were few—men, themselves the very first-fruits of Christian instruction in Eastern Polynesia. For eight years after the landing of these native evangelists, they were left alone among the people, labouring in the midst of want and persecution, and often in jeopardy of their lives ; but the Almighty and Ever-living God was with them ; His spirit and grace were their strength and joy, and they *endured as seeing Him who is invisible*. Now, as a result of those labours and that endurance, they were permitted to see the gigantic evils which opposed them fallen to the dust ; nearly the whole population of the group brought under moral, social, and civil culture : many portions of the word of God, and other books, are printed in their language, and are in the hands of the people ; the Lord's-day is observed as a day of rest and instruction ; and not a few of those once heathen, idolatrous, savage men, are now intelligent, active, consistent Christians.'

The second volume is occupied with the islands forming Eastern Polynesia—Raratonga, Mangaia, Aitutaki, Atiu, Maukè, Mitiaro, Maniki, Tongareva, and Niue. In many of these, Christianity is of older date than in those noticed before. Although the narratives are similar to those contained in the first volume in their general features, yet they show more unmistakable and decided evidence of the benefits produced by the adoption of Christianity. We have also more information in this volume than in the first as to other matters. It abounds in facts strikingly illustrative of the great good effected by missionary enterprise in educating and civilizing the barbarous inhabitants of these islands. Mr. Gill gives the following account of the mode in which missionaries spend their time :—

• MISSIONARY LIFE IN RARATONGA.

'Many curious questions have been asked respecting the practical every-day employment of a missionary among such a people as the Raratongans ; and, anxious to diffuse correct information on this as on other subjects of island life, we will give a statement of the daily routine of his engagements. During the first years of the mission, the missionary had to attend the early morning adult service ; but now, that being conducted by native teachers, he devotes the hour from six o'clock to seven in giving out medicine to the sick ; from eight to nine he is either at the children's general school in the village, or attending to private advanced classes at home, or having converse with natives about public matters in settlement or island, on which they wish his advice. From nine o'clock until eleven he meets the students in class-room. From eleven till twelve he is generally in the workshop, where either the students of institution, or the boys of boarding-school, are practising the use of carpenters' tools. The next hour is spent in the printing-office, where the natives have been putting up type, printing, and binding, since seven o'clock in the morning. From one to two is the dinner and reading hour ; from two to three the missionary has individual and private conversation with three or four members of the church, or candidates for church-fellowship, or inquiries after sacred and general knowledge. Four days in the week, from three o'clock to four, Bible-classes are held with inquirers, or classes with teachers in the schools. At most of the stations, public services are held, three evenings in the week, from five o'clock until six,—one a church-members' prayer-meeting, another preaching, and a third the Friday general class-meeting ; at each of which the missionary presides. From six o'clock till seven, if the weather be fine, the missionary and his wife take walking exercise on the settlement, embracing this opportunity to call on natives who are sick ; from seven o'clock to eight, he is in his study, either reading or translating, or preparing students' lectures, or sermons, or proof-sheets for printers, &c.'

The perusal of these volumes must tend not only to keep alive missionary ardour, but to extend and intensify it. We confidently expect that they will be extensively read by serious minds of all denominations. The book is handsomely got up, neatly printed, and tastefully illustrated.

Paraguay, Brazil, and the Plate. Letters written in 1852—1853. By C. B. MANSFIELD, Esq., M.A., Cambridge. With a sketch of the Author's Life, by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, Jun., of Eversley, Hants. With a Map, Portrait, and Illustrations. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.—This is a most delightfully-written book, and it mostly relates to countries very imperfectly known. Its author, Mr. Mansfield, died through the effects of an accident that occurred in his laboratory, in February, 1855. Mr. Kingsley begins a beautiful little memorial sketch of him thus:—

‘The author of these pages was one of those rare spirits to whom this life and this world have been, as far as human minds can judge, little beyond a school-house for some nobler life and world to come.’ . . . ‘He was born in the year 1819, at a Hampshire parsonage, and in due time went to school at Winchester.’ . . . ‘From Winchester he went to Cambridge; and none but must recollect with pleasure his graceful figure, slight and delicate, yet trained to all athletic sports, and of an activity almost incredible; his forehead full and high, and yet most bland; his fair locks; his finely-cut features, most gentle and most pure; his eyes beaming with thought, honesty, humour, and a superabundance of genial life, such as I who write have never beheld in any other man.’

These are high terms in which to speak of a young man; but we are glad to say that every page of the book before us testifies to the truthfulness of several features of the mental character here delineated.

Mr. Mansfield seems to have entertained views of his own respecting society, its condition and structure, in this country, and in reference to the means by which the progress and happiness of humanity at large might be advanced. Under impressions arising out of his thinkings and aspirations on these subjects, he set out for South America, with no very definite object. He was anxious to see the interior of that great continent, as he believed it contained within it a sort of Arcadia, and that some of its countries were capable of being made, by Englishmen, a paradise for English people. When speaking of the emigration of English to South America in ‘bodies,’—of their colonising the country in bodies, as the Phœnicians and Greeks of old did, he says:—‘I am going to Paraguay to see the capabilities of this country for such an experiment. I have my fears about the temperature being too high for a *first* settlement, but we shall see. The situation of Paraguay is unparalleled, certainly in this world, probably in the ‘Solar System.’ And after he had returned, he said, ‘Paraguay is the most interesting, pleasantest, loveliest country in the world, I believe.’ Mr. Mansfield left England in May, 1852, and proceeded to Pernambuco; thence to Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Monte Video, up the Parana to Corrientes, and forward to Assumption, the capital of Paraguay. He remained at each of these places some time, and by active intercourse with the people, by riding, and excursions into the

'plains,' 'mountains,' and 'forests,' he availed himself of every opportunity his situation could command to gain information respecting the countries, their productions, climate, people, &c.

The book is in the form of letters that were written to his friends in England. Considered altogether irrespectively of our author's object in making the voyage, the work is a most fascinating and instructive one. It abounds in information and thought about everything that came under the writer's notice. In Mr. Mansfield's hands almost everything is turned to account for the benefit of the reader. He is an ardent lover of nature, of scenery, and of the varied forms of vegetable and animal life. He is a naturalist in the highest and best sense of that term. Then Mr. Mansfield is also a genuine unsophisticated lover of everything belonging to humanity. He is intensely interested in whatever affects the condition and prospects of man. He looks at man, in all his varied forms of existence, with the most kindly feeling, and his soul appears ever to yearn for his improvement. In whatever he writes, all this genial feeling is enlivened with a rich fancy and vivacious humour. The honesty and earnest simplicity of his character are stamped upon his style; it leaves little to be desired in simplicity, freshness, and colloquial ease.

A Universal Alphabet, Grammar, and Language: comprising a Scientific Classification of the Radical Elements of Discourse; and Illustrative Translations, &c. By GEORGE EDMONDS. Griffin and Co.—It is well known that some great minds have, at various times, entertained the thought that a universal or philosophical language was possible. The design of these men has been to produce a language, founded on what they term philosophical principles, that should be free from the defects of existing languages, and which should consequently supersede all other languages. It must be admitted that the idea is a noble one. The majority of learned men have deemed the notion wild and the effort impracticable. Mr. Edmonds, however, is not of that number. He has devoted many years to the subject, and the result is the large volume under notice. In this book he has essayed to grapple with the whole difficulties of the question; and he believes he has fully surmounted these, and produced 'A Philosophic Language for the Nations!' We think it is at least doubtful whether 'the nations' will accept his language. The work may be said to consist of four parts. The introduction, a sort of disquisition on the nature and office of language, the nature and kinds of sentences, the principles of general grammar, &c. The first book contains the new alphabet, the classification and explanation of the radical words of the language, and a treatise on its grammatical structure. The second book consists of translations from the Scriptures, the writings of Bacon, Shakspeare, Locke, Reid, Whately, and others, into the philosophic language. The third book presents a dictionary of this language. The principles on which Mr. Edmonds has proceeded, in the construction of his language, appear to us unnatural—they are fanciful and unscientific. We can readily believe that the 'making' of this language has cost Mr. Edmonds a great amount of labour. It

must have done so. The volume not only shows vast labour, but considerable ingenuity. But when we look at the thoroughly arbitrary nature, the unphilosophical principles on which this 'philosophic language' is constructed, we cannot but think the labour has been misapplied. It would be very easy to show that Mr. Edmonds' language fails to fulfil every one of the conditions he lays down as the foundation or characteristic of such a language. To the curious in ingenious speculations the work may be interesting; but, as a contribution to scientific philology, we cannot regard it as of much value.

French Literature.—A translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, with an introduction on his life, his doctrine, and his writings—a task which occupied the last years of Lamennais, has been published by M. Forgues, his literary executor. Lamennais has rendered Dante closely in poetical prose. De Sanctis, a young man who occupies a professional chair in the University of Turin, awards to this version the highest praise, both for fidelity and harmony of expression. M. Silvestre has produced a volume of miscellaneous criticism and gossip on living French artists (*Histoire des Artistes vivants*), gratifying a kind of curiosity in the public which should not find frequent encouragement. Victor Cousin has added to his sketches of celebrated women of the seventeenth century, a republication of his article on 'Madame de Chevreuse.' Amédée Rénée has furnished an interesting contribution to the social history of the same century, in his monograph on Mazarin's nieces (*Les Nièces de Mazarin*). M. de Magnitot, prefect of Nièvre, publishes a proposal for the gradual extinction of mendicity, by a carefully regulated administration of voluntary subscriptions, in co-operation with the legislature. His work is entitled, *De l'Assistance et de l'Extinction de la Mendicité*. The Abbé Guettée has given to the public *Le Dieu's Journal and Memoirs of Bossuet*. The Abbé Le Dieu was Bossuet's secretary, and his journal furnishes us with an account quite Boswellian in its reverence and minuteness, of the daily life of the great Bishop of Meaux, from the year 1699, when the secretary commenced his duties. In his pages the curious reader may learn how that mighty prelate took medicine when he was out of sorts, may ascertain the epoch made memorable by his first pair of spectacles, may look in upon the eagle in deshabille, and hearken to the small pleasantries which sometimes lightened his laborious dignity. The disclosures of the Abbé furnish additional illustration of that bitter jealousy with which Bossuet regarded the popularity of Fénelon. An elaborate thesis, by M. Ernest Desjardins, on the *Topography of Latium*, is said to have obtained for itself a permanent place among the most valuable contributions of the day to classical geography. The first part has appeared of Edmond le Blant's *Inscriptions Chrétiennes de la Gaule antérieures au VII. Siècle*, a monument of erudite research worthy of Benedictine patience and acumen. J. F. Nourisson, a Clermont professor, has arranged, in two volumes, a series of readings from the Latin Fathers, with introduction and biographical notices. M. Alfred Maury has brought the resources of his high

scholarship to bear on the many vexed questions concerning the races of early Greece. Approximating the settlement of some problems, and suggesting more, his *Peuples Primitifs de la Grèce* demands the attention of every voyager in the *maretenebrosum* of such inquiries. Two additional volumes of Henri Martin's *History of France* (fourth edition) have appeared; and also the seventh volume of the *Ancien Théâtre Français*. Professor Oudot has produced a treatise of nearly 400 pages upon Deontology (*Conscience et Science du Devoir*), as an introduction to his *Explication Nouvelle du Code Napoléon*. *Le Canada sous la Domination Française*, by M. Dussieux, professor at the Military School of St. Cyr, details the story of the Canadian colony, embracing an account of its origin, development, and ultimate fall, the eventful history of somewhat more than a hundred and fifty years. The student of French antiquities will meet with many valuable essays in the *Annuaire Historique*, published by the Société de l'Histoire de France, which has now reached its twentieth volume.

ART.

Life of Thomas Gainsborough, R.A. By the late GEORGE WILLIAMS FULCHER. Edited by his SON. Longman and Co.—This is a very pleasant little book, devoted to the biography of a painter well entitled, in right of his works, to a memorial, and equally so for the example he was the first to set, of seeking for his subjects, not among the worn-out mythological allegories, or the formal ‘grand historical scenes,’ which the Thornhills and Haymans delighted in, but among the fresh meadows and rich wood scenery of his native land. Well is Gainsborough entitled to a memorial, for he was first among our painters to show the simple beauty that dwelt amid the gentle slopes and wooded uplands, and that took up its abode in the cottage homes of old England; the painter who did for English art what Wordsworth, some forty years later, did for English poetry. ‘Nearly seventy years have passed away since Gainsborough was borne to the churchyard of Kew, and during that period little has been known of his personal history.’ Indeed, except in his native county, where more than half his life was passed, there was little chance of many memorials being obtained; but the late Mr. Fulcher having been born in the same town, educated at the same school, and surrounded by the same scenes, determined to collect together all the information respecting Gainsborough he could obtain, and the result of this labour of love is now before us.

Thomas Gainsborough was one of a large family, and born at Sudbury, in 1727. His father was a clothier and crape-maker, carrying on an extensive business, and much respected; while his mother, sister to the master of Sudbury Grammar School, appears to have been a superior woman, well educated, and, when we remember the very low state of art in every department at the beginning of the last century,

and the low state of female education, too, we are surprised to find that she was also an excellent painter of flowers. No doubt, the boy derived his early love of the art from his mother; and it is very pleasant to find that her life was spared 'to see her fondest wishes realized in her son's acknowledged eminence in that pursuit' which she had most probably been the means of first encouraging, for Gainsborough was high in fame at Bath when she died, in 1769. Sudbury, a hundred and twenty years ago, was a picturesque old town, as may be seen in the engraving that exhibits Gainsborough's birth-place, and those ancient buildings, with their quaint gables, and overhanging stories, and carved doorways, which we cannot agree with Mr. Fulcher 'encumbered and disfigured the streets of his native town,' were among the first objects of interest to the future painter. Indeed, the artist feeling was developed very early, for he said in after years, that 'there was not a picturesque clump of trees, nor a single tree of any beauty—no, nor hedge-row, stem, or *post*,' in or around Sudbury, which had not from his earliest years been treasured in his memory. And in the surrounding country he revelled, too, among 'the luxuriant meadows, and the woods, not as yet thinned of their old ancestral trees by the woodman's axe, among its scattered villages, and churches, and picturesque cottages.' These stored Gainsborough's mind with images of beauty, and gave the first impulse to that genius which produced the 'Woodman,' the 'Mushroom Girl,' and the 'Cottage Deer.' With so strongly developed a love for natural scenery, it was scarcely to be expected that young Gainsborough, when sent to the grammar-school of his native town, would settle quietly down to his Latin grammar and multiplication table; so no wonder was it that all his school-fellows' copy-books were adorned with extempore sketches, and that sometimes the school itself was deserted for an unlicensed visit to the fields and woods. On one occasion, disappointed of a promised holiday, young Gainsborough, copying his father's signature, presented to his uncle, the master, a slip of paper, with, 'Give him a holiday.' The ruse was undiscovered, and the truant set off, and spent a glorious summer's day in his favourite haunts, and returned in the evening, 'his paper well filled with sketches of oaks and elms, sunny nooks, and winding glades.' But meanwhile the forgery had been discovered, and the father angrily exclaimed, 'Tom will one day be hanged;' the sketches were now produced—we can imagine the delight of his art-loving mother—and the father then, with surer prophecy, said, 'Tom will be a genius.' His artistic tastes seem from henceforth to have been allowed free scope; and the portrait which he soon after made of a neighbour, when in the act of stealing pears from their orchard, seems to have determined the parents to send him to London to pursue his studies.

Very different was the London of 1742 to the art-student, compared with the London of 1856; and the poor boy seems to have been left almost hap-hazard to pursue his way. He was placed under the care of a silversmith, and under the instruction of an engraver, Mr. Gravelet. By the latter he was taught etching, while to the gra-

tuitous teaching of the silversmith, Gainsborough acknowledged he owed far more. Shortly after, he was transferred to the studio of Hayman, 'then esteemed the best historical painter in the kingdom,' although, indeed, a painter below criticism, and who has deservedly sunk into oblivion. But, unfortunately, while a most wretched teacher of painting, as teacher of morals Hayman was utterly unfitted. He sought gratification in the lowest haunts of vice, was the umpire of the prize-fighters in Moorfields, and was often taken helplessly drunk from the kennel to the safer custody of the watch-house. Beneath engravings in books of this period we have often met with Hayman's name as designer, and have been struck, not only with the general coarseness, but the utter deficiency of the least sense of beauty in them all. There is more truth in Mr. Ruskin's remarks on the close connexion of purity of mind and purity of taste than the world has yet dreamt of. Meanwhile, Gainsborough had mastered the mechanical part of his profession, and, after three years' residence in London, he hired rooms in Hatton-garden, and began to paint portraits at from three to five guineas, and landscapes, which he sold to picture-dealers for what they chose to give him. He also modelled—doubtless, he owed this talent to his early friend, the silversmith; but, as a year thus employed did not furnish very satisfactory results, he packed up canvas and colours, and returned to his native town. Again in his father's house, Gainsborough resumed his old studies among his accustomed woods and fields, marking every changeeful beauty of nature, as it offered itself to his view, and transferring it at once to his sketch-book. Ere long he married a beautiful young woman, whose true parentage has not been ascertained, but who brought him an annuity of 200*l.* a year, and then, ere he had completed his twentieth year, he settled at Ipswich. Here the young artist became acquainted with two widely different men—Mr. Kirby, the father of Mrs. Trimmer, a sound judge of the arts, and Governor Thicknesse, whose perverse eccentricities were among his chief annoyances for many years.

Gainsborough's residence in Ipswich was long, and he seems to have been much employed by the neighbouring gentry, but with his removal to Bath he at once attained a deserved celebrity. This was in 1760, and soon we find the chief visits to Bath pressing to Gainsborough's painting-room, and his prices raised to forty guineas for a half-length, and a hundred for a whole-length. The exhibitions of that society which afterwards became the 'Royal Academy,' had now commenced, and each year Gainsborough sent pictures to it. These were transmitted by Mr. Wiltshire, the public carrier of Bath; and it is worthy especial record, that he could never be persuaded to receive payment. 'No, I admire painting too much,' was his reply. Gainsborough, with his wonted generosity, therefore presented him with several fine paintings, and in one he introduced the portrait of a favourite horse. It would be a long catalogue the mere names of the celebrated persons who sat to Gainsborough during his stay at Bath; among them was Chatterton, 'and that portrait of the marvellous boy, with his long, flowing hair, and child-like face,' is indeed worthy alike of painter and

sitter. There is much to praise in the self-denial of the painter who, though so eager a worshipper of natural scenery, was content to paint portraits, and reserve his more cherished pursuit only for occasional enjoyment. Not that Gainsborough was servile, because a portrait-painter, as poor Haydon would say; he was haughty and irritable with those sitters who teased him with their pride or their affectation; and so much did he love simplicity of dress, too, that an ill-dressed sitter would put him out.

After fourteen years' sojourn in Bath, Gainsborough, in 1774, took up his residence in London. He had quitted it poor and unknown thirty years before, and 'he now returned with a splendid income, and a still more splendid name.' The patronage of the wealthy and noble still increased, and before he had been many months in London, he received a summons to the palace. George III.'s patronage of Gainsborough was creditable to his taste, although it does not appear that he ever appreciated those fine rural scenes which Gainsborough indeed painted *con amore*; but he repeatedly became a sitter to him, as did the royal family. Perhaps, however, the King's dislike to Reynolds might, in a measure, account for this. With Reynolds, Gainsborough was, on the whole, on friendly terms; but their different views of art sometimes created little jealousies. Thus, Reynolds having maintained, in a discourse delivered in December, 1778, that 'the masses of light in a picture should be always of a warm, mellow colour, yellow, red, or a yellowish-white; and that the blue, the grey, or the green colours should be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colours,' Gainsborough painted a full-length portrait of Master Buttall, and, to refute the President's assertion, clothed him in blue. This is the celebrated 'Blue Boy,' and on its exhibition, in the spring of 1779, it excited much discussion.

THE 'BLUE BOY.'

The propriety of this has been the subject of some debate. Dr. Waagen remarks:—'In spite of the blue dress, Gainsborough succeeded in producing an harmonious and pleasing effect; nor can it be doubted that in the cool scale of colours, in which blue acts the chief part, there are very pleasing and tender harmonies, which Sir Joshua, with his way of seeing, could not appreciate. On the whole, too, he may be so far right, that painters would certainly do well to avoid the use of pure unbroken blue in large masses. The 'Blue Boy' is, besides, remarkable for animation and spirit, and solid careful painting.' Hazlitt observes:—'There is a spirited glow of youth about the face, the attitude is striking and elegant, and the drapery of blue satin is admirably painted.' Leslie says:—'I, however, agree with the opinion of Sir Thomas Lawrence, that in this picture the difficulty is rather ably combated than vanquished. Indeed, it is not even fairly combated, for Gainsborough has so mellowed and broken the blue with other tints, that it is no longer that pure bleak colour Sir Joshua meant; and after all, though the picture is a very fine one, it cannot be doubted that a warmer tint for the dress would have made it still more agreeable to the eye.'

This picture is now in the Marquis of Westminster's collection, and we would hope that among the many 'Art Treasures' forthcoming, the 'Blue Boy' will find a place. Gainsborough soon after seems to have devoted himself more to landscape, for in 1780 he contributed

six to the Exhibition, which Walpole highly commended, and a sounder judge of landscape-painting than he, Dr. Wolcott, who, in his *Ode to the Academicians*, urges Gainsborough to pursue 'his charming *forte*, landscape.' His 'Girl and Pigs,' which, notwithstanding the dispute of the 'Blue Boy,' Reynolds purchased, appeared in 1782; subsequently his 'Mushroom Girl,' and in 1787 his 'Woodman in the Storm.' This picture, which excited so much public admiration, actually remained unsold at Gainsborough's death, but then, for just five times the price the artist had demanded, for five hundred guineas, it was sold to Lord Gainsborough. The painting was destroyed by fire, but the engraving is well known. Gainsborough now determined to enjoy himself in his youthful way, ranging the fields and visiting the lakes, but none of his sketches of lake scenery appear to have been preserved. His two beautiful pictures, the 'Cottage Deer' and the 'Cottage Girl with her Dog and Pitcher,' were among Gainsborough's last productions, for in the spring of 1788 he was taken ill, and sinking rapidly, died in August, having little more than completed threescore years. On his death-bed 'he felt there was one whom he had not treated with courtesy, Sir Joshua Reynolds,' and he sent for him. Life was ebbing fast away, and the mind wandered, but still the ruling passion exhibited itself with mournful strength and significance. Gainsborough painfully expressed his regret at leaving his art, 'but,' he added, 'we are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company.' Reynolds was much affected, and at the beginning of the winter session he devoted an evening to a lecture on 'Gainsborough, his excellencies and defects,' and paid a just tribute to the painter whose 'grace and elegance was not academical or antique, but selected by 'himself from the great school of nature—those modes of grace that 'lie open in the multiplied scenes and figures of life, to be brought out 'by the skilful and faithful observer.'

We close this little volume, heartily recommending it to our readers, nor should we omit to add, that it contains a very carefully compiled catalogue of Gainsborough's pictures, indicating the size of each, as well as for whom painted, and to whom each belongs.

SCIENCE.

THE British Association assembled for the twenty-sixth time in the beginning of August last. The place of gathering was the gay town of Cheltenham. The attendance was not much more than half as large as at Glasgow, but *there* the numbers were in some respects inconveniently great. Thanks, however, to the excursions, lectures, promenades, *soirées*, and music—adding of course the science which is invariably dispensed on such occasions—the recent Congress appears to have given general satisfaction. Dr. Daubeny was installed in the presidential chair, and delivered an inaugural address of a very able and comprehensive character—reviewing the progress of chemistry,

agriculture, botany, and other departments of natural philosophy during the last twenty years.* The 'Parliamentary Committee' of the Association frankly reported with regard to the great question under their consideration, viz., whether any measures could be adopted by Government to improve the position of science or its cultivators—that it was hopeless to expect anything until those cultivators should themselves determine what steps to recommend. The papers read in the different sections were as varied as usual. Now and then a lively discussion arose. These events are always hailed with considerable satisfaction by the bulk of the assembly. A good controversial breeze is quite refreshing after a stately technical discourse. Not the least interesting passage of arms was the one elicited by Dr. Whewell's disquisition on the lunar question. Mr. Symons was there! And Mr. Symons was still in the full enjoyment of his delusion! He therefore favoured the section with a communication on the subject. We can admire his bravery, but certainly not his judgment or discretion. It was certainly too bad to carry his crotchet into a congregation of British *savans*, and dignify it with the title of a 'Discovery.' The case is really assuming quite a melancholy aspect, for it is clear that this gentleman has resolutely closed his eyes, and is glorying in his blindness. It is not a dispute in which he has any definite counter theory to allege as a reason for declining to be convinced, but it is one which turns upon a positive blunder, namely, the assumption that the moon's surface is riveted to the earth by mere attraction; and this blunder he has never yet detected. Is it not pitiable to see Mr Symons 'setting his back to the wall,' as he says, in order to repel the attacks of an unbelieving world, and treating himself as the victim of a dreadful scientific persecution?

A great geological name has recently been erased from the list of the living. Dr. Buckland has, indeed, been dead to science for some time, for his reason departed half-a-dozen years ago. The services he rendered to his favourite study were great: he was in fact one of the 'forlorn hopes of modern geology.' He had to vindicate its principles at a period when men who avowed their faith in a pre-Adamite earth were numbered with the heterodox, or even classed with the vulgar sceptic. Dr. Buckland published a lengthy series of papers and memoirs, but his principal productions are the *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ* and his *Bridgewater Treatise*. He was appointed Dean of Westminster in the year 1845.

But if the world loses in one direction, it gains in another. The eyes of the public have been suddenly turned towards Mr. Bessemer,

* Is it not rather unphilosophical, by the way, to suggest, as the learned Professor did, that because the position of the moon may affect a piece of steel, as Colonel Sabine has shown, therefore astrology may not be so extravagant a system after all? Does a physical operation authorize any conclusion respecting 'the influence of the stars' over 'the destinies of men,'—that is, over mental and moral proceedings? Might we not as well conclude that because the moon raises tides in the ocean, therefore it is she who literally produces those tides in the 'affairs of men' to which Shakspeare alludes?

whose scheme for converting cast-iron into malleable without the intervention of ordinary fuel, is at once so startling in its simplicity, and so dazzling in its promised results. The great question has been how the impurities which the crude metal contains—carbon, silica, phosphorus, sulphur, &c.—may be most readily removed. The brittleness of cast-iron unfits it for numerous purposes, whereas the ductility, malleability, capacity for being welded, and other properties of wrought-iron, render it available in a thousand forms, from a nail to an anchor. This brittleness is mostly due to the carbon, but even a mere trifle of phosphorus is sufficient to affect the flexibility of the metal to a noticeable extent. Hitherto the crude iron has been cleansed, as far as could be, by means of the finery and puddling processes, and completed by passing it under hammers and through rollers. In decarbonizing the metal, the oxygen of the air combined with the carbon, but having access only to the surface of the mass, the operation was necessarily slow. Besides, the fuel employed in this country, coke, yielded impurities itself. Now Mr. Bessemer has happily seized upon the idea of forcing air into the iron, whilst melted, so that its oxygen may fetch out the carbon from the very interior of the mass, and in fact burn away the superfluous substances without the assistance of any other combustible material. For this purpose the fluid metal is run into a ‘converting’ vessel or furnace: air is driven in by a blast: the oxygen unites with the free carbon, engendering an enormous quantity of heat; this caloric, according to Mr. Bessemer, leads to the separation of the carbon chemically combined with the metal, and at the same time to the removal, not only of the silica and earthy bases, but also of the sulphur and other volatile substances. In about half an hour Mr. Bessemer is thus enabled to procure malleable iron, and to dispense for the most part with the labour, fuel, and machinery now required. Instead of sending to the coke-ovens, the impurities of the iron are transformed into combustibles, and this with no other aid than the gratuitous oxygen of the air. Besides the saving arising from the simplification of processes, it is assumed that many advantages will accrue in regard to the metal itself; but, on the other hand, doubts have been expressed by various practical men whether the iron will possess that all-important property, ‘fibre,’ in the requisite perfection. Many difficulties will of course be started by those who look jealously upon all manufacturing novelties; but the discovery addresses itself so directly to the industrial interests of this country, that it is certain to be thoroughly sifted, and of course it is only by a series of trials and experiments that its merits can be fully ascertained. It may not succeed to the full extent which Mr. Bessemer anticipates, but that it is available for the production of metal with different charges of carbon, and therefore of metal suitable for different purposes, cannot be denied. We would fain hope also that if imperfections should be found to exist, these will admit of removal by improvements in the process itself. It is but just to state that Mr. Bessemer has to divide the honour of this discovery with Mr. Nasmyth,

of Salford. The principle of the process was discovered by the latter gentleman some time since.

The Stereoscope: its History, Theory, and Construction, with its application to the Fine and Useful Arts, and to Education. By Sir DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., &c.; pp. 235. London: John Murray. 1856.—The Stereoscope has attracted so much attention, and the appearance of solidity which it imparts to plane objects is so magical, that a treatise on the subject from this highly qualified philosopher cannot fail to receive a liberal welcome. The instrument is no mere optical toy. It has already become a great power in the Fine Arts; and its capabilities are so promising that it will doubtless take rank as one of the most interesting inventions of the age. It has been calculated that upwards of half a million of the 'lenticular' kind (devised by Sir David himself), have been sold. True to our English habits of joint-stock enterprise, a Stereoscopic Company has been established in London, and this body appears to carry on a large business in Cameras, views, and other stereoscopic ware. In the able little treatise before us the author relates the history of the apparatus, and then proceeds to explain the principles of vision involved in its construction. Having two eyes, we see two pictures of the same object. These pictures are not exactly similar, for if we hold a book at some little distance from the face, as if for the purpose of reading the title on the back, and close the right eye, we shall see the left side of the book, whilst if we close the left eye we shall then see the right side. Using both organs, however, these differing views are combined into one. The intention of the Stereoscope is to exhibit two representations of the same thing—one as it would appear if seen by the right eye alone, and the other as if seen by the left eye alone—in such a way that their impressions on the retinae shall exactly correspond, and so produce a single pictorial result. The mere coalescing, however, of the two images, does not give the idea of relief; that is effected by the 'subsequent play of the 'optic axes, varying their angles and converging themselves successively upon, and uniting, the similar points in each picture that correspond to different distances from the observer.' We must, however, refer the reader to Sir David's own pages for a full and masterly elucidation of this part of the subject. The book then treats of the various kinds of stereoscope; the method of taking pictures for the apparatus; the application of the instrument to painting, sculpture, architecture, engineering, natural history, educational purposes, and even to purposes of pure diversion. All these matters it handles well—sometimes interposing rhetorical passages of a Chalmeresque description by way of relieving the abstruseness of the theme. We do not, however, think that the work is improved by the litigious spirit of the historical part. The author has a quarrel with Professor Wheatstone respecting the precise share of that gentleman in the invention or development of the instrument. He differs also from Dr. Whewell in his theory of its action. He has therefore ransacked many old writers, in order to prove that the fundamental principle laid down by these two *savans*

has been long understood; and he accuses Mr. Wheatstone of wilfully misleading the editor of a foreign journal by preferring an indirect claim to the honour of the lenticular stereoscope. For the public the dispute can possess but little interest. Science is under innumerable obligations to Sir David Brewster, and though we have little doubt respecting the justice of his pretensions to this apparatus, he carries too many well-earned badges of distinction, and enjoys far too proud a position, to make it necessary that he should give a controversial cast to his book.

Nomos: an attempt to demonstrate a Central Physical Law in Nature; pp. 198. London: Longmans. 1856.—This is a very singular book. It has the merit of piquing the curiosity, if it does not satisfy the judgment. In some respects it may be styled a revolutionary work, the author assuming that great changes are necessary in the Creed of Science, and that much may be done to simplify its hundred and thirty-nine articles. The spirit, however, in which this attempt is made, appears to be quite unexceptionable: it is from no vulgar ambition to unseat established opinions, or to push a few crotchets into notice, that this volume seems to have been composed; but the writer expresses his views in a calm passionless way, as if engaged in a simple philosophical exercise. His aims are certainly high. It has often been surmised that light, heat, magnetism, electricity, chemical action, motion, and gravity itself, are but manifestations of one and the same force. That they are more or less connected, no one disputes; and Mr. Grove, Mr. Joule, and others, have endeavoured to show that they are mutually convertible—a given quantity of heat, for example, being capable of appearing as an equivalent quantity of electricity or chemical action, as circumstances may permit. But perhaps, after all, these principles may have no actual existence, either as one or many? They may be mere *signs* that matter is undergoing a peculiar action, and if so, may not ‘imponderable agents,’ as they have been styled, be banished from the universe? This is one great inquiry proposed, and it terminates by driving them all into exile. Light, heat, and their cognate phenomena, of course still subsist; but if the author of *Nomos* is correct, they ought from this period to subsist as mere expressions of material processes, and not as independent things. Then, if the so-called ‘imponderable agents’ are thus resolvable, must there not be some great central law ruling their various manifestations—some law, in fact, of which they are nothing more than the diversified effects? To discover this fundamental statute of Nature is therefore the main purpose of the author. He commences his pursuit by analysing the phenomena of electricity. Light, heat, and magnetism, are shown to be mere ‘modes’ of this principle. Electricity itself submits to the law of chemical action. All these merge ‘into a common action—‘an action of duality—out of which arise, under peculiar circumstances, certain marked movements—an action which depends ‘not upon incomprehensible imponderables, but upon certain definite ‘and comprehensible properties of matter.’ This is *the Law*. The author designates it, provisionally, the ‘Law of the Labora-

tory.' He then applies it to the heavenly bodies, and explains the movements of the planets, satellites, and sun by its means. In doing this, however, he dispenses with the action of gravity, and assumes that currents of electricity from the sun may operate upon currents flowing round the subordinate body, and produce rotation by their mutual reaction, provided the existence of a resisting medium be granted. That such a medium does in fact obtain, is supposed to be proved by the accelerated movements—by a natural slip of the pen the author writes 'retarded' movements—of Eneke's and Biela's comets. Strange as this explanation seems, it is very ingeniously illustrated by the well-known revolution of an electro-magnet round a conductor, or a conductor round a magnet in a cup of mercury. Next, the writer proceeds to inquire after the central law in the phenomena of heat, afterwards of light, then of chemical action, and, lastly, of natural magnetism and electricity. To him, at least, the result appears to be perfectly satisfactory, for he finds that none of these phenomena are intelligible, and that no secret in the world of inorganic nature can be fully understood unless this universal law is allowed. Its special applications lead him to some curious conclusions. The most striking, perhaps, is the part he assigns to heat in the expansion of the earth. Calculating from certain observations made by Colonel Totten in America on the dilatation of granite, that if the globe were composed of that material its radius would increase 1209 feet for every degree of Fahrenheit, he argues that the solar heat must necessarily compel the earth to expand very largely on the side which is turned to the sun. Further, as our planet is spheroidal, and as various bodies are diathermanous—*i. e.*, transparent to, and capable of transmitting heat as glass transmits light—he presumes that the globe acts to some extent like a lens, and that the solar rays being brought to a focus deep within its mass, and beyond its centre, must fuse the corresponding parts. Hence there will be a *permanent* 'bulging out' in the equatorial portion, and also a *travelling* protrusion in the same region, but on the side opposed to the sun. In fact, we may say that there will be a solid tide in the land, occasioned by the uplifting of the ground above the focus of fusion, because this focus must change its position continually as the earth rotates on its axis and presents a new aspect to its luminous Lord. If so, may not the ebb and flow of the ocean be ascribed to mere expansion, instead of being due to gravity as hitherto supposed? When the ground is raised by dilatation, the waters must appear to advance: when it contracts by the withdrawal of heat, they must appear to retire. Will not this explain the phenomena of the tides, and rid us of the difficulties which attach to the Newtonian theory, even as amended by Laplace, and tested by Whewell? Unfortunately, however, the author is compelled to face an objection at the very outset, which would prove insurmountable to any but a remarkably ingenious man. It is clear that the tides answer primarily to the movements of the moon, and only secondarily to those of the sun. But the latter is the source of heat, whilst the former affords us none. At least the most delicate observations, made by the most delicate instru-

ments, have not sufficed to assure us that our satellite conveys any positive caloric in her beams. What then is the author to do with his theory? He makes an assumption; then a calculation; and to our great surprise elicits a coincidence between his conclusions and the requirements of the phenomena which *appears* to be within a fraction of the truth! Taking it for granted that the solar ray may be 180 times hotter than the lunar ray, he infers that the expansion of the earth occasioned by the caloric of the moon, as compared with that occasioned by the sun, will be pretty much the same as the proportion estimated by Newton to exist 'between the lunar and solar tidal waves' upon *his* theory of attraction. Now it would require a treatise as large as the author's to point out the difficulties involved in this hypothesis. They will crowd upon the reader's attention—perhaps by the score. We have too much respect for the ability displayed in this book to treat its propositions with contempt; but we would ask the writer whether it is exactly reasonable to displace accepted facts in order to let in his gratuitous suppositions? His idea of a focus of fusion situate more than 1000 miles beneath the surface of the earth, and journeying round the equatorial belt each day as the planet rotates, should have been extinguished by the unquestionable circumstance that the solar heat is scarcely perceptible at a depth of fifty feet, and certainly does not penetrate to double that distance. That the moon, with her weak trembling beams, should be able to pierce our globe, and melt solid rocks in the interior, appears to us as grotesque an assumption as it would be to say that we might fuse the heart of a mountain by concentrating the sun's rays upon it through the medium of a common burning-glass. To calculate her caloric at the figure upon which the author has fixed, is not only an unauthorised step, but exposes him to this danger, that if it should turn out to be incorrect, as it certainly is, the happy coincidence we have mentioned is overthrown, and his theory proved to be inapplicable. In short, his method of explaining the tides involves us in such countless embarrassments and absurdities that we have no scruple in expressing our dissent, and in declining to treat the earth as a huge diathermanous lens. It is but justice, however, to the author to say that any summary of his conclusions must necessarily appear to disadvantage when divorced from the premises. There is a good deal of talent and a considerable amount of ingenuity exhibited in the book. He possesses qualifications which would entitle him to attention were he only treading on surer soil. But for a person who has new theories to propound, he labours under a serious defect. He is what we may venture to call a *jumpy* logician. He starts a suggestion; adduces a few facts; draws you a few paces in the direction he wishes to go, and then, when you reach the chasm which cuts you off from the promised goal, and whilst you stand wondering how it can ever be lawfully crossed, our good friend, who seems to have magic springs attached to his heels, has taken a flying leap and cleared the abyss at a bound!

It is needless to say that this habit of assuming all that is requisite to eke out a doctrine is dangerous and misleading under any circum-

stances; but specially so in matters of science, where facts or demonstration are peremptorily required. To the reader, however, who will avail himself of this clue to the author's reasoning habits, we can commend the work as one likely to whet his intellect and interest him by its curious surmises.

Familiar Astronomy; or, an Introduction to the Study of the Heavens. To which is added a Treatise on the Globes, and a Comprehensive Astronomical Dictionary. By HANNAH M. BOUVIER. pp. 499. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. London: Trübner and Co. 1856.—We hear much of 'strongminded' women. They are supposed to be of American growth. Here is one whose mental vigour appears to be happily devoted to the heavens. Miss Bouvier—we have an intuitive persuasion that she is an unmarried lady who has refused many suitors out of compliment to the starry host—has produced a goodly treatise, which reflects great honour on her learning and capacity. It purports to serve as a complete guide to this magnificent science. It does not, however, go deep into mathematical detail, but affords a popular view of astronomy in its various branches—physical, descriptive, sidereal, and practical. It is thrown into the form of question and answer, as the best fitted for scholastic use. Maps, figures, and diagrams abound. It contains a copious dictionary of stars and astronomical terms. It is certainly one of the handsomest text-books we have seen, and affords so eligible a manual, that we think the public should tender its thanks to the fair author for persisting in single blessedness until the work was complete.

Life: its Nature, Varieties, and Phenomena. Also Times and Seasons. By LEO H. GRINDON, Lecturer on Botany at the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester. pp. 328. London: Whittaker and Co. 1856.—This is a work of no ordinary stamp. The topic is certainly rich and inspiring. The little word 'life' should in itself be sufficient to put vigour into the feeblest pen, and to lift the dullest into the high places of philosophy. But Mr. Grindon is evidently a thinker of great originality: he is one who appears to have conversed deeply and familiarly with Nature, and having looked into the spiritual meaning of things and read Creation with an eye to the thoughts which are embodied in material shapes and physical operations, he writes with the earnestness and well-tempered enthusiasm which befit his theme. Right nobly does the author discourse on the crowded mysteries and many-coloured phenomena of existence. The work is partly physiological, partly psychological, partly theological; but everywhere poetical and philosophical. It treats of life generally (applying the term too largely, however, as we must think, for he extends it to minerals)—of its manifestations in plants and animals—its processes and functions—its preservation—its duration—its destruction—the spiritual body—immortality—the analogies of nature, with numerous other questions of an elevated class. This it does in racy language, and with a choiceness of phrasology and piquancy of imagery which keep the mind perpetually on the alert. There is also much freshness and pensive beauty in his conceptions. The work

abounds with striking remarks. It contains some healthy reasoning on practical questions, such as education, diet, the due enjoyment of life, and others of general importance. We do not of course intend to express our assent to all the views of Mr. Grindon. In a treatise like this, there cannot fail to be many debateable points. It needs but little study of its pages to discover that the author is deeply imbued with the philosophy of Swedenborg. We do not observe any express acknowledgment to this effect, nor do we know whether he has any faith in the theological tenets of that extraordinary man; but the influence of many of the Baron's scientific doctrines—correspondence and representation, use, influx, order, and degrees—may be recognised without much difficulty in this delightful volume. In fact, the book has reminded us continually of the writings of Swedenborg's ablest expositor in this country—James John Garth Wilkinson. Less prodigal in fancy, less *recherché* in thought, Mr. Grindon's pages are not deformed by the clashing metaphors and outrageous quaintnesses which mar the productions of one of the finest intellects of the age. Those who are acquainted with the works of Mr. Wilkinson will readily apprehend the spirit and character of Mr. Grindon's treatise, when we thus connect the names, and point them out as men of congenial souls. Reserving therefore the right of dissent to some of the author's views, we can commend the volume as a vigorous, stimulating book. In this intensely secular day, it is a positive refreshment to encounter a work which carries the mind so far above the smoke and fog of earth, and fills it with noble reflections on such grand themes as life, death, and immortality.

Handbook of Natural Philosophy. By DIONYSIUS LARDNER, D.C.L. *Electricity, Magnetism, and Acoustics.* London: Walton and Maberly. 1856.—This is the last of a series of manuals. We noticed the first with the hearty commendation it deserved. The present volume, like its predecessors, is admirably executed. The language is always lucid, and in a scientific guide-book what qualification is more urgently required? The matter is solid, and as popular in its bearings as the subjects will permit. Hundreds of figures and diagrams are scattered throughout the text, and every effort seems to have been made to render the progress of the reader as easy and alluring as possible. When we think of the slender catechisms of the Pinnocks—useful as they were in their day—we cannot but feel that much honour is due to men who, like Dr. Lardner, make it their business to provide the stronger 'meat' and more masculine food which the appetite of the age demands.

A Popular Inquiry into the Moon's Rotation on her Axis. By JOHANNES VON GUMPACH. London: Bosworth and Harrison. 1856.—Here is a regular treatise on the lunar question! It may be enough to say that the author thinks he has discovered grievous imperfections in the Newtonian system of gravitation, and that, in his opinion, the axial rotation of our satellite is a 'physical impossibility'!

The Cauvery, Kistnah, and Godavery. Being a Report on the works constructed on those Rivers for the Irrigation of the Provinces

of Tanjore, Guntoor, Masulipatam, and Rajahmundry in the Presidency of Madras. By R. BAIRD SMITH, F.G.S., &c. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1856.—In some parts of the world the business of watering the soil is as important to the community as the duty of nourishing the body is to the individual in every quarter of the globe. Speaking of the annihilation of the Cauvery as an irrigating stream the author remarks, without hesitation, that the consequence would be 'the total ruin of Tanjore.' In India, therefore, the system of artificial irrigation has necessarily compelled much attention, and is conducted on a gigantic scale. Colonel Smith is the director and superintendent of various canals in that country, and having officially examined the works in use in the Madras provinces, the result is embodied in the present report. And a dull subject, too, the reader may probably exclaim! Not so, however. Colonel Smith's book is certainly of a professional character, and is accompanied by a cabinet of plans, elevations, and sections four or five times as thick as the volume itself; but he has not overrated the importance of the topic; for, as he calculates, the *native tank* system of Madras alone exhibits nearly 30,000 miles of embankments, and 300,000 separate masonry works.

An Elementary Treatise on Mechanics, for the use of the Junior Classes at the University, and the Higher Classes in Schools, with a Collection of Examples. By S. PARKINSON, B.D., Fellow and Tutor in St. John's College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1855.—Treatises on the mathematics and mechanics demand the utmost simplicity of style, and the most general and familiar kinds of illustration, to make them really *understood*. It is one thing to prosecute these studies mechanically, that is, solely by *rule*, expressed in words, or given in formulæ: it is quite another to investigate them intelligently, that is, from a real insight into their true nature. Vast numbers can work by *rule* who do not understand a *principle*; yet the latter is the only understanding worth possessing, at least scientifically considered. How many books, alas! do solitary students peruse on the abstruse subjects of mechanical philosophy, and yet feel as if they had not any good hold of them. Nothing therefore is of more importance than to obtain a good treatise, at first, on any department of these subjects. Next to a good tutor, a good book is the best thing. Such is the book of Mr. Parkinson. He thoroughly understands his subject. He has gone to its root. And he has treated it like a man who is completely master of it. Its evolution, in this book, is the natural evolution of its first principles, gradually and simply elucidated, yet eventually stated and applied in their most general forms. The language is clear. The book should be in the hands of all who wish to make themselves really master of the principles of theoretical mechanics.

Social Delusions concerning Wealth and Want. By RICHARD JENNINGS, M.A., Author of *Natural Elements of Political Economy*. London: Longmans.—From the character of Mr. Jennings's first book—*Natural Elements of Political Economy*—we should have expected

that anything from his pen on this subject would be of a scientific nature. We were led to anticipate that he would treat these inquiries candidly and calmly—in a tone and manner which become scientific discussion. The work before us, we regret to say, wholly disappoints expectations of this nature. In the preface, Mr. Jennings informs us that ‘It is the object of the following pages to exhibit, in a familiar manner, the fallacies of our present system of political economy, to illustrate the first principles on which the science must naturally rest, and to show how an easy and practical knowledge of the subject can and ought to be employed by each of us in our several vocations, for the good of our country. Many of us have votes—most of us have sometimes occasion to spend money—we have all the means of disseminating political truth, and discountenancing political error, through the influences of daily intercourse.’ Now it is clear from this passage, and every chapter in the work proves the point more strongly, that Mr. Jennings confounds political economy with politics—nay, with the whole philosophy of society. He has evidently no distinct conception of the respective provinces of these different subjects. Mr. Jennings may perhaps be allowed, in his own work, to apply the term ‘political economy’ in this wide unauthorized sense; but certainly he has no right to expect other writers to use it in such an acceptation, in the face of their declaration to the contrary. To us, such a confounding of things essentially different appears fatal to the scientific progress of any branch of knowledge. We cannot wonder that he should find fault with political economy. It would be surprising if he were satisfied with what political economists have written. He expects it to elucidate phenomena and supply instruction on matters which its cultivators hold lie quite beyond its legitimate province. The whole book proceeds on this gross mistake. It is to us unaccountable how a man of education could fall into such a blunder. We had been accustomed to regard the confounding of political economy with other branches of knowledge in this way as a vulgar error, as a notion prevalent only among those who had bestowed no attention or thought on the subject. Mr. Jennings professes to exhibit the fallacies of the present system of political economy; but we are obliged to say that he does not fairly represent political economy. He certainly quotes passages from several writers, but he frequently misapprehends the meaning that these short, isolated extracts were intended to have when taken with their context. He thus attributes to political economists doctrines which they do not hold. He puts forward as fallacies of this science views which political economists have long ago exploded and utterly repudiated. Having misconceived the nature and object of the science, as these have been expounded by its best cultivators, and having stated principles which it disowns, it is a very easy matter to point out inconsistencies—to talk of incorrect definitions—to show what it has not done, and to decry and ridicule the whole science and its advocates. Every chapter, and almost every page, would furnish evidence of these statements, had we space to go into detail. The following may be given as specimens of Mr. Jen-

nings's mode of proceeding. He represents, at page 134, as one of the fallacies of political economy, the maxim that 'To spend money does good *per se*;' that is, that mere consumption, unproductive consumption or spending, is *a good in itself*! Mr. Jennings, however, forgets to tell us what political economists advocate this doctrine. Every one acquainted with the literature of political economy knows well that the authorities on the subject go wholly against such a view. Again, he says, page 143, that 'We are told by the oracles of this department of 'knowledge, that labour, however employed, is equally beneficial to the 'State.' He treats this as the master fallacy of political economy! We should like to know who the political economists are that told Mr. Jennings this. Once more, at page 140, he seeks to represent that this science and its cultivators are unfavourable 'to the increase of capital, 'and only seek the decrease of operation'! Why, everybody knows that political economists teach the very contrary doctrine in reference to the increase of capital. The book certainly contains sundry pieces of useful advice of a common-place nature, in reference to social, economic, and domestic matters; but as a scientific examination of questions belonging to political economy, it is worthless and misleading.

THEOLOGY.

Free Discussion versus Intolerance; or, the Liverpool Clerical Society's Mode of Expelling a Brother Clergyman who differed from them, and expressed his Difference. A Narrative by the Rev. JOHN MACNAUGHT, M.A. Oxon, Incumbent of St. Chrysostom's Church, Everton, Liverpool. Svo. Longman.—This 'Narrative' is not pleasant reading. That the fifty or sixty gentlemen forming the Liverpool Clerical Society did not manage their affairs discreetly is very plain. They were as competent to have proceeded in this case on the ground of what Mr. Macnaught had printed out of doors, as on the ground of opinions avowed or insinuated among themselves, and that course should have been taken. That a man should print as Mr. Macnaught has printed, and remain a member of such an association, was not to be supposed for a moment. Mr. Macnaught must have known this from the beginning. But he is a litigious personage, and not a little vain withal. He thinks he can expose the noodles or the knaves among the intolerants, as he calls them, and he does so to the best of his ability. He is moreover very anxious to make out a case so as to gain sympathizers, and to be honoured with a place among our modern martyrs. To have withdrawn quietly from the society would have been a tame course of proceeding, not at all accordant with the taste or temper of Mr. Macnaught. When he goes to the stake, all eyes must be upon him. The press is open to Mr. Macnaught to print heresy upon any scale that may be agreeable to him; but to attempt to brand pious men as bigots and inquisitors because they decide that their voluntary religious conferences had better not be left open to men

holding opinions which they account irreligious, would be simply absurd, were it not that under the apparent folly of this assumption, it is easy to trace more of the wisdom of the serpent than of the harmlessness of the dove. The following is Mr. Maenaught's account of what we should understand by the word inspiration:—

'Thus, after a careful examination of the Scriptures, and after noticing the usage of Christendom, we conclude that although there has for many centuries existed a false and superstitious opinion in favour of inspirational infallibility, yet still there is recognised and admitted, among all believers, the ancient, Scriptural, and only true idea of inspiration, according to which the term signifies *that action of the Divine Spirit by which, apart from any idea of infallibility, all that is good in man, beast, or matter, is originated and sustained.* [The italics are the Author's.] And, moreover, we conclude that, if the internal contents and the historical effects of Holy Writ are grander and better than those of any other book, then the Bible must be regarded as the best and therefore the most richly inspired book in the world; and, yet further, we conclude that everything which has any divinely bestowed excellence (*i.e.*, any inspiration) in it, is to be respected on account of its excellence *per se*, and still more on account of that excellence being recognised as coming from God, so that if the Bible be, as we believe and as we hope presently to show, the best and the most richly inspired book; it will, as a consequence, be reasonably entitled to the devoutest reverence from all men who wish to be either wise or good.'

In consonance with this idea, Mr. Maenaught says:—

'Milton, and Shakspeare and Bacon, and Canticles, and the Apocalypse, and the Sermon on the Mount, and the eighth chapter of the Romans are, in our estimation, all inspired; but which of them is the most valuable inspired document, or whether the Bible, as a whole, is not incomparably more precious than any other book, these are questions which must be decided by examining the observable character and tendency of each book, and the beneficial effect which history may show each has produced.'

This being Mr. Maenaught's conception of inspiration, no marvel that he should have discovered fallibility in the writers of our Christian Scriptures, not only in matters of history or chronology, but in regard to moral and religious truth. The apostle Paul writes to the Corinthians that if in this life only Christians had hope they would be of all men most miserable, and that in such case it would be no advantage to have fought with beasts at Ephesus. The commentary of Mr. Maenaught on these passages reads thus:—

'Now let it be gravely and piously asked, 'What do these passages state, and what do they teach? They state that, on the supposition of there being no compensation or reward in an after world, the persecuted life of a holy man—whose motto is, 'Overcome evil with good'—is more unhappy than the existence of the most vicious or the most base, who escapes detection and flourishes in the sordid luxury of an unhallowed prosperity. They teach that, apart from the hope of reward and the dread of punishment, a life like that of Sardanapalus or of Tiberius at Caprææ is preferable to that of Paul. On these principles, men who, like the Sadducees, had no firm grasp of a belief in the spirit-world, should have set themselves to gratify their animal desires and propensities, and would only have been carrying out the maxim which became them as rational beings who were to *enjoy* their existence after a while!'

The conclusion of Mr. Maenaught accordingly is, that the apostle Paul, an excellent teacher generally, was at fault in these instances, and was in fact '*well nigh overcome by evil, and for a moment was*

induced to write unadvisedly. Such is the cast of thinking which pervades Mr. Macnaught's volume on 'Inspiration;' and the reverend gentleman screams about intolerance and persecution because his clerical brethren, who deem such thinking unscriptural and mischievous, have presumed to raise their testimony against it.

The Right Principle of the Interpretation of Scripture considered in reference to the Eucharist and the Doctrines connected therewith. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. 8vo. J. W. Parker and Son.—This is a charge delivered to the clergy of the province of Dublin at a triennial visitation. In Ireland it is only natural that the doctrines connected with the Eucharist should be the frequent topic of discourse in the pulpit. The principle of interpretation which the Archbishop applies to the texts relating to this controversy is that which he has applied with much effect in other connexions. In the principle itself there is not really anything new; but the Archbishop's manner of expounding and using it is his own. This principle is described as 'that of looking, in the first instance, to *the sense in which the hearers were likely to have understood*, and must have been known to understand, what was said to them; the presumption being that this is *the true sense* (in any matter of vital consequence) unless they afterwards received some different explanation of it.' Now, nothing can be more certain than that the disciples would understand their Lord as speaking figuratively when he said of the *bread*, 'This is my body,' and of the *wine*, 'This is my blood;' and nothing could be more certain than that our Lord would know that his disciples so understood him; and had this understanding been an error, an error on so vital a point, our Lord would surely have done something to correct it. But he never did—he rather did everything to confirm it. It has, in fact, been this common-sense principle of interpretation, more than any other, that has destroyed modern Unitarianism, compelling its defenders to admit that the Apostles did teach the doctrine of an Incarnation, an Atonement, and a gift of the Holy Spirit, and to denounce them as blockheads for so doing. But this gives no man a resting-place. How to conceive of a special revelation, as intrusted to hands so characterized, is a much greater difficulty than to conceive of the world as without any such communication at all. We can imagine the Divine Being as doing a thing, or not doing it; but it is hard to imagine his doing it so unwisely that he had better have left it undone, the result being, not what he must be supposed to have intended, but the reverse.

There are in this charge, as in nearly everything from the same pen, some capital indications of practical sagacity, quite apart from the main topic in hand. Take the following as the manner in which some men manage to put

POPE PARTY IN THE PLACE OF POPE PIUS.

'There are to be found, and I suppose always will be, persons of such a disposition as to be glad to allow others to think for them, and to relieve them of the responsibility of forming judgments for themselves. Among Protestants one may sometimes find the leaders of parties assuming (while they disavow in words all claim

to infallibility) the right of deciding for their followers; who cut short all discussion by at once denouncing all that do not agree with that party, as 'not knowing the Gospel,' and who take for granted that whatever views on any point are adopted by their party, are to be received as the undoubted decisions of the Holy Spirit; putting in reality, though not in words a (supposed) infallible Party, for an infallible Church.'

Here again is a phenomenon worth consideration, showing how

EXTREME SCEPTICISM LEADS TO GROUNDLESS BELIEF.

'It is a remarkable fact, that of the persons who have gone over to the Church of Rome, a large proportion are of a character the very opposite of that for which most would have anticipated such a result. They are persons not distinguished by extreme self-distrust, or a tendency to excessive and unreasonable deference and submissiveness, and a readiness on slight grounds to acquiesce in what is said; but in all respects the very opposite of all this—arrogant, self-confident, wilful, indocile, disdainful of any one who opposes their views, and inclined to demand stronger proof of anything they are called on to believe than the case admits of or a reasonable man would require. Yet such persons are found yielding to one of the worst supported claims that ever was set up, and assenting to a long list of paradoxical propositions, every one of which has a vast mass of evidence against it, and hardly anything that can be called an argument in its favour.

'The case seems to be that a reaction takes place in a mind of this description, and the individual rushes, with a vehemence which is quite characteristic, from one extreme to the opposite. He is weary of inquiring, discussing, investigating, answering objections, and forming a judgment on many separate points, and so, resolves to cut short at once all this disquieting fatigue by accepting implicitly the decisions on all points of an authority which demands submission, not on the ground of a conviction of the understanding, but as an act of the *will*, commanding us to stifle doubt, to shun inquiry, and set evidence at defiance.'

We must make room for one more extract, showing

'HOW THE CHRISTIAN CAUSE IS BETRAYED BY CHRISTIANS.

'One popular writer, deriding and censuring all appeals to evidences of the truth of Christianity, urges men to embrace it merely from 'feeling the want of it.' He himself at one time embraced Socinianism, and at another German Transcendentalism, from such feelings of *want*. And the 'want' of a deliverer from the Roman yoke led the Jews of old to reject the true Christ, and to follow false pretenders.

'Again, a reviewer of the Life of Gibbon attributes the historian's infidelity to his study of the evidences of Christianity. And he would have people taught that the truth of the Gospel was never denied by any one!

'Another reviewer (of the Life of Baxter, in the *Edinburgh*), tells us—with marvellous ignorance, or trust in the reader's ignorance—that 'the apostles denounced unbelief as sin,' not, as is the fact, because they offered 'many infallible proofs,' but without any proof at all. And he assures us that inquiry into the evidences of Christianity is likely to lead to disbelief of it.

'That an avowed infidel should say this is nothing strange; but it is truly wonderful that writers, apparently zealous in the cause of Christianity, should not perceive that they are defeating their own object, and that a declaration from a *professed believer* that examination of evidence is likely to end in rejection of Christianity, *does more to produce infidelity than the most vigorous objections of all the professed unbelievers in existence.*'

Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. Part 1. By ALFRED BARRY, M.A., Head Master of the Leeds Grammar School, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Fcap. J. W. Parker and Son.—This is not so much an 'Introduction' to the Old Testament as a fragment or contribution towards it. Mr. Barry is careful to guard

his readers against expecting too much under this title. His object, he tells us, has been to encourage a willing study of the Scriptures themselves by suggesting a few leading principles; by indicating, where necessary, the bearing of the chief difficulties which perplex a thoughtful reader; but most of all, by tracing the evolutions of the great scheme which gives to the whole of the Bible so true a unity. The author's theology is confessedly derived in a great degree from the teachings of Mr. Maurice. But his views of inspiration, and of sacrifice, approach much nearer the truth than those of his master, and within the compass of a small book he has given us a good deal of sound and discriminating thought, tending to throw a welcome light on the general complexion and purpose of the earliest prophecies of Divine Revelation. What is especially needed in our time, he supposes, is that the harmony should be brought out between the contents of Divine Revelation and what is called Natural Religion—that is, with the great moral principles to which the conscience bears witness. This is quite true, only it should be remembered that this natural conscience in man is now more or less a diseased conscience, and that too much authority accordingly should not be ceded to it.

The Proper Names of the Old Testament Scriptures Expounded and Illustrated. By the Rev. ALFRED JONES, Theological Associate, King's College. 4to. London: Samuel Bagster and Sons.—The value of a work of this kind arises from the ideal uses to which the Hebrew language was applied, beyond any other language ever spoken by men. The proper names in the Old Testament are nearly all descriptive of character or indicative of events; they have accordingly, simply as names, a rich biographical and historical value. They are commemorative of men, and compressed utterances of their long past thinking and feeling. Often very tender, and full of poetry, is the sentiment breathed in these old Hebrew names. This volume is adapted to render substantial service to the scholar, the expositor, and the preacher.

The Life and Epistles of St. Paul. By the Rev. W. G. CONYBEARE, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and the Rev. J. S. HOWSON, M.A., Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool. 2 vols. small 4to. Second Edition. Longmans.—We read this work with much interest on its first appearance in 1852, and gave it our cordial commendation. The present edition is said to be 'carefully revised and corrected;' but as the corrections, or additions, are not marked, we have not collated the two editions so as to be able to speak of the value of the second edition in this respect, as compared with the first. In so far as we have examined the two editions, the difference between them is inconsiderable; but the second has the decided advantage of being the most portable, and the less costly. Since the publication of the first edition, Mr. Conybeare has made himself felt as a man of power in other ways. He is one of those men who cannot help seeing through the masks that are worn by the sham people about him—shams which are meant to pass for spiritual religion, or honest doubt, while, in fact, they are neither. What Mr. Conybeare sees in this way it seems he

must talk about and write about. We are glad the case is so with him. It is truly refreshing in these maudlin times to meet with a man who really seems to have convictions, which not only tell him what he ought to do, but are strong enough to sustain him in the doing of it. In saying this, we do not of course mean to be understood as endorsing every statement made by Mr. Conybeare, though in general we think him right. He is a man of heart and purpose.

The Tongue of Fire. By WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M. Fcap. Hamilton. —‘Is it contrary to the design of God that true believers now should ‘multiply themselves as rapidly, in proportion, as they did after the ‘Day of Pentecost? If it be, then no matter what means may be ‘used, that result cannot be obtained; but if it be *not*, then we are ‘bound to hope that, the same means being used,—the same prayer of ‘faith and zeal being put forth on the part of the Church,—the same ‘blessing of the Holy Spirit will be vouchsafed.’ Such is the question which Mr. Arthur has raised in this volume. His judgment is, that miracles have ceased, but that if we use the means with a view to the conversion of souls which were used in pentecostal times, the results which then followed may be expected to follow again. The book is written too much in the amplified and diffuse style of the pulpit, but there is much discriminating thought in it, and it is throughout earnest, eloquent, and devout. We do not think that Mr. Arthur has full warrant for the parallel which he endeavours to sustain, but what there is of error in his theory, if error it be, is certainly error on the right side. The grand fault of our times beyond doubt is, the fault of *expecting* too little, and in consequence of *aiming at* too little. In this view the treatise is a word in season. It contains much truth of which Methodist preachers, and all preachers, need to be reminded.

The Sunday-School Expositor. By JOHN CAMPBELL, D.D. No. 1. W. R. McPhun.—‘The recommendations of this work are—1. It will give the whole Bible in a volume not too large for the pocket. 2. The marginal references have been all carefully revised and re-arranged, so as better to render Scripture the interpreter of Scripture. 3. To the text brief notes are appended by Dr. Campbell, giving the *results* of criticisms upon it in terms sufficiently clear and terse to be readily understood and remembered. 4. The type is necessarily small, and the paper is necessarily thin, but the Bagsters themselves have hardly succeeded to the same extent in giving a clear page with such materials. 5. The work is published in weekly numbers, price one penny, or in monthly parts price fourpence, in the hope of securing the large circulation through the medium of Sunday-schools and otherwise which must be necessary to the financial success of such a project. The publication is not of the sort which it is in our way to notice, but both the publisher and the editor deserve encouragement, and we wish them success in their enterprise.

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